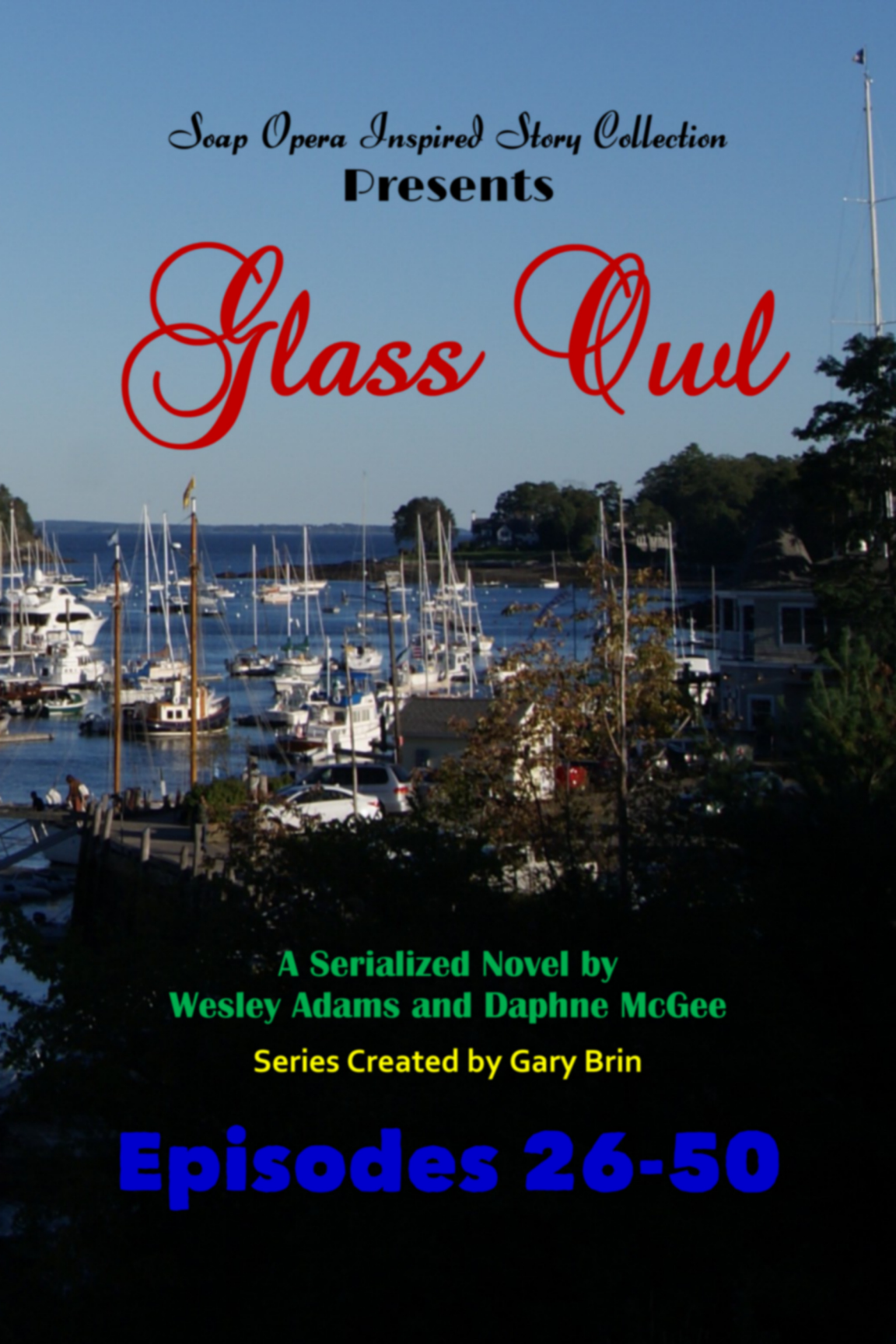
Soap Opera Inspired Story Collection
Presents
Glass Owl
A Serialized Novel by
Wesley Adams and Daphne McGee
Series Created by Gary Brin
Episodes 26-50

Glass Owl

Glass Owl

A Serialized Novel by
Wesley Adams and Daphne McGee

Book 2 of the Soap Opera Inspired Story Collection
Series Created by Gary Brin

Episodes 26-50

Part 2

Standish Press

The serialized story in this novel is fiction. Real persons, geographical locations, books, television shows, films, music, and specific events mentioned or which appears as part of the multi-character ensemble in this story were dramatized for entertainment purposes only and have no actual connection to fictional characters and created storylines in this book or reflects upon actual reality of things that may have happened previously or of which seems somewhat similar to real-life situations.

Names of real people mentioned in this book are in bold letters.

Comments about true crime cases involving real people mentioned by fictional characters within the pages of this novel are based on fact and additional information about these events can be found online and in published books.

Additional comments made by fictional characters about historical figures or pop culture icons are based on fact and more info can be found on select Internet sites as well as books and magazines published by reputable publishing companies.

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MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

To the dedicated writers who wrote scripts for daytime soap operas from the 1950s to the 1990s.

Writing is hard work.

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Intro

In the tradition of popular daytime soap operas as well as memorable prime time soaps from decades past—this novel was created to give life to a new form of episodic serialized storytelling that mimics popular television shows of yesterday written in a script-like format where nothing is what it seems but where everything that seems impossible actually might be reality. Nevertheless, in order not to rehash tired plots from soap operas from the past, storylines in *Glass Owl* avoided using time travel or having characters coming back from the dead even though they were buried with much fanfare previous. Because *Glass Owl* is the pilot episode of the *Soap Opera Inspired Story Collection Series*—there will be plenty of unfinished storylines that will be resolved in other books coming in the series in order to link all the titles together—but in keeping with the tone of serialized dramas—nothing will ever be what it appears on the surface.

The idea for *Glass Owl* was originally developed in late 2012 as a standalone novel with no plans for sequels to follow. While the idea initially was to follow the idea of beloved long-ago soaps, present-day events were added to make the serialized writing appear more realistic and timely—while avoiding linking historical or political events with existing characters in order not

to date the material to a specific year—and though *Glass Owl* occasionally imitates traditional soap opera characterizations to a certain extent—it was written with the intention that it is playing to a visual audience and therefore will emulate a scripted format but without camera angle directions which are usually added to a completed script. Each episode of this series were written in a relative brief span of less than two weeks and therefore shouldn't be confused or compared with masterpieces like *Gone with the Wind* or *Peyton Place*—as the goal wasn't to turn out a potboiler with exaggerated characters or storylines that couldn't possibly happen in the real world. And although in the last few decades where news reports from the United States and around the world have seemed more like expensively filmed TV shows complete with commercial breaks—the idea behind the *Soap Opera Inspired Story Collection Series* was to recreate reality that plays along with events in local and international news but of which still seems plausible to the average reader in a small town or city.

The goal of this upcoming series of serialized books from Standish Press is simply to mimic the episode style of soap operas that remained popular for decades or copying ideas presented in filmed YouTube web series episodic dramas created by upcoming filmmakers. Though *Glass Owl* is completely fictional and not based on specific events or real people—much of the stories on how characters behaved or how some events played out are based on actual news stories or silly pop culture events that were covered extensively by cable news and media companies. Classic television shows from the past are also mentioned by characters throughout the pages of this book as a wink to those long ago series that were at one time very popular with viewers.

Sharp-eyed readers will see similarities throughout *Glass Owl* to certain real-life true crime cases as well. It should be noted that true crime cases mentioned or described in detail are based on fact and more information on the cases can be found online or in published books. Readers might also see cleverly revised retelling of scenes from favorite television shows or novels used as part of the present storyline in *Glass Owl* as a homage to

particular television shows and novels that deserved a wink and a nod. While some of the storylines in this novel were somewhat pushed to the limit of credibility, the lines of what could happen and what couldn't happen was never crossed in order to make *Glass Owl* believable—keeping with the idea that it's a work of fiction masquerading as nonfiction and therefore if it couldn't happen in real life then it can't happen in this novel either.

The writing on this novel took place from December 2012 until July 2014 and again from July 2016 until May 2017 and finally concluding in the months from October through December 2018. Extensive rewrites were done on individual storylines as well as inclusions of specific news events that occurred after the writing began on the opening chapters. Though Marble Hills is a fictional town that exists only within the pages of this two-part novel, all other geographic locations mentioned or that were used as a backdrop are real. It should also be noted that *Larkspur Lane* is a fictional television show that exists only as part of this novel but all other television shows and movies mentioned are real and can be found on streaming video and YouTube or Dailymotion.

Gary Brin
Series Creator

In an effort to have an accurate portrayal of the dialogue used for the *Soap Opera Inspired Story Collection Series* people were anonymously observed in shopping malls, schools, places of employment, and on public streets in order to capture a definitive portrayal of how people of various ages and cultures interacted and talked to each other when they thought no one was listening. While some select dialogue was exaggerated for dramatic purposes when needed—the manner and tone of which people were observed speaking to each other in casual and private conversations is accurate. Exact wording was not copied verbatim for the most part, but the way certain types of topics and conversations are addressed by characters in this serialized series is based on actual situations that were observed over a period of several dozen years.

A Look at the 26th Episode

Ashton tells his friends about his encounter with a famous photographer—Wesley realizes his grandfather's cousin may be alive—Denise responds to her blackmailer—Howard finds out Susan's secret—Carter and Lane have an uneasy reunion—Lance comforts Genie over Corey—Eva and Clay spend quality time together—Marc encounters a nasty surprise—Jason plots revenge against Howard—Lance and Elizabeth have an intimate encounter at the beach—Juan and Faye continue their love-hate relationship—Will lays out the deal about Daryl's death to Clay and Maxwell—Hart plays with Marilyn's emotions—Chandra makes a play for revenge with Pierce's help—Lindsay questions Kyle about Howard's possible guilt in Daryl's death—Glen and Denise continue their devious gameplay to destroy Caroline's perfect life—Lindsay notices Susan's odd behavior—as Lance encounters a surprise at the beach that he wasn't expecting.

Episode 26

Small World

Mall

"Some lady said that you had the right look to be a print model—my question is simple—who's lying—she or you?"

Ashton Markway shoves Simon Spencer.

"You're a funny guy."

Kelly Nelson leans against the counter of the kiosk.

"Think she's on the level?"

Ashton gestures with his hand.

"I'll find out later today—*we all will*."

Simon shakes his head.

"I don't dig mysteries."

"She told me I could bring you guys along."

Simon glances at Kelly.

"OK—I'm game—I could use a good laugh—especially with how things have been going lately around Marble Hills."

"Then maybe you should look at yourself in the mirror later—and try to find that mustache you claim you have."

Simon grins and jabs Ashton playfully.

"At least I have facial growth to brag about."

Ashton rolls his eyes knowingly. He notices his sister walking toward the kiosk. Donna Markway stops suddenly.

"Hey, missed you at Carrie Spaulding's funeral."

Donna gestures with her hand.

"I just wasn't in the mood—I've had all the tragedy I can take in this town—especially since Brad skipped town."

Simon grimaces.

"That bastard will get what's coming—Brazil isn't exactly going to welcome a piece of dirt like him—DOA already."

"I should've listened to Carrie—she was right."

Ashton seems upset.

Crestview Memorial Park Cemetery

Wesley Madison glances at the crypts lining both sides of the Madison mausoleum. He sighs as he faces Alden Washington seconds later. He seems completely defeated and shrugs.

"He must still be alive somewhere."

"But where could he be after all these years?"

Wesley shrugs.

"My guess would be that loony bin in Florida where he was sent after—after he lost it and killed four innocent people."

Eddie Kane and Todd Spencer both sigh.

"But what if he got released?"

Eddie sighs loudly.

"What if he's still alive—how are we going to know for sure—your freak grandpa isn't about to give up answers?"

"Who said I'd ask?"

Eddie and Todd give Wesley a curious look.

Standish Road

Denise Madison looks at her cell phone as it rings. She picks it up and listens. She becomes upset within seconds.

"I'm on my way as we speak."

She sighs loudly and shuts the phone off.

Glass Owl

Susan Bennington wipes a tear from her eye as she walks back and forth in the library talking on her cell phone.

"OK—I know the deal Lance—you can't—you won't marry me—I'm just another one of your girls—nothing more."

Susan wipes another tear from her eye.

"Yes—I'll go with you to the clinic tomorrow and have the problem taken care of—like you asked earlier—but maybe?"

Susan sighs.

"But maybe you still could change?"

Susan leans against the bookcase and begins to cry.

"OK—I see your point—pick me up at the side gate—no one will see me leave and when I get back—but maybe?"

Susan sighs again.

"I'll be waiting—I promise."

She shuts the cell phone off and looks around.

"I don't want an abortion—but I—Lance?"

She glances at her stomach.

"If only things were different—then maybe?"

Susan looks around again and leaves the library in a hurried rush. Seconds later from behind another bookcase nearby Howard Madison turns around. He seems visibly angry.

"Well, well, well, it seems young Mr. Weissmann has foolishly done the unthinkable with my granddaughter."

He sighs loudly and heads to the door.

"The question is—what am I going to do about it?"

He smiles slyly.

Boston

Carter Boone grins as his boyfriend walks toward him from one of the nearby airport terminals. He smiles broadly.

"I missed you. Sorry I missed your calls."

Lane Gonzalez kisses Carter.

"I got the deal."

Carter grins.

"I know you could win those guys over."

Lane takes Carter's hand.

"Once everything is finalized—you won't have to work ever again—I'll take care of you—indefinitely—I promise."

"Is that? I'm not."

Lane notices his reaction.

"I thought that's what you wanted—to retire young—now it can happen—and you and I can be together forever."

Lane leans over to kiss Carter again.

"I know you don't want people thinking you're kept—but who cares what anyone thinks—as long as we're together?"

"Do we have to talk about this now?"

Lane shakes his head.

"No—later is fine—how about I take you to lunch—and then we can get a hotel room and—explore each other."

Lane glances at Carter's bulging Lycra shorts.

"Oh yeah—I want some of that like right away."

He slides his hand between Carter's legs.

"Love my guy."

Carter forces a smile.

Stanley Pier

Kyle Madison stares at the ocean. His face seems clouded with worry. He glances blankly at the horizon as if in a daze.

"Is everyone right—has my entire life been a lie?"

He sighs.

"I still can't believe it—it just can't be true—he couldn't have done it—not my—my God what else has he done?"

"Who are you talking too?"

Kyle turns around and sees Sabrina Keller standing a few feet away. He sighs loudly as he realizes he's not alone.

"No one—talking aloud—trying to figure things out—Daryl Anderson is dead—and—and my father might be responsible."

Sabrina seems confused.

"No offense but the whole town is talking and they're saying your old man killed Daryl in cold blood—like really."

Kyle seems confused.

"My father claimed it was self-defense?"

Sabrina rolls her eyes.

"Yeah—I'll just bet that's his fallback story—but it doesn't mean it's true—you of all people should know better."

Kyle shakes his head.

"What's *that* supposed to mean?"

Sabrina gives Kyle a strange look and walks away.

"Are you saying what I think you're saying?"

She doesn't turn around.

Peabody Avenue

Lance Weissmann laughs as he kisses Genie Van Pelt and roughly pulls her toward him. She seems upset. He notices.

"Is something wrong?"

Genie shrugs.

"No—earlier Corey and I—he insulted me."

Lance laughs.

"Forget about him—he can be a jerk sometimes."

Genie nods.

"He said I was a whore."

Lance smirks as he lifts Genie's skirt and pushes her up against a wall in an alley behind two huge garbage cans.

"Ignore him—he's still mad that Abby Marshall threw him over for Kelly Nelson. He's pissed that he got dumped."

Genie grins.

"I guess you're right."

Lance nods and rams into Genie. Their eyes meet as he penetrates her completely within seconds. He smirks slyly.

"I don't think you're a whore."

He ejaculates.

"I think you're sweet."

He rams her again.

"He's just a fucked-up prick OK—his sister is in jail—his mother doesn't know he's alive—and his dad is a creep."

He comes inside her once more.

"Think of it this way—he behaves the way he does because deep down he knows he's nobody—especially now that his best buddy Brad McKinley skipped town recently."

Genie nods in agreement.

Blankenship Apartment

Eva Harper watches as Clay Blankenship gobbles down a sandwich. She smiles as she runs her fingers through his hair. He turns to look at her with a mouthful of food and notices Eva's odd reaction to the sloppy scene playing out right in front of her.

"Got to meet Maxwell in ten minutes flat—he and I are going to look into Stanley Anderson's death a while back."

Eva seems confused.

"Who's death?"

"Daryl's old man—died years ago."

Clay wolfs down another mouthful of his sandwich.

"Seems Anderson's father died at Howard Madison's hands almost exactly the same way—might be connected."

Eva looks at Clay cautiously.

"Don't you go stirring up trouble with *that* man—I've heard things—and none of it good—he's done some horrible things to people from what I've heard—makes the character **Larry Hagman** played on *Dallas* seem like a sweetheart."

Clay laughs.

"I can handle my own."

Eva runs her fingers through Clay's hair again.

"Uh-huh—I'll just bet you can—and what about Maxwell?"

Clay turns to look at Eva.

"I'm fine—really—I'm an adult—I can handle whatever Howard Madison throws at me—I'm not afraid at all."

Eva reaches out and kisses Clay.

"I don't want you to end up dead—this town seems to be addicted to murder lately—dead bodies keep turning up."

Eva kisses Clay again.

"I'm surprised the movie studios and TV networks aren't in town trying to buy the film rights to what happened with the Bentley girl—seems to me they should be here already?"

Clay laughs again.

"They're coming—it's just a matter of time."

He finishes the last of his sandwich.

"They're waiting until the trial is over—then they'll be here in droves. Probably making casting calls already no doubt."

Eva smirks.

"Who do you think would play you?"

Clay shrugs.

"Don't really care one way or the other."

As Clay stands up Eva slides her arms around his waist and pulls him close to her. She looks up at him and grins slyly.

"When are you going to be back?"

Clay shrugs again.

"Don't know."

Eva seductively pushes Clay against the wall and kisses him. He grins broadly as he realizes her intentions. He sighs.

"But I might speed things up?"

Eva tightens her grip around Clay's waist.

"I want you to leave that crazy old man alone—whatever happened between him and Daryl Anderson—forget it."

Clay grimaces.

"If Howard Madison committed murder twice—he has to pay—if I don't do something—he'll get away with like so many other rich guys have done in the past—it's just not right."

Eva aggressively pins Clay against the wall.

"If that sick old man kills you—it'll be three murders not two that will be talked about—is that what you want?"

Clay sighs loudly.

"No—but?"

Eva seems about to cry.

"I love you—I can't lose you—I don't want to live without you—you're my world OK—please don't do anything stupid."

"I won't. I'll try not to."

Eva releases her grip on Clay and wipes a tear from her eye. He wraps his arms tightly around her and smirks.

"I'll be fine. I'm just looking into what happened to Stanley Anderson and if Maxwell or I find anything curious that implicates Madison of murder—I'll let the State Police handle it. OK?"

Eva seems upset and turns away.

Portland

Marc Ryerson slowly turns around as he hears footsteps coming toward him in a deserted covered parking lot as Glen Bradstreet steps out of the shadows. Marc seems nervous.

"I told Denise Madison?"

"I know what you told her—but you're dealing with me instead—unless you want to call the whole fucking thing off?"

Marc hesitates.

"No—I just want my money."

"No problem."

Glen watches as Marc pulls out a small plastic packet and opens it. Inside are six tiny memory chips. He faces Glen.

"It's all here as promised."

"What about the photos you took?"

Marc reaches into his jacket and pulls out two folders with stacks of photographs showing Denise in various sexual positions with young men—including Glen. Marc hands Glen the folders and seems nervous as he waits. Glen shoves the folders into his jacket and smirks as he faces Marc. He winks knowingly.

"What about your employers?"

Marc seems confused.

"I'm not working for anyone."

Glen seems annoyed.

"Is that so? Why should I believe you?"

Marc sighs.

"Why would I lie?"

Glen looks around again.

"I don't know—how about—maybe you plan to continue bothering Denise Madison with—*with* more dirty photos?"

Marc wipes sweat from his brow.

"Look—I just want what's coming to me and then I'll leave town and head back to Boston—you'll never see me again."

Glen gives Marc a strange look as he glances around once more at the deserted lot. He stares at his watch and smirks.

"You're going to get exactly what's coming to you I assure you—and then everything will be good once more for Denise."

Marc seems annoyed.

"Just give me my money and I'll be on my way."

Glen takes a step forward.

"Give me the chips."

"Give me the money first or no deal."

Marc backs away slightly as Glen takes a step forward.

"You're out of your league chump."

Without warning Glen lunges at Marc and grabs him by the neck. He seems enraged as his fingers tighten around Marc's neck while the frightened man tries to free himself. Glen watches the color drain from Marc's face as his grip becomes tighter and tighter. He smirks broadly as he coldly breaks Marc's neck.

"Blackmail doesn't always pay off—does it?"

He grins as he looks at his gloved hand.

"Oops—my bad—stuff happens."

He lets go of the limp form in his hands and laughs.

<u>Peabody Avenue</u>

Lance grins as he watches Genie wipe semen from her legs with a napkin. Tears slide down her cheeks. He sighs.

"I'll call you tomorrow Genie—enjoyed today quite a bit."

Genie nods as Lance walks away.

"Is this all I am to every guy in Marble Hills?"

She seems upset.

Anderson Driveway

Jason Anderson wipes sweat from his brow as Simon sits down near him in the driveway. They look at each other.

"Sorry about your dad."

Jason shrugs.

"Whatever—I miss him—but it's hard to really feel the loss when he hardly ever made the effort to be my father."

Simon seems confused.

"But what about old man Madison?"

Jason looks away.

"But—yeah—I plan to get even with old man Madison for what he did to my pop—he'll pay dearly—no doubt about it."

Simon and Jason look at each other.

"What are you planning to do?"

Jason sighs loudly.

"Don't know yet—but it'll be something old man Madison won't forget—I may even wipe out the old buzzard when all's said and done—but hey—it's not like he didn't have it coming."

He gives Simon an odd look.

Farmington Villa

Juan Sabrillo zips up his Levi's as Faye Washington sighs loudly. She seems unhappy as she lies on the bed a few feet away from where he is sitting. He rolls his eyes at her and winks.

"Get over it Faye—there's no us—there never was—we're just friends OK—that's all—you knew I wasn't looking."

Faye rolls her eyes and pulls on her robe. She glances at the fresh stains on the satin sheets as she climbs out of bed.

"What about Sabrina Keller?"

Juan laughs.

"What about her?"

"Is she something to you?"

He smirks.

"Why do women always have to compete—get over it already—I'm not playing your game of twenty questions."

Juan grins broadly.

"Sabrina is coming over in an hour—I want you long gone before she shows up—don't even be in the building."

"You're going to fuck her aren't you?"

Juan nods.

"What do you think?"

He smirks slyly.

"Come to think of it—I want you out of here in two minutes or less—you're beginning to bore me—seriously."

"How rude can you be?"

Juan makes a motion with his hand pointing to the door.

"I'm not going to ask twice."

Faye gathers up her things and heads to the door after hastily putting on her clothes. She stops and faces Juan.

"Don't call me anymore—like ever."

Juan laughs loudly.

"Yeah, yeah—but when you want my wicked dick inside you tomorrow you know where to find me—I'll be waiting."

Faye gives Juan a harsh look.

"I hate you."

"You're nothing but a cheap whore."

Faye angrily walks over to Juan and attempts to slap him with her hand. He grabs her and kisses her passionately.

"Filthy dog—die already."

Juan kisses Faye again and within seconds her back is up against a wall. He penetrates her immediately and laughs.

"You can't say no to me even if you want to."

Her moans echo throughout the room.

<u>Bradford Beach</u>

Elizabeth Pendleton moans loudly as Lance plows into her again and again as they lie on a plush blanket. He leers at her.

"I thought you said you weren't in the mood?"

He continues recklessly plowing her totally unaware that someone is watching them from a few yards to the right. Howard seems upset as he turns away. He looks at the butcher knife in his hand and seems pleased. He nods several times as he slides his fingers over the jagged blade. He stops suddenly and sighs.

"End of the road Weissmann—no way out."

He turns back to look at the writhing forms still in the midst of an intense sexual encounter and seems enraged.

Pete's Cafe

Julia Winthrop nervously looks up from the counter as Alden, Eddie and Todd walk into the cafe. She sighs.

"Well, who got arrested?"

Todd rolls his eyes.

"Funny—like yeah, real funny Julia."

He sits down at the counter and is soon joined by Eddie and Alden. Julia gives them each a very cautious look.

"Find anything?"

Alden shakes his head.

"Not even a clue."

Julia sighs loudly.

Mall

Simon watches as Kelly hands the keys over to his replacement and smiles. He wrings his hands a few times.

"Free at last. Thank God it's over."

Simon sighs and looks at the lobby nearby.

"Jason is planning to get even with old man Madison for killing his dad—said he's planning quite the perfect show."

Kelly shrugs.

"Can you blame him?"

Simon shakes his head.

"I can't blame him for wanting revenge on old man Madison. I'd probably do the same thing if I were in his place."

He gingerly digs his hands into the front pockets of his shorts and leans against the railing nearby. He seems upset.

"But old man Madison is a sick freak—he wouldn't think twice about taking Jason out—like he just did his dad."

"Think we ought to keep an eye on Jason?"

Simon nods.

"Uh-huh."

He gestures with his hand.

"Like right away—if nothing more than just to make sure Jason doesn't chase after old man Madison with a gun."

"Well, let's go."

Abby Marshall comes up behind Kelly and hugs him with a warm embrace. He turns to look at Abby and grins.

Portland

Hordes of police cars blanket the covered parking lot as a body is loaded onto a stretcher and slowly slid into a coroner's van. Local news crews descend on the police and begin asking questions as onlookers seem shocked at the grisly scene.

Farmington Villa

Faye kisses Juan goodbye and look at his exposed penis sticking out from his Levi's. She slides her finger across the swollen head as he grins slyly. They look at each other.

"Point made—I do as I please—not one more word about who I can fuck—I'm not your property. Don't forget it."

He pushes her out the door and closes it. He laughs.

Police Station

Clay sits down at his desk and silently looks over at Will McColl for a few seconds. He slowly leans back in his chair.

"Girlfriend's real upset at me being involved with Daryl Anderson's death at the hands of Howard Madison."

Will wipes his brow several times and sighs loudly.

"Investigation might be over anyway."

Clay shrugs.

"Huh?"

The front door opens and Maxwell Pendergraft enters. He looks at Will and Clay for a few seconds and closes the door.

"What did I miss?"

Clay seems confused.

"Eva is really worried about my being involved in what happened to Daryl. Thinks Madison might be dangerous?"

Maxwell sighs.

"Of course she's worried—she loves you."

Clay smirks.

"Glad you noticed."

Maxwell sits down on the edge of Clay's desk and grins as he reaches out to grab Clay by the collar in mock anger.

"Want to step outside."

Clay pushes Maxwell's hand aside and laughs.

"Then what—I beat you up and you go crying to Eva that I hurt you—no thanks—stick to what you do best—pretend."

Maxwell turns to face Will.

"Mind if we use the holding area for a minute—that's all it'll take for me to lay this loser out—break a couple bones."

Will looks at Clay and Maxwell with a confused look as they notice and begin laughing. Maxwell stands up and walks over to Clay. They shake hands and shadow box briefly.

"We do this sort of thing all the time—makes things interesting—or at least we think it does—gotta play."

Will gives Clay and Maxwell odd looks.

"Anyway—I guess this thing with Howard Madison is pretty much closed—the family Madison is law in this town."

"People are talking—saying they won't allow him not to be held to the same standards as everyone else—lots of threats being made—might be a reason for Madison to worry."

Will leans back in his chair and looks at the pen in his hand. He seems worried as he eyes both Maxwell and Clay.

"There's nothing I can do."

Clay and Maxwell look at each other.

Mall

Hart Bennington and Marilyn Bingham are going at it in the stairwell. They look at each other briefly and resume.

"Think my sister is still angry?"

Hart shrugs.

"She'll get over it."

Marilyn sighs.

"But she'll make me pay one way or the other because I interrupted the two of you earlier—she was really pissed."

Hart laughs.

"Big deal—I was almost done with her when you opened the bedroom door and caught us together—whatever."

Marilyn seems disgusted.

"You don't care much about anything—do you—nothing seems to bother you? You just drift along and live life."

Hart smirks.

"Deal with it—end of story."

Marilyn reacts as Hart comes inside her.

"So, how's your family been dealing with what your grandfather did yesterday? People are talking like crazy."

Hart rolls his eyes.

"Don't know—don't care—it's not my deal."

He smirks again.

"So what if my grandfather killed someone—he claimed his life was threatened—and that's good enough for me."

Marilyn sighs loudly.

"But it was Jason's dad?"

Hart seems confused and rolls his eyes.

"Jason who—I don't know anyone named Jason."

Hart shoots again.

"Besides—my grandfather hardly talks to me unless he has to—hates my dad so he probably has it in for me too."

Marilyn stares at Hart strangely.

"He would actually hurt you?"

Hart seems confused.

"I wouldn't put anything past that old man—he gives me the creeps every time I see him—I think he's got a few marbles loose upstairs if you know what I mean. Like totally bonkers."

Marilyn kisses Hart again.

"What about your sister? Does she feel the same way you do about your grandfather? Does she think he's loony too?"

Hart looks at Marilyn curiously.

"Uh-huh—I guess."

He pulls out and shoves his penis into his jeans.

"I can't wait to go back to Philly."

Marilyn seems upset.

"You actually like it better there than here?"

Hart nods again.

"Yep—this town is totally whacked."

He glances at Marilyn.

"Like some bad direct-to-video movie."

He wags his finger at her.

"This town blows serious chunks."

Marilyn looks at Hart and seems unhappy.

"Maybe I'll come visit you in Philly?"

Hart pulls Marilyn toward him and kisses her.

"Make sure your sister comes too—everything is so much nicer when you're a twin—two for the price of one."

They head for the door and seconds later mingle with the mall crowds. Marilyn notices Genie walking toward them from one of the nearby cafes. Marilyn turns to look at Hart.

"Oh God—she's the last person I want to see today. Ugh. I can't deal with her. She makes me sick. I think I'm gonna puke if I have to listen to her whine about how badly she thinks everyone is treating her around town. I'd love it if someone killed her."

Hart shoots Marilyn a cautious look and smiles broadly as Genie approaches them. He glances at Marilyn and smirks.

"Hey, Genie—how's it going today?"

Genie gives Marilyn a harsh stare. She turns to face Hart with an innocent look. He smirks. All three of them sit down at a booth a few feet away and seconds later Hart's hand slides under the table. His fingers slip between Genie's legs. She reacts as he grins broadly and moves closer to her. They look at each other as Genie lets out a load moan. Hart laughs and winks at her.

"How about you and I play in the stairwell?"

Genie nods as Marilyn seems aghast.

"I've missed you."

Hart gives Marilyn a sly grin as he follows Genie toward the stairwell. Marilyn reacts and continues to sit at the booth.

"This day can't get any worse."

She seems about to gag.

Pete's Cafe

Chandra Stevenson looks up as Pierce Colby approaches her. She looks at her watch. He notices her behavior.

"I'm not late."

Chandra sighs.

"I didn't say you were."

He sits down besides her.

"No doubts about your call earlier?"

Chandra nods.

"I want him to pay—there is no other way—that old man will beg for mercy—beg me to leave his family alone."

Pierce grins slyly.

"I gather you have a plan?"

Chandra turns to look at the front door.

"I do—I want that old man to pay for what he's done to my soon-to-be-husband and I—and I'm willing to pay you whatever it takes to ruin him and his entire family—and I'm not talking just financially either—I want there to be nothing left when I'm through with each and every one of them—total wipe out."

Pierce sighs loudly.

"Exactly what do you have in mind?"

Chandra grins broadly.

"First things first—how much is this going to cost me to completely destroy their world—total annihilation."

Pierce notices Robert Bennington at the front door.

Glass Owl

Lindsay Bennington watches as Kyle walks out into the garden. She waits a few seconds and then follows him.

"I need to talk to you."

He turns around.

"What about exactly—or do I have to guess?"

Lindsay looks back at the house.

"What do you think?"

"He's not talking."

Lindsay grabs Kyle by the arm.

"Do you think he killed Daryl Anderson in cold blood like everyone in town is saying? Rumors are really flying blind."

Kyle nods.

"I do."

They look at each other.

"But he—he wouldn't do something so vile?"

Kyle looks back at the house again.

"He did it—I know it—and so do you—reality speaks."

Lindsay seems upset.

"What are we going to do about it?"

"I don't know."

Lindsay seems uneasy.

"People are saying he also killed Daryl's dad?"

Kyle wipes his brow lightly.

"It happened a long time ago."

Lindsay sighs loudly.

"That's not an answer."

Kyle shrugs.

"It's the only one I got."

Lindsay watches as he walks away.

Lance rolls over on the blanket and looks at Elizabeth with a grin. He glances at his exposed penis and laughs loudly.

"Man, we're so good together. Perfect."

Elizabeth smiles broadly.

"What about Genie?"

Lance laughs.

"She and I are just friends—nothing more—you know my deal—I'm not into having serious relationships right now."

Elizabeth sighs.

"I don't like her—no one does—she's a bitch."

Lance shrugs.

"None of you girls like her because she gives it up to every guy who wants a piece—she's always ready to please."

"She's—she disgusts me. OK?"

Lance pulls Elizabeth toward him.

"I'm not going to stop fucking her—if that's what you were hoping—she's really good—especially with giving blow."

Elizabeth reacts.

"Like I said she's a bitch."

They look at each other for a few seconds.

"Are you mad at me because of my deal with Genie?"

Elizabeth shrugs.

"I'm not mad at you."

Lance smirks and begins laughing.

"Oh really—you can say that with a straight face?"

Elizabeth kisses Lance.

"Really, I'm not mad—I just don't like her—girls are like that—when they see one of their own besting them—they turn them into their sworn enemy without much thought."

Lance laughs loudly.

"I'll just bet. So, what do you have planned for Genie Van Pelt—planning to viciously shame her in public—push her into the fountain at the mall? Destroy her social media account?"

Elizabeth kisses Lance again.

"You're on a need-to-know basis until I say otherwise."

They begin kissing passionately.

Police Station

"So, you're going to let this thing drop without even looking at a few possible motives—people might think?"

Will sighs and looks away.

"The case is unofficially closed—no need to look into anything—it was an accident—a simple case of self-defense."

Clay seems puzzled.

"You actually believe that?"

Will stands and heads to the door.

"Doesn't matter what I believe—it's closed."

Clay gestures with his hand.

"Something happened—no secret about that. Question is what exactly led up to it ending the way it did? Could Madison have planned this situation in advance—killing Daryl?"

Will shrugs and reaches for the doorknob. He turns to face Clay and Maxwell briefly before leaving but says nothing. As the door closes behind him Maxwell turns to face Clay.

"That rich old coot is going to get off without as so much as a hearing on what actually happened at his mansion."

Clay sighs loudly and gestures at Maxwell.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that—this town has had it with that old man—word is out about what he did—and I think many of the good citizens of this town might just work an angle."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning I wouldn't want to be Howard Madison in the next week or so—someone is bound to take matters in their own hands when it come out that no charges will be filed."

Maxwell grins broadly.

"I see your point—what's the worst that can happen in a case like this if someone takes a shot at Madison—*oh well*."

Clay smirks and jabs Maxwell several times.

"And you thought Marble Hills was the dullest place you could get stuck in for a month while you handled the Bentley murder case—looks can be deceiving—total soap opera."

Maxwell rolls his eyes.

"*Knots Landing* has nothing on Marble Hills."

Clay laughs loudly.

"You said it I didn't."

Maxwell rolls his eyes again.

Portland

Glen and Denise lie in bed looking at the television in front of them as news about Marc Ryerson's tragic murder plays.

"I told you it was no big deal—he's *so* over."

Denise smirks.

"I'm just glad he's dead."

Glen slides his fingers across her exposed vagina and winks. She giggles as he begins probing her. He laughs.

"He was a worm—worthless filth—but now he's just a stiff in the morgue with a broken neck and no game whatsoever."

He laughs louder.

"You should have seen his face when he realized what my intentions were. He probably wished at that moment he had never threatened you. Then the real fun began. He begged."

Glen waves his hand in the air several times.

"Begged like a dog—but it was all for nothing."

He kisses Denise.

"I enjoyed taking him out."

He kisses her again.

"I got quite the rush watching him die."

Denise leans over to kiss Glen.

"I'm seriously beginning to like you more and more as the days go by—there's just something different about you."

Glen smirks and looks at his erect penis.

"If you recall previously I told you I wasn't average."

Denise sighs knowingly.

"I feel bad about Kevin Myers—but there can be no loose ends—especially when it comes to Caroline Bentley."

Glen laughs loudly again.

"Uh-huh—glad you understand that young Myers was only useful to us with a bullet in his head—sad casualty."

"I would like to put a bullet in my father-in-law's head after what he did yesterday—love to snuff the bastard out."

Glen rolls his eyes and smirks.

"Don't worry—he's going to get what's coming to him soon enough—that I promise you. Got a special lined up."

Denise kisses Glen again.

"Do tell."

Glen gives Denise and odd look as he looks at his penis again and back at Denise. He winks slyly and begins laughing.

"I'll think about it."

He pulls her toward him.

Glass Owl

Lindsay slowly closes the wooden doors leading to the rose garden and notices Susan about to head upstairs.

"Susan?"

Susan stops and faces her mother.

"Where did you go earlier—you left in such a hurry?"

Susan shrugs.

"No place—just out—nowhere really."

"Is everything okay?"

Susan looks at the stairs nervously.

"Yeah—why do you ask?"

Lindsay notices the look on Susan's face.

"Is there something you're not telling me—did your dad say something earlier? Did he play a guilt trip on you?"

Susan seems confused.

"I haven't seen him since he told me he was going to marry Chandra as soon as the two of you were divorced."

Lindsay's sighs loudly.

"Chandra is in for such a rude awakening. I almost feel badly for her actually—but he's her problem now not mine."

Susan looks at her mother oddly.

"Why would you say that?"

Lindsay rolls her eyes.

"Isn't it obvious? That stupid whore is in way over her head with your father. Thinks he's Prince Charming—but he's more the slimy toad type—believe me. He'll use her the way he did me."

They look at each other.

"Maybe he's changed his ways?"

Lindsay waves her hand in the air.

"Your father has only one side to him—he's a dog—and dogs don't change their game—like I said, Chandra is going to regret ever sleeping with your father—I know I certainly do."

Susan seems upset at the comment.

Parking Lot

Pierce walks back and forth and seems agitated as he looks at his cell phone every few seconds. He shrugs.

"Of course I know the risks."

He stops.

"But it has to be done."

He waves his hand.

"My client has revenge on her mind. This is her idea. She intends to play hard—Madison and his brood are fucked."

He looks out at the empty parking lot.

"She's bent on breaking that wretched family."

He sighs loudly and gestures.

"I've never seen anyone so determined to throw gasoline on a fire that's already raging. Howard Madison should be worried for himself and his entire family. A woman scorned is very dangerous—especially if she has a truckload of cash."

He makes a gesture with his hand.

"I'm having dinner with Jeremy Winterfield tonight. He's definitely on Team Stevenson. Has a history with Madison."

He grins slyly.

"Winterfield tangled with Howard Madison two years ago and took him for millions. Madison is still recovering."

He leans against his car.

"Of course I remember Ralph Stanton. Winterfield raided his family's ill-gotten fortune after the old man's sudden death a year ago. The whole situation was quite tragic if I recall."

He begins laughing again.

Bradford Beach

Lance grins broadly as he kisses Elizabeth goodbye and watches her walk away. He whistles a tune and laughs.

"I've got every girl in this town under my thumb—I can have anyone I want. Things are definitely going my way."

"*Oh really*—I wouldn't say that just yet."

Lance spins around and sees Howard standing about ten feet away. Howard smirks. He has an evil look about him. He notices Lance's nervous behavior and takes a step forward.

"Oh yeah—we're alone—*so* alone young man."

Lance sighs.

"I—I—was just hanging out?"

Howard glances at Lance's unbuttoned Levi's.

"I'd say."

Lance buttons his jeans.

"Is there something you—why are you here?"

Howard looks around and smirks.

"Last time I checked this was a public beach—given to Marble Hills by my great-great grandfather. So technically, this is my beach—just like my granddaughter is my—*property*."

Lance seems frightened at the mentioning of Susan's name. Howard notices as he slowly moves closer to Lance.

"Seems you've been quite busy bedding the young women of this town Mr. Weissmann—and quite reckless at it from what I hear—bragging about your conquests—not smart."

Howard moves closer to Lance.

"One of which happens to be my granddaughter."

Lance sighs loudly.

"It—it's not what it seems—I swear."

"Is that so—actually *it* is exactly what it seems—thought you would easily get away with fucking my granddaughter like a common whore—didn't you—thought no one would find out your game—thought you could have your way with her like all the others—impregnate her—and dump her like she doesn't matter at all to you—big mistake Weissmann—like really, really big."

Lance seems panicked.

"I can explain."

"I'll just bet you can *slick*."

Howard suddenly pulls out a butcher knife from his jacket and lunges. Lance seems in shock as Howard rams the butcher knife into his chest. He looks down at his chest as blood pours from the massive wound. He gasps as he struggles to speak.

"It—it was you. You killed—*but why*?"

Lance falls backwards onto the sandy beach.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Look at the 27th Episode

Elizabeth encounters a tragedy at the beach—Denise and Glen continue to scheme—Jarod makes plans to return to Marble Hills—Clay and Maxwell have no answers about an unexpected murder—Ashton sees a chance to improve his life—Corey continues to humiliate Genie even further—Wesley overhears a conversation that could change lives—Miles is envious of Jarod's trip and doesn't hesitate to say it—a voice from the past makes their presence known—Corey and Diana joke about Genie's tarnished self-image in Marble Hills—Bruce arrives in town and is none too pleased by what he sees—Juan and Sabrina's private moments are being noticed by a jealous girlfriend—Eva's college friend pays her a visit—Morgan makes a seductive play for Kelly and is rejected—Gina has some good news for a change—Lindsay and Kyle discuss Howard's behavior—Kyle meets with Gary—Clay finds himself in the middle of turbulent friendship issues as someone silently observes their unsuspecting prey from afar.

Episode 27
Precipice

Bradford Beach

Elizabeth Pendleton shuts the door of her car and sighs as she slowly walks back toward the beach from the parking lot.

"How dumb can I get—forgetting my sweater."

She notices Lance Weissmann lying on the beach and stops. Elizabeth sighs. He seems oddly still for some reason.

"Lance?"

He doesn't answer her.

"That's weird—why won't he answer?"

She then notices the blood and begins screaming.

"*Help*—someone help!"

Lance is lying about fifteen feet away with a butcher knife sticking out of his chest. Blood is literally everywhere.

"Lance—no—oh God—*help*."

Elizabeth runs toward him but slows down abruptly as she seems to be hit with fear. She looks around nervously.

"Gina's in jail. She couldn't have done it?"

She turns to look at Lance again and seems afraid.

"Who would want to hurt Lance?"

She nervously looks around again but the beach is deserted. She pulls out her cell phone and begins dialing.

Portland

Denise Madison grins from the hallway as she watches Glen Bradstreet slip on his Levi's. She waves her hand.

"You were an animal earlier—just the way I like you. There was just no stopping you—took me exactly the way I like."

Glen wags his finger at her.

"It happens."

Denise smirks.

"Glad I could be of help."

Glen walks over to where Denise is standing.

"Tomorrow I'll drop the bomb on Caroline Bentley—make it clear she's no longer in control of her *happy* destiny."

Denise smiles broadly.

"I can't wait to see the look on that bitch's face when she finds out what we have planned for her in a week—going to be so sweet watching her perfect world crumble around her like a house of cards—oh yeah—love to watch her fall hard."

Glen laughs loudly.

"The ball is in our court now—this is our time—now that the loose ends have been tended to without a hitch."

Denise seems upset.

"Kevin Myers is being laid to rest tomorrow."

Glen rolls his eyes.

"And you're telling me this *why*?"

"I just thought you would like to know."

"Well, you thought wrong—yeah, I put a bullet in his head—but no, I don't feel the least bit sorry—it meant nothing when I blew him away—he was in the way and had to be dealt with before he messed things up royally—useless baggage."

Denise seems uneasy.

"I just feel bad for him. He was so young."

She sighs loudly.

"I'm not saying you didn't have a right—but it's just that he and I—he was sweet—OK—he was really nice to me."

Glen makes a lewd gesture with his finger.

"Forget about him already—he's yesterday's news—and until further notice Caroline Bentley should be the only thing on your mind—until you and I take her down of course."

He grins broadly.

"With Myers and that pesky blackmailing worm out of the way, you and I can play as much as we deem necessary."

Denise gives Glen a coy look.

Bar Harbor

Jarod Keller grins as he and Miles Dandridge throw the last of several cardboard boxes into a rusted dumpster nearby.

"Good riddance to having a needy girlfriend."

Miles nods in agreement as he watches Jarod cheerfully pull out his cell phone and begin dialing. He rolls his eyes.

"Who are you calling—the hot chick you slept with last night—you know, the slutty one you met at Joe's Bar?"

"I don't know her name and didn't ask for her number after I banged her—I'm calling my sister in Marble Hills."

Miles seems confused.

Maple Avenue

Will McColl and Clay Blankenship sprint along the sidewalk toward a parking lot as Maxwell Pendergraft follows.

"Did she say much of anything?"

Clay stops and turns to look at Maxwell briefly.

"No—she just—she just said he was dead—apparently stabbed with a butcher knife—multiple times to be exact."

Maxwell seems confused.

"Just like the others the Bentley girl killed?"

They reach the parking lot.

Martinelli Office

Ashton Markway glances around the room as Simon Spencer, Kelly Nelson, Abby Marshall and Donna Markway seem bored. Joan Martinelli faces Ashton and seems annoyed.

"As I was saying—if you photograph well—I'll use you in my friend's spring collection. That could mean upwards of you being paid nearly a million dollars—it's that simple—*easy*."

Ashton watches as Joan turns to face the door seconds later as her assistant enters. She's about twenty-one.

"Everyone, this is my assistant Morgan Richards. She's also my stepdaughter by the way—last year in college."

"Hi."

They acknowledge her as she sits down near Joan. Ashton seems somewhat uneasy as he shuffles his feet back and forth.

"Do I have time to think about it? I mean?"

Joan nods.

"Of course—say, a week—is that enough time?"

Ashton shrugs.

"I guess."

Joan smiles at Ashton.

"Then it's settled—I have your number and you have mine—let me know when you decide—don't forget OK?"

Ashton nods.

"OK."

He looks at the others.

"Well, I guess this is it—let's go."

Joan watches as everyone heads for the door. Seconds later she turns to face Morgan. They share a knowing look.

Stanley Pier

Corey Bentley turns to look at Genie Van Pelt and sighs loudly. He seems disgusted at her lack of sexual interest.

"The least you could do is act like you're alive."

Genie seems about to cry.

"I'm not in the mood."

Corey rolls his eyes.

"Yeah right, if you think you'll play the "I'm so hurt by how you treat me game" well, forget it—you're just a whore and nothing more—and every guy in town knows your deal."

Genie seems upset.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Just what it sounds like—what guy would want to marry someone like you after you've put out for everyone—like seriously—you're used goods—nothing more than that."

Genie wipes a tear from her eye.

"Why are you always saying things like that to me?"

Corey laughs as he zips up his Levi's.

"Truth is truth—you're just a plaything—good for a cheap thrill but definitely not girlfriend material—no way."

Corey laughs loudly.

"Like didn't we already have this conversation earlier today—like what don't you get—you're a total zero—OK?"

"But you and the others sleep around too?"

"It's different with us guys—the more girls we bang the better—it makes us studs—makes us cool and in demand."

Corey wags his finger at Genie.

"You're the one who wanted to be popular way back when—when no one would even look at you because you were the pathetic town dork—well, now you're the most popular whore in Marble Hills whom every horny guy knows to call for a good time—a total backseat wonder—oh yeah—uh-huh sweet."

Corey looks at his penis straining against his jeans. He leers knowingly at Genie as he strokes his swelling erection.

"I'd bang you again but I have to meet Diana Bingham in ten minutes—she and I—oh well—we—we have a date."

He leers at her again.

"The same kind of date we just had."

He winks.

"She hates you by the way."

Genie watches as he walks away from her car.

"He didn't even say goodbye."

Tears begin streaming down her face in a rush.

"I hate him."

She looks out at the pier.

Glass Owl

Wesley Madison looks up from the desk as he hears the front door slam loudly. He hastily locks the desk drawer.

"Damn—thought he'd be out longer—where the fuck does he keep his damn files—it has to be here somewhere?"

He hears the door opening and dives behind one of the bookcases a few feet away. From his hiding place Wesley sees his grandfather entering the room and closing the door behind him. Howard Madison looks at his watch for a few seconds and smiles broadly. Wesley seems puzzled at his curious behavior.

"Susan—what a damned mess that child has gotten herself into—then again with a father like Robert Bennington to guide her—worthless loser—should've killed the bastard when I had the chance at Lindsay's wedding years ago—fuck it."

Wesley continues looking at his grandfather from behind the bookcase several feet away. He looks around nervously unsure if he should keep hiding or make his presence known.

"Got to make sure he never has a chance to worm his way back into Lindsay's life—got to break their connection."

He sits down at the desk.

"But first things first—got to deal with that gold digging bitch Chandra Stevenson—she's serious trouble—damn slut."

He pulls out his cell phone and nervously dials.

"Frigging whore could ruin my plans."

He seems enraged as he waits.

Bar Harbor

Miles watches Jarod put his cell phone down. He grins broadly as he leans against his car and snaps his fingers.

"There's nothing better than being single."

Miles smirks.

"I assume you're planning to hook-up with all your former girlfriends—make up for lost time? Enjoy being free again?"

Jarod laughs.

"Uh-huh—too bad Gina Bentley is in jail though—oh yeah—she was quite the wonder in the sack—unpredictable."

Miles licks his lips.

"Maybe I should pay Marble Hills a visit?"

Jarod gives Miles a strange look.

"Like no way dude—you've done enough damage already with the Bingham sisters. They told me what happened."

Miles laughs loudly.

"I was horny—they said I couldn't handle both of them at the same time—obviously they were wrong—big deal."

"Uh-huh—and thinking they were prostitutes certainly didn't do much to help your rep either—they were upset."

Miles grins broadly.

"What's a guy to think when two gorgeous women make a pass at him in the lobby of a movie theater—like really."

Jarod rolls his eyes.

"That's your version *dear* buddy—they tell a completely different story—something about you approaching them."

Miles rolls his eyes and turns to walk away.

"Whatever—if you want to be the selfish type—keeping all those gorgeous whores for yourself—refusing to share with your loyal roommate and best friend—it's totally up to you."

Jarod nods.

"See you later."

He opens the door to his car and faces Miles again.

"Stay the fuck away from Marble Hills."

He gets into his car and slams the door.

"Or else I'll make sure you regret it."

Miles watches as Jarod drives away. He shakes his head and pulls out his cell phone. He grins as he begins dialing.

Will looks at the butcher knife still sticking out of Lance's chest. He shrugs and turns to face Elizabeth cautiously.

"So, you didn't see anyone around?"

Elizabeth shakes her head.

"No."

She wipes a tear from her eye.

"I was gone about ten minutes—couldn't be longer—and when I came back I—I—I found him lying there—*dead*."

Will glances at Lance's jeans—the buttons are still undone. He looks at Elizabeth curiously as he realizes the obvious.

"Were you and Lance having—you know?"

Elizabeth nods.

"Yes."

"Do you think someone was watching you two together and then came over when you left—and killed him?"

Elizabeth seems upset at the idea.

"I guess—I thought we were alone—I didn't see anyone else's car parked nearby—but they could have walked."

Will turns to look at Clay and Maxwell.

"This seems like the others—*exactly like the others*."

Will sighs and wipes his brow several times.

"But if this—then the Bentley girl couldn't—she didn't."

Clay shrugs.

"What about Brad McKinley?"

Will looks at Lance's body again and shakes his head.

"No—he's still in South America—there's been no activity lately to suggest he somehow flew back to the States."

Clay wipes sweat from his brow.

"Then who killed the latest?"

Will glances at the deserted parking lot.

"Whoever killed the others apparently is still out there somewhere in Marble Hills and—not shy about it either."

Clay glances at Elizabeth nervously.

United States Virgin Islands

"Like I don't care—I told you I'd stick with our deal until I felt like it wasn't in my best interest—and it isn't anymore."

Astrid Blakely rolls her eyes as she looks at the view of Charlotte Amalie harbor located on the island of St. Thomas.

"Well, guess what John—it's not good anymore—so either you come up with what I asked for yesterday or else?"

Astrid seems annoyed.

"Or else I come to Marble Hills and pay you a visit—and while I'm at it I'll pay Corey a visit too—*with* Byron."

She nods a few times.

"Yeah—that's right—just think about what people in town will say when I show up with Corey's son—your grandson."

Astrid smiles broadly.

"Good—I see you've come to your senses—but you're not in the clear yet—there's also that *situation* that you and I really should discuss at length—so much of a mess to clear up."

She waves her hand.

"So many people would like to know what I know and exactly what happened the night before your son and I made a baby together—and you banished me to the Virgin Islands."

Astrid looks out the window at the scenic view in front of her. She smiles and glances at the cell phone again.

"I'll expect a delivery tomorrow by courier—and don't get cheap with me—you have far too much to lose if I suddenly show up in town—Corey's life is messy enough as it is already."

She shuts the cell phone off.

"Uh-huh—if he thought I'm the type to be ignored he's about to have a rude awakening. I want my fair share."

Her eyes suddenly fall on a framed photo of her son.

Tolling Bell Inn

Corey's loud laughter can he heard above the squeaking of bed springs as he and Diana Bingham go at it in a frenzy.

"So, tell me again how hurt Genie was when you told her she was just a cheap pathetic thrill to every guy in town?"

Corey grins broadly.

"I told you already—she was hurt—started asking why I was being so mean—so I laid out the *real* deal to her."

Diana rolls her eyes.

"I hope she kills herself—she makes me sick trying so hard to be one of us—like get a life already—damn bitch."

Corey smirks.

"Tell me about it—imagine someone marrying her."

They begin laughing.

Boston

Bruce Mansfield stares at his rental car with disgust. He sighs as he opens the door and gets in. He shakes his head.

Maple Avenue

Sabrina Keller smiles broadly as Juan Sabrillo brings her a cup of coffee from the coffee shop a few yards away.

"You're so sweet—I know my brother will like you."

Juan grins and kisses Sabrina.

"When is he due to arrive?"

Juan reaches out to stroke Sabrina's hand.

Parking Lot

"See that? I told you she was a whore—throwing herself at him like that—playing innocent—ugh—what a sneaky bitch."

Faye Washington seems upset as she turns to face Justin Wellington sitting next to her inside a car. He seems confused and shakes his head several times in disbelief at the scene.

"I don't know what you're talking about—but I'm tired of playing games—if she wants him she can have the jerk."

Faye angrily grabs Justin's arm.

"No—that slut isn't going to steal my man—I saw him first—he's mine—not hers—I want her gone—like today."

Justin pulls away.

"Look, this was fun for a while but obviously this is between you and Sabrina—and besides I don't do sloppy seconds—especially from some **David Fumero** wannabe."

Faye rolls her eyes.

"Don't you know anything—she's just trying to make you jealous—women like doing stuff like that—playing games."

Justin sighs.

"Good to know—but I'm still outta here—going to catch the first plane back to Virginia—got a real job to do."

Faye glances in disgust as Juan and Sabrina begin kissing passionately. Sabrina slides her right hand into his Levi's.

"That filthy slut—look at that—such trashy behavior in public—how dare she touch my man like that—ugh."

She slams her fist against the windshield.

"*She's so dead*. I'll destroy her. I swear I will."

She turns around and realizes Justin is gone. Faye rolls her eyes in disgust. She looks at Juan and Sabrina again.

"Fine—whatever—I'll deal with that bitch myself."

She slams her fist against the windshield again.

<u>Police Station</u>

Will, Clay and Maxwell cautiously enter the office. They look defeated as Maxwell slowly closes the door behind them.

"If the Bentley girl didn't kill the first seven—who could have done it—and more importantly why did they?"

Clay shakes his head.

"I have no clue—unfortunately we have to release Gina Bentley before her lawyer shows up with legal demands."

At that moment Pierce Colby opens the door.

"I think you know why I'm here?"

Will and Clay look at each other.

"Bad news travels fast."

Pierce nods.

"Get her paperwork ready guys—as of this moment Gina Bentley is a free woman pending any further charges."

Clay walks over to his desk.

"It'll only take a few minutes to sign the paperwork."

Pierce looks at the others.

"I'm glad you guys see it my way."

Will grabs a set of keys.

"Just so you know we reserve the right to arrest Gina Bentley again if we find sufficient cause—for any reason."

Pierce waves his hand.

"Yeah—yeah—just go get her already."

He watches Will as he walks toward the holding area. He turns to face Clay and Maxwell. Pierce grins broadly.

"I don't have to tell you guys that John Bentley is planning to sue Marble Hills for this little fiasco—for millions."

They nod in agreement.

<u>Peabody Avenue</u>

Jarod smiles as he parks his car in an empty stall and jumps out. He looks around at the area and smiles broadly.

"Good to be back—I think I'll give Elizabeth Pendleton a call—if I can pry her loose from Lance Weissmann's dick."

He grins broadly again and pulls out his cell phone and begins dialing. Seconds later he sees Genie walking aimlessly to her car. He smirks as he looks at his cell phone once more.

"She'll do just fine for a quickie."

She stops as she hears his voice and faces him.

"Genie Van Pelt—you haven't changed one bit since—as pretty as ever—how about you and I get reacquainted."

He notices her appearance. She seems about to cry.

"Was it something I said?"

Genie seems confused.

"You haven't heard?"

"Heard what—I just got back into town?"

Genie sighs loudly and looks at the deserted street.

"Lance Weissmann is dead."

Jarod reacts.

"What?"

Genie wipes a tear from her eye.

"Someone killed him at Bradford Beach—killed him with a butcher knife—killed just like the others—so horrible."

"Didn't Gina?"

Genie nods.

"It wasn't Gina."

Jarod seems confused.

Glass Owl

Wesley sighs softly to himself as he silently listens to the garbled conversation Howard is having with someone.

"I don't care—just do what I say."

The door opens and Wesley hears his aunt's voice.

"Something has happened daddy."

Wesley notices a pause.

"I just heard that Lance Weissmann was killed earlier at Bradford Beach—he was stabbed with a butcher knife."

Wesley reacts.

"And you're telling me this crap because?"

Lindsay Bennington looks around.

"Weren't you and Christopher Weissmann close friends?"

Howard begins laughing loudly.

"Golfing buddies yes—close friends no—why should I care if his worthless juvenile delinquent son got iced earlier?"

Wesley pulls out his cell phone and sighs.

"Grandfather is a cold fish without a doubt."

He hears the door closing.

"If someone killed Lance—and Gina is still in jail?"

He begins dialing.

"Come on—pick up already."

He sighs loudly again.

"Who'd want to kill Lance Weissmann?"

He looks around the library.

"Could it be Corey?"

He runs his fingers through his hair.

"Could he have been the killer all along right under everyone's noses—oh man, it would all make sense."

He leans against a bookcase.

Standish Road

Bruce slows down as he takes in the scenery. He seems disgusted by the view in front of him. He sighs loudly.

"Oh God—could it get any smaller?"

He rolls his eyes.

"Damn town could fit into a snow globe."

He looks at his cell phone.

"I swear when I get to my hotel I'm giving Jeffrey a call to revise our agreement—I'm getting double what he said he'd pay me—this is a nightmare—I'm in a **Grandma Moses** painting and I'm not the least bit amused—I'm going to puke no doubt."

He sighs loudly again.

Blankenship Apartment

Eva Harper slowly opens the door and looks at her friend with a shocked expression. Darla Chadwick grins broadly.

"You said to come as soon as I had the chance—and here I am finally—as promised—in the flesh and ready to party."

Eva waves Darla into the apartment.

"I could've picked you up at the airport?"

Darla smirks.

"And let you know I was coming—no way—quite the surprise wouldn't you say? Bet you didn't see this coming?"

Eva and Darla hug warmly.

"How long can you stay in Marble Hills?"

Darla looks around the room and grins broadly.

"I'm not sure—that depends if your boyfriend is as hot as you say he is—he and I could—you know—hook-up—and I could rate his performance—see if he's as good as you say?"

Eva looks at Darla curiously.

"I hope you're kidding about what you just said?"

Darla rolls her eyes.

"I never kid."

Eva turns away.

"Don't even think about trying to get into Clay's pants like you did with my cousin's husband at Brown—he—Clay—Clay's mine—I have no intentions of sharing my boyfriend with you."

Darla rolls her eyes.

"Oh-oh—he must be special if you're laying down the law before I even meet him—bet he's the total package."

She sighs.

"Besides, Garrett Swanson was a prick—he told me he and your cousin were getting a divorce—he seemed so sincere."

Eva shrugs.

"Uh-huh—and it never occurred to you he just wanted a fling while Isabel was visiting her folks for the weekend."

Darla grins slyly.

"OK—OK—it occurred to me but in my defense he looked so hot in his mesh boxer briefs the first time I saw him. One thing led to another and we ended up in bed within minutes."

Eva seems upset.

"You were supposed to be tutoring him—not being tutored by him in bed—especially knowing he was married."

Darla laughs.

"He was a good teacher—knew all sorts of tricks—too bad he was such a louse—imagine how upset I was when I found out I wasn't his only student—took me a while to get over him."

Eva walks toward the kitchen.

"Served you right for sleeping with him—only to find out he was two-timing you with your sister—and best friend."

Darla rolls her eyes again.

"How did you know Clay was the one for you?"

Eva smiles broadly.

"It's hard to explain in words—but I knew from the moment I saw him he was husband material—shy and gentle."

She looks at the bedroom.

"He's so sweet and kind—never gets mad—and he's so gorgeous—sometimes I can't keep my hands off his body."

Darla smirks again knowingly.

"How is he in bed?"

Eva seems shocked at the question.

"He's very tender—very gentle—always something new to try with him—he knows how to work it without a doubt."

Darla grins broadly.

"He could've been quite the challenge—but I think I won't have much of a problem knowing what I know now."

Eva gives Darla a strange look.

"Don't you dare Darla—I'm much too in love with him—I'm dead serious about this—if you dare try anything."

Darla laughs again.

"Relax—I'm only playing you—I wouldn't do anything to mess with your life—besides, as you know I'm a happily married woman for years now. I'm done with hunting men for sport."

Eva rolls her eyes.

"There's no truth in what you say."

Darla makes a lewd gesture with her finger.

"OK—my marriage is a sham. Marrying Roger Scotbrough was a mistake. He bores me silly. I feel so trapped. Ugh."

Eva seems shocked at the comment.

Vine Street

Kelly glances at the parking ticket on the windshield of his car and sighs loudly. He seems angry as he makes a fist.

"Damn it—sick of those people."

He crumples up the ticket and shoves it into the back pocket of his Levi's as he leans against the hood of his car.

"You'd think they'd have better things to do."

"Who would?"

He turns to see Morgan staring at him.

"Oh, I was just talking to myself about the idiot traffic cops in this town—slimy bastards gave me a lousy ticket."

Morgan sighs knowingly.

"Whenever I get one of those I always fight it—haven't lost a battle yet—they're always screwing around with us."

Kelly smiles broadly.

"Thanks—I might just do that—cops in this town don't have much to do—except for the rash of murders lately."

Morgan seems confused.

"What are you talking about?"

Kelly makes a gesture with his hand.

"Never mind—I'm just talking trash I guess."

He looks at Morgan curiously as she eyes him intently.

"Are you looking for someone?"

"Nope—just sightseeing—taking in the perfect scenery of this sweet picturesque town and its wonderful inhabitants."

Kelly looks around.

"Sweet wouldn't be the word I'd use to describe Marble Hills—way too much drama going on here all the time."

Morgan seems confused.

"Oh—why is that?"

Kelly turns to look at the street.

"This town—it has secrets—and people here have all sorts of issues—lots of them actually—there's always something going on behind the scenes—and not in a good way either."

Morgan smirks.

"Isn't that the way it always is—small towns—there's nothing else to do but talk about people's business."

Kelly grins.

"Yeah—I guess so but for once I wish everyone would just worry about their own deal instead of someone else's."

Morgan takes Kelly's hand. They look at each other for a few seconds. Kelly seems uneasy. Morgan smiles slyly.

"How about you and I get a bite to eat?"

Kelly looks at Morgan nervously.

"I have a girlfriend."

Morgan looks around.

"We're just getting a bite to eat OK—friends only—we're not going to have wild crazy sex in the backseat of your car."

Morgan glances at the buttons on Kelly's jeans.

"Unless you want to of course—I wouldn't say no."

Kelly pulls his hand away.

"Thanks you for asking—but no—I actually have to meet my girlfriend in ten minutes anyway. But hey, thanks."

"No hard feelings."

Morgan seems disappointed.

Miami

Calvin Whitney walks back and forth in the living room of his opulent beachfront mansion. He seems enraged.

"I was calling to see what progress you've made in securing retribution in the vicious murder of my brother."

He rolls his eyes knowingly.

"I've been waiting."

He stops and seems annoyed. He sighs.

"Yes—yes—I know it takes time—but it seems so far nothing has been done. I want to know what's taking so long. My brother's death must be avenged—I want results quickly."

He sighs again.

"I'll check back in a few days."

He angrily throws the cell phone on the sofa.

Keller Apartment

Sabrina looks at Juan as he shuts off his cell phone.

"What was that about?"

Juan shrugs and rolls his eyes.

"Oh nothing—my boss just haven't learned the definition of patience yet—he's in one of his moods. Fuck him."

He smiles broadly.

"He'll get over it sooner or later."

He makes a lewd gesture with his finger.

"Speaking of which—didn't you say your brother should be here already—seems like he's taking his sweet time?"

Sabrina ignores Juan.

Police Station

Gina Bentley sits up as she sees Will coming toward her with Pierce at his side. She looks around the cell as if looking for someone. The cell is completely empty except for her.

"This is your lucky day."

Will repeats the words in a monotone way as he puts the key into the lock and opens the cell. Gina looks at Pierce.

"Lance Weissmann was killed earlier—same deal as the other victims—seems like it wasn't—wasn't you after all."

Gina seems confused.

"Lance Weissmann is dead?"

Pierce nods.

"He was killed earlier today."

Pierce snaps his fingers.

"This means you couldn't have killed the others despite you being accused—someone else is our serial killer."

"I told you I was innocent."

Pierce turns to look at Will and then back at Gina.

"You father and I have already agreed to draw up a suit against Marble Hills—this town is going to pay. Got a plan of action already in motion—you'll get your just due—believe me. What happened to you will not be forgotten anytime soon."

Gina looks around curiously and sighs.

"Are my parents upstairs?"

Pierce shrugs.

"Your father had business to attend to—and I wasn't able to reach your mother—she must be busy somewhere?"

Gina seems upset.

"It would've been nice if they could have been here."
Pierce escorts Gina toward the hallway.

Parking Lot

Gary Glick looks at a photo of a young man in his hand.
"No one will ever know."
He shoves the photo into his jacket pocket.

Glass Owl

Lindsay glances at the oil painting of her mother in the dimly lit hallway. She seems upset as she tears up.
"What is happening to our family?"
"Why don't you ask dear old dad that question?"
Lindsay turns to see Kyle Madison looking at her from the door leading to the garden. He seems somewhat upset.
"He couldn't have done what you said—that would mean that our father isn't who we thought—it can't be true."
"Only now you've figured it out—like how many people has he destroyed over the years—caused so much pain."
He glances at the garden.
"He hated Anderson—and you know as well as I that hate can be a powerful motive for murder—very powerful."
Lindsay shrugs.
"I know—but I can't believe it."
"No—you *won't* believe—there is a difference between the two in case you didn't know Lindsay—quite big actually."
"But murder?"
Kyle pulls out a photo of Patrick.
"This is my son—and our dear old dad kept him away from me for nearly twenty fucking years—in case you still think?"
Kyle grimaces.
"Does that sound like a loving father to you?"
Lindsay glances at the photo in Kyle's hand and sighs.
"He probably had his reasons."

Kyle wipes sweat from his brow.

"I'll just bet."

"There must have been a good reason."

"Yeah right, I just bet he had a good reason for doing what he did all those years ago—anything to preserve a few lousy dollars he thinks someone may be after—face it Lindsay, he's no good—and how pathetic am I that it took me this long to find out the sadistic truth that everyone else knew beforehand?"

Lindsay reaches out to hug her brother.

Police Station

Will slowly closes the front door and turns to face Clay and Maxwell. He sighs loudly as he leans against the door.

"None of this makes sense."

Clay shrugs.

"Is it possible that whoever we're looking for doesn't reside in Marble Hills—maybe like—Portland perhaps?"

Maxwell stands up.

"I don't think an outsider is behind it."

He wrings his hands several times.

"I think we just need to figure out exactly what the connection is to the victims—*there* must be a connection."

Will walks over to his desk and sits down.

"*But* to whom is the killer connected to—the victims—or are the victims connected to each other in some way we aren't aware of at the moment—other than being possibly related?"

Clay and Maxwell shrugs.

Keller Apartment

Juan laughs as he slams Sabrina up against the wall of her kitchen and aggressively penetrates her. She sighs loudly.

"What if my brother catches us fucking?"

Juan laughs loudly.

"Is he a virgin?"

Sabrina laughs.

"I see your point."

"I'm horny—sometimes a horny guy just wants to fuck when the moment presents itself as is the case right now."

Sabrina smirks.

"Is that what you say to your *other* friend?"

Juan grins.

"Are you asking me in a roundabout way if I'm still fucking Faye on the sly despite me telling you we were through?"

Sabrina shakes her head.

"No—you can do as you please—it's none of my business who you sleep with—and if you deem Faye Washington being someone whom you want to mess around with then I'm OK with your decision—you and I are just good friends—nothing more."

Juan winks at Sabrina.

"Put very nicely if I do say so myself—and yes, Faye and I are still having a very intense sexual relationship but as you stated so perfectly seconds ago I can do as I please since we're just good friends with benefits—that's the deal we have—end of story."

Sabrina strokes Juan's chest. He winks at her.

"Is she better in bed than I am—more adventurous?"

Juan laughs loudly.

"She knows all sorts of things."

He grins as he kisses her.

"But you're good too. Knows what I like and you're always willing to try new positions. I got no complaints about you."

Sabrina kisses Juan as he rams her again.

<u>Lighthouse Grill</u>

Kyle watches as Gary slowly sits down across from him while people pass by and glance at them oddly. Kyle sighs.

"I guess you were right after all Gary—my father was keeping Patrick's identity from me—damn frigging bastard knew all along and still pretended he had nothing to do with it."

Gary smiles broadly and gestures.

"Sorry you had to find out this way but there was no other way—too much time has passed already—truth is best."

Kyle nods.

"So many things have since come to light."

Gary rubs his chin.

"I heard about Daryl Anderson."

Kyle shrugs.

"I'm still not sure exactly what happened with Daryl—my father refuses to discuss it with me—it's almost a secret."

Gary seems bothered.

"Like he did it intentionally?"

Kyle nods again.

"I'm beginning to think everything that people have been saying for years might be true—and there's been plenty."

"That would explain the looks we've been getting since we arrived—maybe Patrick and I should leave until this mess has lost interest with everyone in town—might be better for now?"

Kyle shakes his head.

"No—this is my father's sick problem—whatever he's done has nothing to do with me—I've never killed anyone."

Kyle waves his hand in the air.

"I'm no saint—I've done a lot of things in my past that I'm not proud of—but I'm certainly no killer—not my cup of tea."

They look at each other.

"How does your father feel about Patrick?"

Kyle rolls his eyes.

"I'm not sure—not that it matters now—his opinion doesn't matter anymore as far as I'm concerned."

Gary pulls out a stack of papers from his briefcase.

"These are Patrick's school records and complete medical reports—I thought you'd like to have them to look at."

Kyle looks at Gary oddly as he is handed the stack of papers, neatly spiraled bound within a blue and white cover.

"In case you're wondering about Patrick—he's never been in trouble before—never so much as a jaywalking ticket."

Kyle sighs again and nods several times.

"Is he planning to go back to Australia after we meet? Is he just here for a few days—is he planning to stay longer?"

Gary shrugs.

"I honestly don't know—he has family there now since Serena married a local boy from Sydney when she left Marble Hills all those years ago after your scumbag father played his hand of cards—but I can't speak for him—it's his decision."

Kyle nervously looks at the entrance of the diner. He wrings his hands several times as Gary notices and smiles.

"Where is Patrick now?"

Gary looks at his watch nervously.

"Probably on his computer at Tolling Bell—I swear—he can't seem to leave that thing alone—always on it—working."

Kyle stands up suddenly.

Blankenship Apartment

Clay enters his apartment and notices Eva sitting on one of the sofas talking with a beautiful woman. He closes the door behind him. Eva rushes to the door and greets him. They kiss.

"Clay, I want you to meet Darla Chadwick—she was one of my best friends at Brown—got me into a lot of trouble."

Clay grins.

"Is that so—should I be worried?"

Eva glances at Darla.

"No—she's calmed down a lot since then."

Darla stands and walks over to where Clay and Eva are standing. She smirks as she eyes his body seductively.

"Her words—not mine."

She hugs Clay.

"Oh boy—I do love a man with abs."

Clay grins. Eva sighs loudly.

"I'm not kidding about what I said earlier Darla."

Darla hugs Clay again.

"Tell it to someone who cares."

Darla turns to look at Eva.

"Didn't you say he had a hunky friend?"

"Maxwell had to check on something important—he should be by within the hour or so—maybe sooner—unless he met some chick he might want to spend the night with."

"He's single, right?"

Clay nods.

"Yes."

Darla checks her watch and looks at Eva slyly.

"Well, that still doesn't mean I'm not interested in your gorgeous guy regardless—especially one who's incredibly cute and who fills out a pair of Levi's quite nicely if I do say."

Clay grins broadly until he notices Eva looking at him with a curious stare. He immediately turns away. Eva sighs.

Bentley Driveway

Pierce leads Gina toward the house as someone watches from a car parked on the street. Fingers drum loudly on the steering wheel as Pierce and Gina enter the mansion.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Look at the 28th Episode

Darla creates tension between Eva and Clay—Pierce and Chandra talk strategy—Gina has another encounter with Tiffany—Jarod pays Juan and Sabrina a visit—Kyle tries to mend fences with Patrick—Eva isn't pleased with Darla's attention toward Maxwell—Shirley consoles Jeremy over Lance's death—Denise divides her time between Miles and Robert—Caroline tries to make amends with Gina—Sabrina gushes about her feelings for Juan—Astrid makes plans for a visit to Marble Hills against the wishes of her mother—Eva's anger at Darla's behavior becomes obvious to Clay—Chandra lays out her plans for revenge against those who wronged her—Tiffany continues to torment Gina—a figure from the past decides to pay a visit—Robert balks at Denise's plan to rid himself of his "problem"—Jarod resumes playing games with the locals—Hart continues to push the limits of good taste with his crude behavior—Damon and Matt welcome a brand new playmate in their bed—as Jarod runs out of luck.

Episode 28
Problematic Reality

Blankenship Apartment

Eva Harper pulls Darla Chadwick aside. They look at each other. Clay Blankenship sits down on the sofa and sighs.

"He's my boyfriend—show some respect."

"He's cute—what do you want me to do—not admire how gorgeous he is—I like men—deal with it already OK?"

Eva notices Clay's grin as he looks at them arguing over him. She faces Darla again as her fury grows. She sighs.

"I love him—can't you see that?"

Eva gives Darla an odd look.

"OK—OK—I'll leave him alone."

She winks slyly.

"But it doesn't mean I won't ogle his body."

Eva glares at Darla.

"I'm not going to tell you again."

Darla grins slyly.

"How big is he?"

Darla glances at Clay and then Eva.

"The passage of time has made you a total prude."

Darla rolls her eyes.

"If you're defending his honor so valiantly he must be something in the sack—his dick must be magical indeed."

Eva looks at Clay.

"Enough—this conversation is over."

They look at each other. Darla looks at Clay and sighs.

"Your friend better be hot like you."

Clay is about to answer when Eva shoots him a look. At that moment the door opens and Maxwell Pendergraft enters seconds later immediately noticing Darla. He grins broadly.

Tolling Bell Inn

Pierce Colby watches silently as the door opens. Chandra Stevenson stands there for a few seconds looking annoyed.

"On the phone you said you found something?"

Chandra nods.

"Seems that old coot is mixed up in much more than we ever thought possible—and now the ball is in our court."

Pierce seems confused as Chandra closes the door behind him. He turns to face her. She notices and smiles broadly.

"No—Robert isn't here—I'm not sure where he is at this moment but it works for us—the less he knows the better."

Pierce sighs.

"You're keeping things from him already? That's probably not the best move in a new relationship—terrible actually."

Chandra waves her hand in the air.

"I'm in this to win—and I don't care what I have to do to beat the game—that old coot is going to pay—*dearly*. I want him on his knees begging—he brought this mess all on himself."

Pierce sits down on the sofa.

"What do you plan to do with what you know?"

Chandra smiles broadly.

"I'm not sure yet. But I will do something—something really vile without a doubt—something highly unpleasant."

She sits down next to Pierce.

"How about we come up with something that'll be mutually beneficial for both of us while we destroy the entire Madison family—turning their lives inside out—and then some more just for good measure—the more painful the better."

Chandra licks her lips.

"Of which we'll start with Eldon Whitney."

Pierce seems confused.

Bentley Mansion

Gina Bentley opens the door to her room and looks around. She closes the door behind her seconds later.

"This sucks."

Gina turns to look at the huge bay window at the far end of her room when she sees Tiffany Johnson grinning back at her from the huge mirror positioned on the wall nearby lined with carved oak. Tiffany walks confidently toward Gina.

"You and I aren't done yet."

Tiffany smirks.

"Not even close."

Gina watches Tiffany nervously as she edges closer.

"You and I have unfinished business to attend to despite you getting out of the joint on account of Lance's tragic ending at the hands of another—but oh, oh don't you worry."

Gina turns and heads to the door but Tiffany is at the door before she can grab the doorknob. Gina seems afraid.

"Leaving so soon—I wouldn't think of it if I were you—we still have so much more to discuss—starting with my death at your hands—and the harsh punishment you will be dealt."

Gina tries to push Tiffany out of the way.

"I didn't kill you—just go away."

Tiffany seems annoyed.

"I'm tired of your lies—there's no escaping what I'm going to do to you—you must pay—and you will—no doubt."

They look at each other silently.

"I had nothing to do with what happened."

Tiffany grabs Gina by the hair and flings her toward the bay window. Gina stumbles slightly and slips on the plush rug covering the entire room. Tiffany reaches out to grab Gina again. Seconds later the door opens. Caroline Bentley stares at her daughter curiously. Gina looks around. Tiffany is gone.

Keller Apartment

Juan Sabrillo and Sabrina Keller are going at it when the doorbell rings. They ignore it. The door opens a second later as Jarod Keller stands there looking at the scene. He grins.

"I see nothing has changed around here."

Sabrina seems shocked upon realizing her brother is watching her and Juan have sex. She pushes Juan away—as he grins broadly seeing Jarod's bemused expression.

"A guy has needs—as well you know."

Jarod laughs.

"Oh yeah—I know all too well what us guys need."

Sabrina pulls her skirt down and walks over to Jarod. They hug warmly. Juan smirks and hastily zips up his Levi's.

"You certainly took your sweet time coming over?"

Jarod grins slyly.

"I had things to do—like deal with it already."

Juan comes toward Jarod and offers his hand. They shake for a few seconds. Juan turns to look at Sabrina slyly.

"Your sister and I—well—it doesn't need explaining."

Jarod nods.

"Nope—you're both adults—what you do together is none of my business at all—just like my business is my own."

Sabrina grins.

"How long are you staying? It's been a while since we hung out. You're always around town—trying to score."

He jabs her and laughs.

"A week—maybe two at the most—got plans to visit a friend in Boston right after—and hook-up with his sister."

Sabrina gives him a knowing look.

"What's her name?"

"Natalie Seymour. Met her yesterday afternoon—she seems nice enough—and she's open to trying new things."

Sabrina looks at Juan.

"My brother is a male whore."

Jarod laughs loudly.

"Shoot me already dear sister."

He glances around the room.

"Glad you got rid of Justin Wellington—that guy was too much of a stick-in-the-mud jerk as far as I'm concerned."

Sabrina rolls her eyes.

"He and I just—we just drifted apart."

Jarod nods.

Maple Avenue

Kyle Madison looks at Patrick Glick curiously several times as they slowly walk down the street. Kyle sighs nervously.

"You've hardly said two words since we left?"

Patrick looks around.

"I don't know what to say."

Kyle stops.

"*Look*, I know what my father did to you was low—but I didn't know you existed until not long ago—not a clue."

Patrick shrugs.

"This is going to take some getting used to."

Kyle grabs Patrick by the shoulders.

"I know it's not easy—but I'm trying to change what happened in the past—don't shut me out—not after."

Patrick sighs.

"I—I need time to work this idea."

He pulls away from Kyle.

"This is new to me."

Kyle wipes his brow.

"That's all I ask."

Patrick nods knowingly.

Blankenship Apartment

Eva watches from the kitchen as Darla and Maxwell are talking. She turns to face Clay with a look of anger.

"She hasn't changed one bit—still on the prowl for anything in pants—maybe I should say something to him?"

Eva turns to leave as Clay grabs her by the arm.

"Leave it be—they're both adults—Maxwell can handle his own—Darla is just being friendly—*please* no drama OK?"

Eva rolls her eyes.

"Fine—whatever—I guess it's a good thing she's only here in town for the next two days—then again—so worried."

Clay laughs.

"Two days is plenty."

Eva playfully slaps Clay.

Weissmann Driveway

"I'm so sorry about your brother."

Shirley Moses reaches out to hug Jeremy Weissmann. He seems lost as he sighs loudly. They look at each other.

"I—I still can't believe he's really gone."

Shirley sighs.

"How are your parents handling it?"

Jeremy shrugs.

"They're in their own world right now."

"But if Gina Bentley didn't kill Lance—who did?"

Jeremy sighs loudly.

"According to the coroner Lance didn't put up much of a struggle right before—I'm guessing it's someone he knew."

Shirley gives Jeremy an odd look.

"Like a girlfriend?"

"I guess—maybe—possibly—or a friend."

They look at each other.

Glass Owl

Lindsay Bennington looks out the window as she hears tires screeching on the pavement. She seems upset.

"Where is she going in such a hurry?"

She sighs.

Bar Harbor

Loud laughter is heard as Denise Madison kisses Miles Dandridge seconds before he plows into her. He grins broadly.

"Said when you came over earlier you needed someone to relax you—I'm assuming my dick is working its charm."

Denise smirks.

"Uh-huh."

They look at each other as he begins ejaculating.

"I'm sorry your husband is a crashing bore."

Denise shrugs.

"Kyle doesn't give a damn about me."

Miles rolls his eyes.

"When you showed up at my door an hour ago I got the impression you were looking for your sweet Jarod?"

"I was—but finding you here was just as good—needed a boost—had to be with someone who knows what I like."

"Don't sweat it—I'm easy—I'll fuck any woman that wants it—I'm a college guy with low morals—and no rules."

Denise smirks again.

"I knew there was a reason I liked you."

Miles comes a second time.

"Jarod's loss in my gain I guess."

He laughs.

"Anyway Jarod went to Marble Hills finally—dumped his girlfriend first though—not that it matters much anyways—she and I have become quite friendly lately—lots of sexual play."

Denise smiles broadly.

"You get around don't you?"

Miles laughs loudly.

"Hey, he was playing her so she and I became friendly on the sly—and then well—I like danger—so we began hooking up and afterwards we found out we actually liked each other."

Denise sits up in bed.

"He had no clue about you and his girlfriend?"

Miles laughs loudly again.

"He thinks we're just good friends."

"Well, it's for the best anyway—I've told him several times a virile young man needs to play the field and not worry about settling down with one woman—before a man marries he should sleep with as many women as possible—it's really important he's experienced when it comes to intense bedroom activity."

Miles pulls away from Denise.

"That's what I told him as well—his ex is nice and all but a guy needs variety—serious relationships are for losers."

Denise nods in agreement.

Bentley Mansion

"Are you sure there's nothing I should know about? You're acting strange—as if something is going on with you."

Caroline looks as Gina continues staring at the bay window with a curiously odd expression on her face.

"Gina? What's going on? Please?"

Gina turns around to face her mother.

"Little too late for you to fake concern don't you think?"

Gina watches Caroline's reaction and sighs.

"How do you want me to act—I was locked up for crimes I didn't commit—everyone in town thinks I'm a psycho—and neither you or dad were there when I was released earlier from jail—and if it wasn't for Pierce showing up I would probably still be there—and you're wondering what's wrong mother?"

Gina turns to look at the bay window again.

"Talk about dense."

Caroline sighs loudly.

"I never said I was a perfect mother."

Gina turns around to face her mother again.

"I never asked for you to be perfect—but let's face it mother, you'd give **Joan Crawford** a rival as *Mommie Dearest*."

Caroline seems stung by the comparison and turns to leave the room. She stops as she reaches for the doorknob.

"I didn't have a perfect childhood either."

Gina rolls her eyes.

Keller Apartment

Sabrina closes the door and turns to face Jarod. He smirks as she looks at the door again. He notices and laughs.

"He seems OK as far as I can tell—but don't expect a ring on your finger anytime soon from a guy like that."

Sabrina grins.

"Wasn't expecting it—he's from Chile—made it clear he has no plans to move here permanently—we're just friends."

She smiles broadly.

"He told me he couldn't commit to one woman."

She sits down next to her brother.

"He's fun—wild—and totally unpredictable—fucks me as if I'm a cheap whore—but I need someone like that in my life right now after Justin—someone dangerous and exciting."

Jarod stretches out on the sofa.

"So, how did Justin take being dumped—didn't think he'd let go that easily—him and his boring military attitude."

"He took it as well as he could—he realized Juan and I had something going and he wasn't—left without a word."

Jarod grins broadly.

"I wish I'd been there—never liked that guy in case it mattered at all—too much of a sad dopey prick—dull as dirt."

Sabrina gives her brother a knowing look.

"Uh-huh—seems you liked him fine until he beat you up last summer when he caught you with his younger sister."

Jarod rolls his eyes.

"Like he thought his slut of a sister was a virgin—believe me *she* was no virgin—not even close—quite experienced."

Sabrina pretends to slap Jarod's face.

United States Virgin Islands

"I thought you were going to wait?"

Astrid Blakely looks up at her mother as she packs the last of two suitcases. Pamela Henderson seems upset.

"Why the sudden change of plans?"

Astrid faces her mother.

"That jerk is going to try and play both sides—I'm just not going to give him the chance—got to rattle his cage."

"I don't think this is a good idea."

Astrid looks at the window overlooking the harbor.

"Don't worry I'm not taking Byron with me despite what I told John—just need to get John to see I'm not kidding."

Pamela sighs loudly.

"I hope you know what you're doing?"

Astrid nods.

"I do."

"Call if you need anything."

Astrid nods again.

"Can you come to the airport with me?"

Pamela nods and hugs her daughter warmly before they head to the front door and slowly walk toward the driveway.

Blankenship Apartment

Clay grins as he turns to look at Eva. She seems upset as she looks at her watch again. Clay pulls Eva toward him.

"They left hours ago."

"Leave it alone."

Eva shrugs.

"I know—but I like Maxwell—I don't want him to get hurt. Darla plays hard with guys she beds—and she enjoys it."

Clay wraps his arms around Eva.

"She did say I was cute."

Eva rolls her eyes.

"Don't get me started on that—she made a sleazy pass at you—and if I recall you—you weren't too upset about it."

"Hey, I didn't have a problem with her flirting with me in front of you—in case you weren't aware—sort of exciting to see you react the way you did toward—it kind of really got my motors running—made me want to really get busy in the sack."

Eva turns to face Clay.

"Is that so?"

She pokes him with her finger.

"Be careful what you wish for sweetie."

Eva pushes Clay toward the bedroom. He seems confused at her aggressive behavior. She notices his reaction.

"Oh yeah—that's right—since you got so excited by having my friend come on to you earlier—maybe I should get a piece while you're in the mood—take no prisoners style."

Eva aggressively pushes Clay toward the bed.

"I hope you like being tired."

Clay grins broadly.

<u>Tolling Bell Inn</u>

Pierce looks at Chandra with a confused look as she closes the folder in front of her. He seems slightly shocked.

"How did you find out about Whitney's demise? That case has been kept tightly wrapped. So many theories about what actually happened that day—conflicting stories everywhere."

Chandra smirks.

"Let's just say I'm owed a lot of favors. I'm not as innocent as I appear to be. I know people who know other people."

Pierce glances at the folder again. He seems a bit nervous as he faces Chandra again. He sighs loudly and gestures.

"What's going to happen now?"

Chandra makes a lewd gesture with her finger.

"What do you think—I'm going to pay that old coot a visit and teach him a thing or two about screwing with the wrong people—then I'm going to lay it out for him—either he meets my demands—or this info finds itself into the hands of the Miami mob—of course once I get my money—well—I think in the interest of family honor—Whitney's family still needs to know the truth—which will be the last deadly nail in Madison's coffin."

"You're playing with fire Chandra—it could backfire really badly in your face—the Whitney bunch is a vile group."

Chandra rolls her eyes.

"I'm aware of their dubious character flaws—but I want Howard Madison to beg for mercy and he will—right before his family is blown away in front of his eyes by vicious killers."

Pierce sighs loudly.

"This—this is just way too over the top—so many things could go terribly wrong—I'm seriously advising against it."

Chandra shrugs.

"Ask me if I care what you think."

Pierce seems upset.

Bentley Mansion

Gina watches as the door closes behind her mother. She sighs loudly. As she turns around she sees Tiffany standing a few feet away. She begins clapping her hands mockingly.

"Oh-oh—bravo—the *Mommie Dearest* touch was quite effective if I do say so myself. Maybe she'll forgive you."

Tiffany smirks.

"Funerals have that effect on people."

"What?"

Tiffany rolls her eyes.

"Like I said earlier maybe your mother will feel differently when she's watching them lower you into the ground."

Tiffany grabs Gina by the shoulders.

"Today is a good day to die."

Gina is flung head first toward the bay window.

Honolulu

Carmen Pendleton hastily closes her oversized suitcase and slowly looks around one last time at the bedroom of her Waikiki Beach high-rise condo. From another window Diamond Head can be seen off in a distance amid nearby skyscrapers.

"He'll understand—it's just for a week or so."

Carmen sighs.

"But I owe it to Daryl."

She opens the door and stops.

"I still can't believe he's dead—it just doesn't seem real yet—so much to deal with once I show up in Marble Hills."

She closes the door behind her.

Bar Harbor

Robert Bennington quickly pulls off his boxer briefs as he glances at Denise lying on the bed completely naked.

"A guy can have a heart attack trying to control his urges with a woman like you—you're bad on the heart for sure."

"At least he'd die happy."

Robert grins and walks toward Denise with his penis sticking out in front of him. He watches Denise's reaction.

"If Chandra knew—she'd kill me."

Denise smirks.

"A guy's got to do what a guy's got to do."

Robert grabs Denise and kisses her.

"I agree."

They begin kissing passionately.

"Besides—how can I resist such a gorgeous guy on a day like today—especially when his dick is so damn charming?"

Robert gestures with his hand.

"You won't get an argument from me. I'm an easy target from a beautiful woman who knows how to play the game."

He kisses her again as she sensuously strokes his penis.

"So, Lindsay actually put up with you all these years? She must have been pretending—ice princess from the getgo."

Robert rolls his eyes.

"She knew I had a wandering eye—but, well, I'm quite a catch for someone like her—with all her many faults."

Denise suddenly seems upset.

"Lindsay Madison and her older sister were nothing alike—Marah was always putting out—every guy in Marble Hills wanted a piece from her—and got it quite easily if I recall."

Robert makes a lewd gesture with his finger.

"Too bad I met Lindsay long after her sister died. I think the two of us could have been really good friends. Exactly the kind of friends you and I are—with plenty of extras thrown in for good measure. A guy can never have too many friends."

Denise looks at Robert with a knowing look.

"They never found who did it—though Kyle was and still *is* convinced his best friend did his sister in and got away with murder—but I think someone else did it—had more motive."

He pulls Denise toward him.

"Any idea of who actually did the deed?"

Denise shakes her head.

"No clue."

Robert leers at Denise for a few seconds.

"How about you and I forget about Kyle and Chandra and do what comes naturally—got to keep the juices flowing."

Denise glances at Robert's erection.

United States Virgin Islands

"I really hope you know what you're doing."

Pamela looks at her daughter with a worried look as she walks across the driveway. Astrid stops suddenly.

"I know exactly what I'm doing—John Bentley has too much to lose if he doesn't play my game as decided."

Pamela sighs.

"That's what worries me."

They look at each other as Astrid notices a limo coming up the winding driveway—stopping about thirty feet away.

Bentley Mansion

Gina grabs hold of a wood pillar near the bay window preventing her body from hitting the glass. Tiffany sighs loudly and violently grabs Gina again. They look at each other.

"*Please* stop."

"No one can save you now bitch—you must die for what you did to me—if you're not going to rot in jail you must pay with your life for what happened—it's only fair I kill you."

"I didn't kill you—I don't know why you think I did—but I didn't—I didn't kill anyone—really I—please believe me."

"Prove it bitch."

Gina seems confused.

Tolling Bell Inn

Jarod laughs as he plows into Elizabeth Pendleton once more. She seems distracted. He notices and sighs loudly.

"Hey, I'm as patient as the next guy but you seem to be miles away—what gives—I need you to participate."

Elizabeth looks at Jarod.

"I'm thinking about Lance—and what happened."

Jarod sighs.

"Look, I liked Lance as much as any guy could—but he's dead—nothing is going to change that fact—so deal OK?"

Elizabeth sighs loudly as Jarod slams her again.

"I'm alive—and I need to enjoy you."

At that moment he begins ejaculating.

"Hey, if it makes you feel any better I know Lance would want you to be enjoying your life—starting with my dick."

"Someone is killing people in this town and all you can think about is your dick and making sure you're satisfied?"

Jarod laughs loudly.

"Uh-huh—what—only now you realize I'm a selfish guy who thinks with his penis—like seriously—get real already."

Elizabeth pushes Jarod off her.

"Lance—he and I had—he was so sweet to me."

Jarod wags his finger at Elizabeth.

"What—you and Lance had something special going on the side? Yeah right—like don't delude yourself just because someone turned the guy into a lonely stiff—trust me—Lance Weissmann was only about getting some—end of story."

Elizabeth gives Jarod a harsh stare.

"You're a toad—do you know that—really icky—ugh."

Jarod smirks and winks slyly.

Pirate's Cove

Genie Van Pelt looks up at Hart Bennington. He smiles broadly as he watches her head rapidly bob up and down in a rhythmic motion as she gives him a blowjob. He leers at her.

"Quite appreciative if you must know."

He notices semen dripping from her lips.

"I love whores."

He finally pulls out of Genie's mouth and smirks as she wipes her lips with a napkin. He grins and quickly zips up.

"So, what do you want to do after college—other than being an easy target for every guy you meet on campus?"

Hart begins laughing as Genie shoots him a nasty look.

"Well, what do you want me to say—you're easy—and no guy in Marble Hills has to worry that you won't put out for him when he demands some extra TLC attention for his dick."

"I swear I really have begun to dislike you."

Hart gestures with his hand.

"Like I care—you're going to continue to give it up to me or I'll tell everyone in town and your reputation will be ruined."

Genie glances at the deserted beach.

"I wish you were dead."

Hart laughs loudly.

"I bet you do—but unless you're the one who's been knocking off people in this stupid loser town—I'm quite safe."

Genie smiles slyly and gives Hart a wicked look.

"How do you know I'm not?"

Hart looks at Genie.

Red Barn Gym

Justin Wellington walks into the gym and looks around briefly. He seems unsure of where to go. He stops.

"Can I help you?"

Justin turns and sees Amanda Spencer looking at him from behind the front desk with a smile. He smiles.

"I thought I'd get a nice workout before I head back."

"Head back where?"

"Virginia."

Amanda shrugs.

"*Oh*—that's quite down the coast from here."

Justin notices her reaction.

"Not much else to do here—my girlfriend said she wants to see other people—translated she coldly dumped me."

"Girlfriend seems really stupid."

Justin nods.

"I agree."

Amanda notices Damon Mayo coming toward them. She doesn't notice Damon slyly checking Justin's body out.

"I've got somewhere to go—be back in about an hour."

Damon shoots one last lustful look at Justin before he leaves. Amanda watches him go and faces Justin again.

"By the way, I'm Amanda."

Justin grins broadly.

United States Virgin Islands

Pamela looks at Astrid one last time as she disappears through the boarding gates at the airport. She sighs loudly.

"Why do I feel this isn't going to end well?"
She turns away nervously.
"That girl always had a mind of her own."
She heads toward the parking lot a few yards away.

Pirate's Cove

Hart watches Genie as she gets into her car. He blows a kiss to her as she makes a slashing gesture with her fingers across her neck before she drives off. He seems worried suddenly.
"No way—she's not a killer—like no way."
He looks around.
"But what if she's been endlessly playing us all?"
He turns to look at his car.

Tolling Bell Inn

Jarod tucks his shirt into his Levi's and smirks as he looks at Elizabeth standing a few feet away looking very upset.
"It was sweet of you to put out for a horny guy in need."
"Who are you kidding Jarod—the entire time you're in Marble Hills you'll be screwing as many girls as possible."
"Uh-huh—so what—got a problem with that? Do you?"
He grins and walks to the door.
"Look—this is the way it's always been—guys just want to play—commitment is for chumps who look like trolls."
He opens the door.
"It's not my fault I'm hot."
He leaves. Elizabeth sighs and glances at her watch.

Brewster Condo

Matt Brewster opens the door and sees Damon casually standing in the doorway dressed in tight Lycra shorts. Matt's eyes immediately soak up the scene. He licks his lips as he ushers Damon into his condo quickly. He smiles broadly and sighs.

"Hope you're in the mood?"

Matt grins.

"I'm always in the mood where you're concerned."

"Good—because I'm so aroused—saw this hot guy earlier at the gym and I can't stop thinking how much I want to fuck him—like for hours without end—no strings attached."

Matt smiles broadly.

"Is he gay?"

Damon shakes his head.

"Don't know—but that's never stopped me before when I want someone bad enough—tricked a few when needed."

He smirks.

"When I was in college my roommate was not into the gay scene so I drugged him and wickedly had my way with him."

He laughs loudly.

"When he woke up and realized we'd fucked he pretty much lost it—stupid loser killed himself two weeks later because he couldn't deal with what had happened between us."

Damon sits down on the sofa.

"At the funeral I told everyone he was gay."

He makes a gesture with his hand.

"Told them he'd been with lots of guys and—and had recently hooked up with a gay porn star who had made a few secret videos of them together and—and threatened to release them on the Internet—so the loser shot himself rather than face shame over what he thought people would think of him."

Matt seems confused as he watches Damon reveling in recounting an incident from his past. He sighs loudly.

"You actually did that?"

Damon nods.

"Had to pay him back for disrespecting me the way he did by killing himself. Being fucked by your sexy roommate isn't the worst thing—especially when it was me that did the fucking."

"Remind me never to get on your bad side."

Damon clenches his fist.

"I'm still upset he slighted me."

He sighs loudly.

"He knew I wanted to fuck him—knew I wanted to add him to my long list of conquests—but still he denied me."

He clenches his fist again.

"No one ever suspected I lied to pay him back for refusing to become lovers after what had happened between us—ruined his rep just because I could at that point—his parents were devastated to learn their golden boy was gay and had slept with so many guys since going to college—from what I heard they took his name off his headstone at the family plot because they were so ashamed to have a queen for a son—uh-huh I had fun playing that one out no doubt—even his girlfriend was convinced afterwards that he'd played her for a complete fool too."

Damon motions for Matt to sit next to him.

"Serves his parents right for being so religious—and thinking they were better than everyone else they knew because they went to church every Sunday like—like frigging saints—let them talk plenty about their precious dead gay son now."

Matt rolls his eyes.

"At least you got some action before he decided to put a bullet in his head rather than enjoying the brief moment of being your devoted boyfriend for a week or two—and experiencing your wonderfully enticing penis—which I admit I've become quite addicted to since we've been hooking up—so charmed."

Damon roars with laughter.

"I'm quite aware of your addiction by the way."

They kiss lightly and then more passionately. Matt grins broadly as he and Damon kiss passionately several more times.

"You know—speaking of fun—I have a friend—his name is Trevor Youngblood and—I think the three of us together could really make for an interesting evening—he's young and buff."

"Say no more—get him over here right now—I want to meet him—I think you idea is—*is* quite perfect actually."

He makes a lewd gesture with his finger.

"I like young men—especially fitness model types."

Matt reaches for his cell phone.

Bar Harbor

Denise is lazily lying in Robert's arms. She seems annoyed as he looks at his watch again. He notices her reaction.

"Sorry babe—got to go—if Chandra suspects I'm playing her—things could get quite messy between—nasty."

Denise rolls her eyes.

"*Go*—tomorrow is another day."

Robert smirks.

"You bet."

He pulls on his underwear in a rush. Denise lies back in bed and grins broadly as she watches him dress hastily. She sighs.

"You know—if Chandra was to lose her baby—there'd be no reason the two of us couldn't get a whole lot friendlier?"

Robert looks at Denise strangely.

Bentley Mansion

Gina sighs as she closes the door to her room and starts walking down the hallway. She looks around nervously.

"I think I'm starting to lose my mind."

She stops and looks at the ugly black and blue marks on her arm where Tiffany grabbed her earlier in anger. She sighs.

"This can't be happening—it can't be."

Gina looks at her arm again.

Anderson Home

Lindsay nervously knocks a few times until Lori Anderson finally opens the door. They look at each other briefly.

"I thought I'd just—stop by."

Lori gives Lindsay an odd look.

"I'm okay—have had to face facts regardless."

Lindsay sighs.

"I'm so sorry over what happened."

Lori shrugs.

"I don't blame you—I'm not even sure I blame your father for what happened—Daryl wasn't a very level-headed guy."

They share an awkward moment of silence.

"Jason on the other hand seems not to be thinking about what happened at all—he and his dad were at odds right up to the last day—but I'm not even sure about what exactly."

Lindsay looks around.

"My father isn't talking either—completely shut Kyle and I out about what happened between him and Daryl."

Lori shakes her head.

"I wouldn't expect any less from someone like him—the man has ice water in his veins—sorry, no offense."

Lindsay smiles broadly.

"None taken—facts are facts."

Lori leads Lindsay into the house.

"Wonder how Caroline Bentley is handling it?"

Lindsay rolls her eyes.

"Probably relieved that John won't find out she and Daryl had a thing on the side—unless he knew beforehand?"

"Probably did—this is a small town."

Lindsay smirks.

"*Falcon Crest* never had this much drama—or maybe it did but I just don't remember since it was on TV so long ago."

Lori glances at the hallway.

<u>Bar Harbor</u>

Denise hugs Robert as he stands in the doorway of the hotel room about to leave. She glances at his erection. She smiles broadly and reaches out to kiss him again—and again.

"Like I said—if Chandra suddenly were to lose the baby things would easily improve for you—no more ball and chain."

Robert seems upset.

"*No*—I couldn't do something like."

Denise shakes her head.

"Well, it's up to you—but with her out of the way—you and I would be able—to get to know each other even more than we already do—if you know what I mean. No strings at all."

Robert rolls his eyes.

"I'll think about it."

Denise slides her hand over Robert's erection and tenderly strokes it for a few seconds. She looks at him slyly.

"Don't take too long."

He pulls away from her and leaves. Denise turns to look at the bed and sighs loudly. She closes the door right after.

"That bitch has got to go."

She glances at the soiled bed sheets.

"He and I are really good together and having a thorn in my side is certainly a problem—but if Robert won't act."

She walks over to where her cell phone is lying on a table near the bed. She picks it up and stops suddenly.

"I don't like playing second to anyone."

She smirks knowingly.

"Accidents happen all the time in Marble Hills—especially lately—so what's one more tragic accident? Death happens."

She begins dialing and stops.

Brewster Condo

Matt watches as Trevor Youngblood shakes hands with Damon. He winks at Matt with a sly glance and grins.

"He's everything you said he would be."

Seconds later Damon pulls Trevor to him and begins kissing the younger man. As the two men go at it in a passionate frenzy Matt looks at the intense scene and grins broadly.

"Oh yeah—love this game best of all."

Shortly thereafter he's standing completely naked. Trevor and Damon finally stop kissing and look at each other. Matt smiles broadly as he aggressively pulls at Trevor's shorts—and slyly points to the bedroom while Damon nods approvingly at the scene unfolding presently in front of him and follows them.

Boston

Corey Bentley slowly closes the door behind him and looks at Marla Wyler and Sybil Renwick. He grins broadly.

"So, you're both legal—*right*?"

Marla nods seemingly annoyed.

"I'm a junior at Emerson—am I legal enough for you? Time is money in case it slipped your mind. It's up to you."

Corey grins broadly.

"Hey—us guys have to check things out nowadays—can't have a girl cry rape because she thought it was something other than the obvious deal of sex without strings—takes the spark off the whole experience when a guy gets jailed for just wanting a good time without a pesky girlfriend nagging him constantly about everything he does—been there and done that."

Sybil rolls her eyes.

"Do we look like virgins—Emerson is crawling with horny guys everywhere—believe me we know about how needy a guy can get when his girlfriend isn't giving it up—being frigid and all or wanting to wait until her wedding night to lose her virginity."

Corey laughs loudly.

"Good—because I'm like really needy right about now and I won't be promising anything in return—nothing at all."

Sybil sighs loudly and glances at Marla.

"What about a good time?"

He slowly unzips his pants as he makes a lewd gesture with his fingers. They seem uninspired by his juvenile antics.

"That comes without saying."

Sybil and Marla exchange knowing glances.

"Both of you are on the pill right?"

They look at him with a hint of disgust. They watch as he drops his pants. They notice he's not wearing underwear.

"What do you think?"

He rolls his eyes.

"I'm new to this scene."

They look at each other and seem upset.

"Ugh."

They look at each other again.

"Do you even know what you're supposed to do?"

Corey angrily grabs Marla.

Peabody Avenue

Jarod opens the door to his car and carelessly throws a bag containing two burgers and a container of fries into the passenger seat as he hears a loud noise nearby. He turns around and seems in shock. He nervously backs up against his car.

"*You*—how—but I thought?"

He seems panicked as he looks around.

"What are you doing here?"

He turns to look at the nearby alley.

"They said."

Before he can say another word a large hunting knife is plunged into his chest several times. He staggers backwards against his car as a look of shock comes over his face while his assailant rams the hunting knife into his chest several more times. He cries out briefly but his voice fails him. He tries to grab hold of the door to his car as the pain becomes unbearable.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Look at the 29th Episode

Jarod comes face to face with a nightmare—Glen's schemes backfire—Matt spends some quality time with Damon and Trevor—Corey's joy isn't exactly what it seems—Caroline's visit with Glen becomes complicated—Gina meets up with an old rival—another tragedy rocks Marble Hills while another looms close by—Kyle has an encounter with Denise—Hart's games becomes tedious—Eddie and Julia try to make sense of recent news—Chandra schemes for revenge—a mobster plans a visit to Marble Hills—Jason's behavior worries Simon—Gina drops a bombshell on Will—Denise is presented with shocking news—Lisa and Corey have words about someone they both know—Caroline breathes a sigh of relief about a dark secret not being revealed publicly due to her actions—as Eddie pays an old foe a visit.

Episode 29
Unplanned Endings

Peabody Avenue

Jarod Keller looks at the gaping wound in his chest as he pulls the knife out—he stumbles about as he tries to grab hold of the door to his car. He turns to look at Jennifer Parker. She smiles triumphantly seeing her handiwork. He tries to speak.

"But—but I thought they locked you up?"

Jennifer laughs.

"*They did*—thanks to you and that bitch slut girlfriend of yours—but things are not always what they appear are they?"

She watches as Jarod seems about to pass out.

"Money talks around here in case you forgot. I got out of Marshland a month ago with—with help from a bribe my father gave the judge—and of course the first thing I did was come right back here to Marble Hills to teach Gina Bentley a lesson she won't ever forget—I swear that vile troll is going to pay dearly for what she did to me last year—and for what she did to you and me."

Jarod sighs loudly as he struggles to breathe. He looks at her as she seems indifferent to his injuries. He gasps for air.

"I'm sorry I treated you so badly."

"A little too late for that now *cheater*—you knew how I felt about you but still you had to bang that whore—and shame me all over town—oops—oh well—who's laughing now Jarod?"

He gasps for air as she glances at the knife in his hand.

"Everything had fallen into place perfectly—Gina was in jail for the murders and everyone thought she was guilty—until someone up and killed Lance Weissmann at Bradford Beach."

Jarod seems confused as he puts his hand over the wound to halt the flow of blood in an effort to stop the bleeding.

"You didn't kill Lance?"

"No."

"But if you didn't?"

Jennifer shrugs.

"Doesn't matter anyway—your death will cleanse me of the shame I was forced to live with for over a year—and once I make my move on Gina Bentley all will be good again."

Jennifer looks at Jarod and sighs.

"Well, I'd like to stay here and chat but seeing you with blood pouring from your chest is a downer—so sad indeed."

Jarod watches as Jennifer walks away and begins strolling down the street whistling joyfully as if nothing happened.

"Got to get help—got to call—before—phone."

He collapses against his car.

<u>Portland</u>

Glen Bradstreet smirks as he looks at his cell phone before shutting it off. He walks to the door with a strut and stops.

"Denise Madison sure isn't a shrinking violet by any means—that whore is definitely dangerous—maybe I'd better rethink my plans with her before she plays me for a chump."

He opens the door and sees Caroline Bentley standing in the doorway. Glen seems stunned to see her staring at him.

"I thought we agreed we would meet at my favorite diner on Tenth Street in about an hour? I thought it was decided."

Caroline sighs loudly. She seems annoyed.

"What are you up to Glen?"

He motions her to come inside and shuts the door behind Caroline. He turns to face her with a sly grin and laughs.

"What do you mean?"

Caroline looks at Glen coldly.

"I thought you and I had an agreement?"

Glen rolls his eyes.

"I have no idea what you're rambling about?"

Caroline pulls out a folder from her purse and opens it slowly. Glen notices surveillance photos of Corey Bentley standing over a body at the Bentley home. He grins broadly.

"Bad security camera photos—aren't they the worse—like nothing is a secret anymore—oops these things happen."

Caroline throws the folder down on a table nearby.

"I thought we had a deal—which I—and now."

Glen laughs loudly.

"We did—but well—the sex between us have been quite dull lately if you get my drift—and a guy has got to think."

Caroline seems about to explode.

"You worthless piece of trash—I swear I ought to."

Glen violently grabs Caroline by the arm and swings her around. He pushes her against the wall in a mad rage.

"Careful about threatening me bitch—I'm not the kind of man you want to threaten—things could get out of hand."

He hits her across the face.

"Then again why wait."

He hits her across the face again.

"No—*stop*."

Glen forces Caroline down on the sofa and grabs at her skirt. He angrily rips her panty off and penetrates her within seconds. She screams as he plows her aggressively for over ten minutes while he laughs repeatedly as her anguished cries for help only incites even more aggression from him. He finally pulls out and shoves his penis back into his Levi's. He smirks slyly.

"Don't you dare threaten me again—or I swear I may lose control and then—then you and me will have *real* problems."

Caroline stands up and wobbles a bit as she tries to balance herself against the wall. She seems in shock.

"Don't hurt Corey—he's been through so much lately."

Glen laughs mockingly.

"Your son killed a woman—a two-dollar trick—and you and his father covered it up—seems to me Corey's not the only one who has to worry about this mess—what do you think?"

Caroline looks at Glen oddly and grimaces.

"What are you going to do?"

Glen glances at the folder and smirks.

Brewster Condo

Loud noises can be heard as Matt Brewster and Trevor Youngblood enjoy a passionate threesome with Damon Mayo.

"Oh-oh—wish we were filming this."

Damon joyously penetrates Trevor and smirks as he looks at Matt. Trevor moans loudly as Damon steps up his sly game.

"For an older guy you still have quite a sting in your step."

Damon laughs loudly.

"And don't you forget it either."

He penetrates Trevor again.

"Bet you've been around the block quite a bit—never playing by the rules—bet you happily broke a lot of hearts since you came out. Probably played a few along the way too."

Trevor smiles broadly.

"No comment."

Damon slams Trevor again from behind.

"Think you're up for tomorrow night—you know—you and me without rules? I could use another encounter—there's just something about you—I can't get enough—I want more."

Matt begins laughing.

"I told you he would get your engines going full throttle after just one deal—I can't tell you how many times—oh-oh."

Damon grins broadly at Matt and laughs.

Boston

Corey Bentley pulls on his pants and glances at Marla Wyler and Sybil Renwick. They smile broadly in unison.

"You didn't disappoint—not at all."

Corey smirks.

"I never do."

He makes a lewd gesture with his fingers again and heads to the door. He stops and turns around with a sly glance.

"I feel like I should pay."

He laughs loudly.

"But I won't—it's just not my style."

He laughs again and leaves. They look at each other.

"Ugh—we better get paid twice for this—he was such an unbearable slug—like for real—so bad in bed by the way."

Sybil glances at her cell phone.

"How about we make a call before too much time passes and then we can wash his touch off us. Ugh, I feel so dirty all of a sudden—more than usual actually—so grossed out. Ugh."

"Ask for triple OK?"

She begins dialing furiously.

Portland

Glen glances at his cell phone ringing as Caroline gives him a harsh look. He ignores her annoyed looks. She sighs.

"Well, aren't you going to answer it?"

Glen shrugs.

"No."

He looks at the folder again and smiles broadly.

"You and I have some hard negotiating to discuss about you precious boy wonder—otherwise known as a killer—going by the name Corey Bentley—spoiled rich kid—twisted freak."

Caroline turns around and glares at Glen.

"Just tell me what you want Glen—damn you—stop with these insipid games—it's so getting old at this moment."

Glen smirks.

"Shut up."

Caroline rolls her eyes.

"Tell me damn it. Or else I'll be forced."

Glen grabs her by the neck.

"Is that so—have you suddenly forgotten who you're dealing with—and what I know—stupid whore that you are."

He pulls her head back.

"One word from me and it'll be over for you and that useless excuse you call your son—so tempted to destroy."

Glen looks down at his swelling erection and smiles.

"I think round two is a definite possibility."

Caroline tries to pull away.

"Uh-huh—I'd say it just became a must-do."

Glen forces her down on the sofa.

"Oh yeah bitch."

Suddenly there is a loud sound of a gunshot. Glen has a shocked expression on his face and looks down at Caroline.

"*You bitch*—you filthy low-rent slut—oh God."

Caroline triumphantly stands up. She watches as he tries desperately to cover the wound in his chest with his hand.

"Yeah—but I'm a bitch with the gun that just shot you like the hideous monster that you are—and now, you sir are dead."

She smiles broadly as she grabs the folder from the coffee table nearby and heads for the door as he screams loudly.

"You can't leave me here?"

Caroline turns to face Glen and laughs.

"Oh yeah I can—and I will—I won't even shed a tear—not one—in fact I think I'll dance a jig—or should I wait until you're in the ground first—oh-oh—I always forget which comes first?"

She opens the door.

"Weird how some things never work out the way we planned them—oh well—better luck next time around."

Glen watches Caroline leave. He reaches for his cell phone and hastily begins dialing. Seconds later his fingers slip away from the phone. He seems upset as he loses consciousness.

Stanley Pier

Jennifer grins maliciously as she watches Gina Bentley for a few minutes walking somewhat aimlessly along the pier.

"This is so going to be easier than I thought."

Gina looks out at the ocean while the late afternoon sun dances on the waves below as they crash lazily against the scarred concrete and wood pilings. Gina sighs loudly.

"This blows."

"Maybe now you know how I felt."

Gina spins around to face Jennifer with a shocked look.

"When you let my boyfriend bang you in the backseat of my car like the cheap slut you are—such a huge mistake."

"Jennifer?"

Jennifer comes toward Gina from the shadows.

"Uh-huh—that's right *friend*—yep I'm not in the loony bin anymore—been out for over a month now—free as a bird."

Gina backs away.

"But you—how did you get out?"

Jennifer laughs loudly.

"Escaped—like not even—bought my freedom like every other rich person does in this country—money is king."

Jennifer moves closer to Gina.

"Isn't it wonderful being filthy rich? No crime is too terrible that you can't buy your way out of anything you do."

"But your family is penniless?"

"Who said they were my family?"

"Huh?"

Jennifer seems annoyed.

"It's a story for another time *friend*. Of course you won't be around when the reveal is made—oh, so sad actually."

Gina looks around.

"I'm not alone."

Jennifer laughs again in mocking way.

"Like really—this from a girl with not even one friend?"

Jennifer looks around and smirks.

"It seems not even having lots of money can prevent people from avoiding you after what *they* think you did."

Gina seems upset at the comment.

"I didn't do what everyone said I did."

Jennifer seems annoyed.

"Tell it to someone who cares."

Gina leans against the rail.

"It's not true—no one thinks I did it."

Jennifer smirks again.

"Oh—*that's right*—no one does—not even your parents from what I hear—I bet they wish—wish you'd just go away."

"Leave me alone—please just go away."

"Like you left Jarod Keller alone the night I found him with his dick inside you—fucking you like one of those skanky tricks from Vine Street with the corrupt morals of an alley cat?"

Jennifer clenches her fists.

"I *thought* you were my friend."

Gina glances at the ocean.

"But of course you wanted to be Jarod's friend more than mine—didn't you—and now you think—all's well—right?"

"I didn't mean to hurt you."

Jennifer edges even closer to Gina.

"Yeah—of course Gina—of course you'd like me to buy that load—but I know you—*the* real you—secrets and all."

Gina seems confused.

<u>Peabody Avenue</u>

Will McColl sighs loudly as he watches Grant Monroe pull a white sheet over Jarod Keller's body. He looks around.

"This isn't what I wanted to find today."

He turns and looks at Amanda Spencer as Jarod's body is loaded onto a van a few feet away. She seems in shock.

"You didn't see anyone hanging around?"

Amanda shakes her head.

"No—I was headed back to Red Barn Gym when I heard what sounded like a mewing sound. I looked around—thinking it was a stray kitten or something—and then I saw Jarod."

"How well did you know the deceased?"

Amanda shrugs.

"Since childhood—Jarod's been away from Marble Hills attending an art college for the last two years in Bar Harbor."

She wipes a tear from her eye.

"I didn't even know he was back in town—oh man I thought the killings had stopped—ever since Gina Bentley was arrested and—I thought this wouldn't happen anymore."

Will seems upset at the statement.

"Is there anyone in town you know who might want Jarod Keller dead—maybe a former girlfriend with a grudge?"

Amanda sighs.

"Gina Bentley."

They look at each other.

Portland

Marla and Sybil step off the elevator and look around as they exit. They quickly notice eerie stillness in the hallway.

"Do you think Glen will be upset we came all this way?"

Sybil shrugs.

"So what—that'll teach him for not answering his phone like a normal person—besides—*we* need to be paid."

Marla sighs.

"He owes us extra for putting up with that nasty punk ass Bentley kid. I've never been so disgusted before by anyone."

She makes a gagging gesture with her hand.

"And that's saying a lot believe me—that kid is one sick bastard—thinks he's something special but he's a total freak."

They look at the door.

"Here goes."

Marla slowly reaches out to gently knock on the door as it opens slightly. They turn to look at each other nervously.

"This is sort of weird."

Sybil pushes the door further and screams as they both see Glen lying on the floor in a pool of blood. His hand is still clutched around his cell phone. They rush over to him.

Brewster Condo

Trevor grins broadly as he looks down at Matt and Damon while they take turns mouthing his swollen penis. He laughs.

"My boyfriend was worried I'd cheat on him eventually."

He laughs loudly as Matt and Damon glance at each other.

"I guess he was right. I cheated."

He shrugs as they resume their efforts.

Glass Owl

Patrick Glick looks at Kyle Madison nervously as Kyle shuffles through multiple photographs lying in front of him.

"I wish I had more—but my mother wasn't into pictures by any means—so I—just have a handful that she left around."

Kyle nods.

"This is plenty."

Patrick looks up and sees Denise Madison standing behind Kyle. He notices and turns around. He rolls his eyes in dismay.

"Patrick—this is my wife—*Denise*."

Patrick and Denise acknowledge each other.

"Patrick—Patrick is my—*he's my son*."

Denise looks at Kyle curiously and then at Patrick.

"What frigging game are you playing?"

Kyle glances at Patrick and sighs.

"Serena Glick is his mother."

Denise recoils at hearing the name mentioned.

"That slut—how is that trashy bitch?"

Patrick seems upset.

"She's dead."

Denise reacts.

"What are you doing here in Marble Hills—planning to stake your claim for a huge chunk of the Madison millions?"

Patrick looks at Kyle.

"Ignore my—wife—she's not exactly cultured."

Denise grabs Kyle by the arm.

"I won't let your frigging illegitimate bastard take what's rightfully Wesley's—no way—not after all these years."

Kyle jerks free of Denise's grip.

"Be gone witch—before someone drops a house on you like they did in the *Wizard of Oz*—you know, your life story?"

Denise seems about to explode.

"I'm going to talk to your father about this wonderful little development that you think you'll get away with—and we'll see what he has to say about your house of crumbling cards."

"Whatever."

He watches as Denise storms off after giving them both evil hateful looks. He smiles as he looks at Patrick again.

"As you can see my wife is everything a guy could ever ask for in life—if being married to **Joan Collins** is your thing."

Patrick smirks knowingly.

Anderson Home

Lindsay Bennington looks at Jason Anderson as he gives her a harsh stare. Lori Anderson sighs loudly and gives Jason a cautionary look which he ignores. He faces Lindsay again.

"I don't care what fucking excuses you can come up with to explain away the truth—your father killed my dad."

Jason looks at Lori and then back at Lindsay.

"That sick old bastard isn't going to get away with killing my father—he's going to pay—and pay dearly—bet on it."

"No one said my father didn't kill your dad."

"Yeah right—that old coot thinks his money is going to work in his favor like always—but not this time—this time he's going to answer for what he did to my family—and pay."

Jason points his finger at Lindsay.

"Tell that fucking killer he better make plans for his funeral—because it's coming faster than that nutjob thinks."

Lindsay watches as Jason storms out of the room. She turns to face Lori who seems in shock at Jason's behavior.

"I don't know why he's saying such things?"

Lori gestures with her hand.

"He's just pissed off right now over what happened to his dad—he'll cool down eventually and it'll all blow over."

Lori shakes her head nervously.

"I'm not so sure about that."

She glances at the doorway again.

Portland

Colin Hartley covers Glen's body and turns to face Marla and Sybil standing a few feet away. He seems upset.

"From what I can gather he's been dead for about twenty minutes or so—maybe less—bled out from the wound."

They look at the sheet-covered body.

"But who—*who* killed him?"

Colin faces Marla and Sybil again.

"I was hoping you two would know the answer to that?"

Marla and Sybil look at each other.

Morgue

Will slowly leads Sabrina Keller toward a table in the center of an empty room. She glances nervously at the body under the white sheet and seems reluctant to go any further.

"He can't be dead—he just can't be."

Will gently pushes Sabrina further until she stands in front of the plain metal table. He gestures with his hand and sighs.

"He was found dead about forty minutes ago."

Will looks back at the open door.

"It's your brother—no doubt about it—we just need you to absolutely confirm it's his body—before we sign off."

Sabrina pulls the sheet away from the body and screams as she sees Jarod staring back at her—his eyes open—with a gaping wound in his chest—his shirt soaked in blood.

"No—no—*not my brother*—not Jarod—oh God please."

She runs from the room as Will follows behind her. He watches as she runs into the waiting arms of Juan Sabrillo.

Glass Owl

Denise is angrily walking toward the library as she sees Howard Madison standing in the hallway looking at her with a cold look on his face. He seems annoyed at her presence.

"In case it slipped your mind these floors cost me over ten grand to fly here from India and install—in case it slipped."

Denise rolls her eyes.

"Like I care—we've got real problems—and you won't like it one bit—seems certain things are—getting away."

Howard folds his arms across his chest and sighs.

"Well—do tell—time is money—*my money*."

"It seems that Kyle has a secret."

Howard rolls his eyes.

"What about Kyle?"

Denise looks around the room nervously.

"He has a son."

Howard wrings his hands.

"Like duh—Wesley."

"No—I mean he has another son—some kid named Patrick—I just met him in the garden—a few minutes ago."

Howard looks at Denise curiously.

"That's old news to me you money-grubbing cow."

Denise sighs loudly.

"*You knew?*"

"Worried about how much money you're entitled to Denise? Well, don't. You have no say in anything that goes on with this family—that shouldn't be a big surprise to you."

He smirks knowingly.

"Or did the prenup you signed when you married my son for his money all those years ago slip your feeble mind?"

Denise gives Howard a harsh look.

"Yeah—that's right Denise dear—I haven't forgotten about the prenup you signed—so don't get any ideas."

Denise looks away.

"I wasn't thinking about."

Howard laughs.

"Uh-huh—tell it to someone who doesn't know the real you—nevertheless don't you worry about this Patrick Glick person or Kyle for that matter—I'll take care of it myself."

Denise cracks a smile.

"I just thought."

Howard grabs Denise by the arm.

"And I'll take care of you too if need be—so think about that the next time you dream of trying to swing one over on me thinking I'm a crazy old fool who don't know anything."

Denise pulls away from Howard.

"I—I—never said."

Howard makes a gesture with his hand.

"Be gone from my sight this instant or I swear you'll be leaving this house in a body bag like your friend Daryl."

"But I only wanted?"

"Get out of my sight you damn bitch."

Denise gives Howard an odd look and runs toward the stairs. Howard looks at her running toward the staircase and cracks a huge grin. He looks at the cell phone in his hand.

"Damn whore is really pushing it today by working my last nerve—maybe it's time I look into an alternative deal?"

He shrugs.

"It's not like she has any friends or other family here in Marble Hills—and Wesley is almost an adult now—he'd get over the loss really—maybe he wouldn't even care one bit?"

He smiles broadly.

"Don't know why I didn't think of it before—Kyle certainly wouldn't mind being a free man again—free to pursue."

He glances back at the stairs.

"But these things have to be handled delicately—one mistake or a careless loose end could be costly if—of course the Weissmann boy's demise was quite easy when all's said and done—no one suspects I had anything to do with that."

Howard hears footsteps behind him.

"What won't anyone suspect?"

Howard turns around to see Lindsay looking at him with a curious look on her face. He seems a little agitated.

Shelby Park

Hart Bennington grins slyly as he glances at Lisa Taylor while he buttons his jeans. He notices her cold attitude.

"What's the matter?"

Lisa looks away.

"You promised you'd wear a condom?"

"I lied. Shoot me already."

He looks at her and begins laughing hysterically.

"What's the big deal anyway—so I spilled inside you—like seriously, you should be on the pill all the time anyways."

"It's not that—it's I—I've been hearing you've been trolling every girl in Marble Hills—and even those that work Vine."

Hart laughs again.

"Oh yeah—so what—I've been having sex with a lot of girls in town—what's the big deal Lisa? What do you care?"

Lisa seems annoyed.

"What if I catch something from you?"

Hart grimaces.

"Hey—I don't have anything—so don't you go spreading any nasty rumors around town about me having an STD."

Lisa shakes her head.

"I didn't say I would talk trash."

"Good—because now that someone up and offed Lance I'm going to score like even more now—pick up the slack."

Lisa rolls her eyes.

"I thought you and Lance were friends?"

Hart grabs his sneakers.

"We were but the dude's dead. What do you want me to do—cry—like that just isn't my style OK—so deal already."

Lisa grabs a comb from her purse.

"You sound just like Wesley did before he stopped being a jerk after spending time in the slammer for fighting."

Hart grins broadly.

"I'll take that as a compliment."

Lisa buttons her blouse and stands up.

Pete's Cafe

Eddie Kane seems concerned as he looks around at the half empty diner and then faces Julia Winthrop as she notices his curious glances. He sighs and turns to look at the diner again.

"Quite dead—isn't it?"

Julia nods.

"Everyone in town is freaked—freaked out over the fact that there's a psychotic killer still on the loose out there."

"Must be tough to deal—knowing Caleb's killer could be anybody in town? Man, I really thought Gina Bentley did it."

Julia shrugs knowingly.

"The girl's no saint—but I'm glad it wasn't her—she was always nice to me whenever she came by—never rude."

"Question is—if she didn't do it—who is our mysterious killer—and what is their motive for such a killing spree?"

"I wish I knew the answer."

Eddie looks around again at the empty diner.

Stanley Pier

Gina nervously faces Jennifer as she slowly pulls out a huge butcher knife and takes a step forward. Gina reacts.

"*It was you*—you've been killing everyone in town—and they thought it was me—oh my God, you killed them all."

Jennifer laughs loudly.

"Wow—I thought you'd never figure it out."

Gina glances nervously at the ocean as Jennifer notices.

"Uh-huh—yeah that's right—you stupid bitch—there's no place to run—except straight into the blade of my knife."

She rolls her eyes.

"But don't you worry about anything—when they find your body I'll tell everyone you killed yourself after realizing what a deranged monster you were—after killing all those people."

Gina looks at Jennifer curiously.

"Tiffany—you killed Tiffany Johnson too didn't you?"

Jennifer nods gleefully.

"She was the first—so damn easy too—cut her brakes right before she took that last drive along Standish Road."

Jennifer looks at the knife in her hand.

"Laughed when she flew off the bluff—the minute she hit the rocks her car blew—never knew what hit her—oh well, these things happen—and oh—her funeral—wanted to start laughing as everyone began to look at you—thinking you killed her."

"You were there?"

Jennifer nods.

"Of course—wouldn't have missed it for the world—like seriously I snuffed her out—why shouldn't I have the honor of watching that tawdry bitch being put into the ground to rot."

"You're sick—you need help."

Jennifer looks at the knife in her hand again.

"Careful slut—it would be a real shame if when they find your body—they had to use dental records to indentify."

From behind they hear what sounds like footsteps. As Jennifer turns around she sees Tiffany Johnson standing directly behind her. Jennifer turns around to look at Gina oddly.

"It can't be."

Gina glances at Tiffany and then at Jennifer.

"You can see her?"

"See who?"

"Tiffany Johnson."

"Don't be absurd—she's dead."

Tiffany looks at Jennifer and begins laughing gleefully.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that just yet Jennifer dear."

As Jennifer turns to look at Gina again Tiffany flings her against the rail like a ragdoll. Tiffany turns around to look at Gina who seems afraid as the freakish scene continues to unfold.

Tolling Bell Inn

Chandra Stevenson looks at her cell phone as she shuts it off and drops it on the table nearby. She sighs loudly.

"Got to teach that old man a thing or two about messing with the wrong person—let's see how he likes playing the game by someone else's rules. Fuck him and his entire family."

She walks to the balcony and looks out at Marble Hills with a grin. She rolls her eyes at the scene before her.

"When I'm finished with that old man this will definitely make a really good movie for one of those cable stations that loves crappy drama—the ones that hire really bad actors."

She turns around to face the hotel room again just as Robert Bennington enters. He looks at her curiously.

"What have you been up to?"

Chandra shrugs.

Miami

Calvin Whitney smiles broadly as he looks at the cell phone in his hand. He leans back in his chair and relaxes.

"Yeah—you heard right—gas up the jet ASAP—I'm taking a trip up north—to Maine—got a meeting to attend."

He gestures with his hand.

"Did I ask you for your frigging input—just do your job and shut the fuck up already—or I swear I'll fire your lazy ass."

He slams the cell phone down on his desk.

"When I get through with that murdering bastard's family he'll wish he'd never been born—vengeance is all mine."

He glances at the city of Miami in a distance.

"I'm going to enjoy watching every one of that wretched family die before I kill that murdering bastard without mercy."

He begins laughing hysterically.

Crestview Memorial Park Cemetery

Jason blankly stares down at the open grave in front of him. A hand reaches out from behind to pat his shoulder.

"Let's go—tomorrow it'll all be over."

Jason turns around to look at Simon Spencer.

"I want him dead."

Simon glances down at the open grave and then at the headstone for Jason's grandfather nearby. Jason sighs.

"That creep killed them both. I want him dead too—he has to die before he kills anyone else here in Marble Hills."

"You can think about that another time."

"As God is my witness I'm going to kill Howard Madison."

Simon seems nervous as they walk to Jason's car parked just outside the gates of the cemetery. He sighs loudly.

Tolling Bell Inn

Chandra watches as Robert stares at her silently and then glances at the view outside the balcony of their room.

"Is there something I should know about Chandra?"

"No—nothing—I was just thinking aloud."

Robert closes the door behind him.

"Exactly what are you and Pierce up to?"

"Why would you think we're up to something?"

Robert glances at a folder on the coffee table and sighs.

"I've dealt with enough drama already."

He gives Chandra an odd look.

"Leave my kids out of this mess OK?"

Chandra rolls her eyes.

"I'll think about it."

She walks toward Robert.

"Nothing is really what it seems when it comes to your father-in-law. But then again you already know that."

Robert seems confused and shrugs.

Pete's Cafe

Eddie watches as Julia heads to the back room. Seconds later Wesley Madison enters the diner. He seems upset.

"Have you seen Alden?"

Eddie turns to face Wesley.

"Nope—haven't seen him all day."

Wesley walks toward where Eddie is sitting.

"I've got some news."

Eddie cracks a broad smile.

"Do tell."

"My grandpa's cousin apparently has no existing records concerning his whereabouts after his twenty-first birthday when he was placed in a cushy mental institution in Florida."

"So, he wasn't living in Florida like everyone thought?"

Wesley shakes his head.

"Apparently not—it's as if right after he was sent to the nuthouse he simply vanished into thin air—just poof—gone."

Eddie and Wesley look at each other.

"Bet your grandfather knows where his cousin has been living large for the past four decades—bet you anything."

Wesley shrugs.

"Even if he does—he won't tell—especially not you."

"I wasn't planning to ask nicely."

Eddie smirks.

"It would be too bad if that old man had a stroke during a visit from me—and of course it would be so tragic if I suddenly misplaced my cell phone and couldn't call for help—oops."

Eddie winks at Wesley as he notices Todd Spencer at the front door. He waves to Todd. Todd seems happy.

Police Station

Gina closes the door behind her as Will looks up from his desk. He seems unhappy to see her. She notices and sighs.

"Miss Bentley?"

Gina comes toward his desk.

"You need to come with me to Stanley Pier right now."

Will sighs and gives her a suspicious look.

"Why is that?"

"I know who the killer is."

"Is that so?"

Gina nods.

Glass Owl

Denise is watching CNN when a newsflash suddenly interrupts the streaming newscast. Glen's photo is flashed across the screen several times mentioning his murder. Denise screams in shock as she realizes Glen's fate. She seems about to faint.

"Why would someone want to kill Glen?"

She turns around to see Kyle standing in the doorway.

"What's going on Denise?"

Denise gives Kyle a harsh look.

"Don't you have someplace else to be?"

He shrugs and turns away.

Lighthouse Grill

Lisa slowly walks into the diner just as Corey is about to leave. They look at each other. He makes a lewd gesture with his index finger. He smirks as he notices her obvious anger.

"You and I still have unfinished business."

Lisa sighs loudly.

"Fuck off. Seriously, what's the deal with you guys—all you want is sex—do you think we exist to serve your dick?"

Corey rolls his eyes.

"Like who pissed you off bitch."

Lisa looks around.

"I was with Hart Bennington earlier."

Corey clenches his fist.

"That punk has been sniffing around you?"

Lisa nods.

"He and I have become *close*."

Corey grabs Lisa.

"You're *my* girl—one of them anyway."

Lisa pulls away from Corey.

"I'm no one's girl."

Corey grabs Lisa by the arm again.

"That sneaky weasel has been banging you?"

Lisa looks around.

"Me and every other hot girl in town actually—he's been playing Lance's bang card hard if you know what I mean."

Corey lets go of Lisa.

"Filthy whore—you disgust me."

Lisa reaches out to slap Corey but he moves out of the way and angrily slams her against the wall as she gasps.

"Don't you ever—*ever* make that mistake again bitch—or I swear I won't be responsible for what—*what* happens next."

He lets go of her.

"Stay away from that fucking punk—he and I have a score to settle—one to be decided upon of which he'll pay dearly."

He looks at Lisa harshly and leaves without another word. She sighs again and turns to see her ex-boyfriend Drew Brockmeyer looking at her oddly from one of the booths nearby. He seems concerned as their eyes lock for a few seconds.

"You know how Corey can be?"

Drew shakes his head and seems angry.

"Yeah, I know—and frankly I don't care who that jerk thinks he is or how much money he has—enough is enough."

"Look—it's no big deal—really it's not."

Drew rolls his eyes.

"Did he say where he was going?"

Lisa shrugs.

"I didn't ask."

Drew glances at the door.

"He needs to be taught a lesson. That freak has rubbed too many people the wrong way lately with his actions. His behavior needs some adjusting right away. A couple of rounds with my fist should take care of a few issues soon enough."

Lisa grabs Drew by the arm.

"Let it go."

He pulls away.

"I can't."

Lisa shoots him a look of concern.

"He's dangerous."

Drew turns to look at the front door once more.

"So am I."

He glances at her one last time and heads out the door without another word. Lisa seems worried as she watches him head into the parking lot nearby. She sighs loudly.

Stanley Pier

Will slowly steps out of his patrol car. He turns to look at Gina with a curious look on his face. She shrugs. The pier seems completely deserted. Gina seems unsure of the scene.

Bentley Mansion

Caroline closes the door behind her and smiles as she goes inside. She stops briefly at the foot of the stairs and seems to be lost in thought. She looks at her trembling hand and shrugs.

"I should feel bad."

She sighs.

"But I don't. I won't. He got what he deserved. He had it coming for a long time. I should've done this a long time ago."

She nervously looks up at the staircase.

"My secret dies with him. No one will ever know."

Caroline takes a step forward and grimaces.

"At least Corey is safe now—no one will ever know what happened that night so long ago with that trashy hooker."

She sighs again and faces the stairs.

Brewster Condo

Damon watches as Trevor walks to the door. He suddenly grabs Trevor and spins him around kissing him passionately.

"Thank you."

Trevor grins broadly.

"Glad I could be of service to you guys."

Damon winks slyly.

"Tomorrow is another day."

Damon kisses Trevor again as Matt watches.

Boston

"Glad you could see me on such short notice."

Jeremy Winterfield nods as he slowly closes the door to his office and sighs. He turns to look at Pierce Colby curiously.

"I always have time for my friends."

He sighs.

"What's going on Pierce?"

Pierce pulls out a folder from his briefcase and hands it to Jeremy. He watches for Jeremy's reaction. He shrugs.

"It seems she has dug herself into a very deep hole."

Jeremy smiles broadly and snaps his fingers as Pierce pulls out another folder and hands it to Jeremy. He grins slyly.

"Where do I fit into this mess?"

Pierce gestures wildly with his hand.

"I need your advice."

Jeremy smirks knowingly.

"I figured as much."

He opens the folder and looks at Pierce again.

"What do you have in mind?"

Pierce wipes sweat from his brow.

"What do you know about a man named Eldon Whitney?"

Jeremy shoots Pierce a curious look.

Glass Owl

"How dare you show up here again?"

Eddie forcibly pushes his way through the front door and turns to face Howard. His harsh stare isn't lost on Howard.

"I asked you a question?"

Eddie folds his hands across his chest.

"Where is your cousin?"

Howard gives Eddie a sharp look.

"What's this about?"

Eddie glances at the stained glass door.

"I'm not going to ask you again."

Howard clenches his fists.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

Eddie grabs Howard's arm.

"Either you tell me what I want to know right now or I swear I'll call Calvin Whitney—and he and you can discuss his brother's tragic death in person. Whitney is quite the charmer if I recall—but not big on generosity however—sort of a killer."

Howard suddenly seems panicked.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Look at the 30th Episode

Eddie and Howard square off in a battle of wills—Gina leads Will on a wild goose chase—Eva and Clay enjoy private time together—Bruce absorbs reality of life in a small town—Evelyn and Daniel look for a story—Chandra holds a secret—Denise realizes Caroline is behind what happened to Glen—Corey and Drew come to blows—Jason continues to make threats of revenge over his father's death—Gina and Tiffany finally make peace—Kyle encounters Howard in a moment of panic—Julia worries about Eddie's behavior concerning Howard—Denise confronts Caroline about Glen's death—Kyle and Lindsay compare notes on their father's behavior—Denise meets a new friend—Eva catches Darla and Maxwell together—Corey takes his anger out on Genie—Juan meets with Calvin in Boston—Sidney prevents a confrontation between Faye and Sabrina—as Jennifer casually plays mind games with Howard concerning Blake.

Episode 30

When the Wind Blows

Glass Owl

Eddie Kane looks at Howard Madison coldly as the old man seems to be looking for an answer Eddie will accept.

"I'm waiting for your answer old man."

Howard sighs loudly.

"He's dead—been dead for decades."

Eddie rolls his eyes.

"*Is that so*—seems I had a little trouble finding any records earlier for anyone named Blake Madison past or present."

Howard grimaces.

"He's dead—end of story."

Eddie grabs Howard by the arm.

"I'm not fooling old man—I've already got Whitney's private number on my phone—by God I swear I'll call him."

Howard jerks free of Eddie's grip.

"Blake Madison killed himself—OK—satisfied?"

Eddie rolls his eyes again.

"Why couldn't I find any records of his death?"

Howard gestures with his hand.

"How should I know? Blake did away with himself a year after he was admitted to Chrysler Hospital. Hung himself with a sheet from his bed—they found him the morning after—I assume his father had the records sealed out of respect for his son."

Eddie points his finger at Howard.

"This can be checked in case you think I won't. Things always go a certain way if you have money—and since I'm richer than God all I have to do is flash some cash and those records will materialize—and if they don't—because your freak of a cousin didn't really hang himself—I'll call Whitney one second later."

Howard seems uneasy. Eddie notices.

"Yeah—that's right old man—Whitney will be making a special trip to Glass Owl—of which won't end well for you."

Eddie smirks knowingly.

"I don't think I have to finish with the details—do I?"

Howard glares at Eddie for a few seconds.

"*Get out*—be gone this instant or else."

Eddie looks at the staircase.

"I'm going—for now anyway—but be warned."

He looks directly at Howard again.

"Of course if I find out you were responsible for what happened to my parents—then you won't have to worry about Whitney's people—I'll kill you myself with my bare hands."

Eddie gives Howard another harsh look and walks to the door and leaves. As the door slams shut Howard sighs again as he look up at the staircase. He pulls out his cell phone and begins dialing furiously. Howard glances at the front door again.

"I need some advice."

He leans against the banister.

"Uh-huh—exactly."

He gestures with his hand.

"Of course—but I don't have much of a choice at the moment given what I know. Kane is figuring things out."

Howard looks at the cell phone and sighs.

"I'm worried there won't be anywhere to hide if the truth about the explosion was to come out—Kane made threats."

He hears a knock on the door and seems panicked.

"Uh-huh—we'll talk later."

He shuts off his cell phone and turns around.

Stanley Pier

Will McColl runs after Gina Bentley along the pier to where she stated earlier a killer could be found. He stops as they reach the end of the pier. Gina turns around suddenly.

"She was here earlier—freaking out because—because Tiffany Johnson was—almost had a total meltdown."

Will seems confused as he looks at Gina curiously.

"*Tiffany Johnson?*"

Gina nods. Will seems confused.

"Tiffany Johnson is dead."

Gina reacts.

"*She was here*—she—I saw her—*Jennifer*."

Will sighs loudly and looks around.

"Are your parents going to get you counseling?"

Gina rolls her eyes.

"I'm telling you the truth—Jennifer—Jennifer Parker—was here earlier—and so was Tiffany Johnson. *They were here*."

She looks at Will as he shrugs.

"I'm not crazy."

He sighs.

"I didn't say you were—but I just can't take what you say seriously—I mean—there's just no way to—not possible."

Gina seems upset as she looks around nervously at the pier again. She watches his reaction to her behavior.

"But they—*I saw them*."

She looks around again in disbelief.

Blankenship Apartment

Eva Harper wraps her arms around Clay Blankenship. She grins broadly as he smirks. She kisses his ears and neck.

"I'm glad I've got you all to myself for the rest of the evening—I've waited all day—all day—and now certain things will happen between us—and you *will* make it easy for me."

Clay kisses Eva.

"Sounds like a threat to me—and you know what I do to girlfriends who threaten me—*and* demand wicked services."

Eva slides her arms around Clay's waist.

"Do tell tough guy."

Clay grins slyly.

"Well, I kiss my girlfriend so much she begs me to stop being such an animal if even for a few seconds—and then."

Eva laughs.

"I would never tell you to stop kissing me."

Clay kisses Eva again.

"So, I can have my way with you?"

Eva strokes Clay's hair.

"I thought that was what you were hinting at just a few seconds ago—that you were going to take me—and show me just how strong you really are—at least that's what I assumed?"

Clay laughs loudly.

"Oh, I'll take you all right—for sure—and yeah I'm a strong guy—just so you know—be warned how strong. I think it's time I show you with actions instead of just saying empty words."

Eva slides her hand over Clay's chest.

"A woman might react when challenged."

Eva starts tracing her fingers down his bare chest until they reach his boxer briefs. Clay gives Eva a knowing look.

"Should I be worried about my safety?"

Eva nods.

"What do you think?"

Her fingers slide inside his boxer briefs. He winks.

"Be gentle with me—I'm a helpless dude right about now seeing that you fully intend to—intend to take advantage."

Eva smirks and kisses Clay.

"Exactly what do you think I'm up to?"

Clay shrugs and grins broadly.

"You tell me."

Eva pushes Clay toward the bedroom.

"I promised you earlier you'd be dead tired when I was finished—and I always keep my promises to you—always."

Clay watches as Eva closes the bedroom door.

Tolling Bell Inn

Bruce Mansfield looks out of the balcony at Marble Hills. He doesn't seem happy. A few lights twinkle in the distance.

"Well, how bad can it be in this town? I'll just be here for a day or two at the most—it can't be that boring—can't be."

He slowly walks over to the television set positioned on the wall and flips it on using a remote. He sighs loudly.

"D*espite two more murders in Marble Hills earlier today there seem to be no clues as to who may be behind the vile acts*."

Bruce notices the reporter on the screen visibly cringing several times as if she can't believe what she's saying. Her name—Evelyn Jones—appears under her image briefly.

"I guess I was wrong about this town?"

He continues looking at the screen for a few more seconds and then flips it off. He looks at the balcony once again.

"Maybe it won't be so damn boring after all?"

He sighs loudly and faces the television once more.

"Wonder if there's a story here—maybe Jeffrey will pay?"

He turns to look at his cell phone nearby.

Police Station

Evelyn Jones makes a haphazard slashing motion with her hand across her neck as the cameraman stops filming.

"This sucks."

She turns to look at the cameraman Daniel Truman with a bored angry glare. He rolls his eyes at her rude behavior.

"What did you expect Evelyn—a job with ABC right out of college? I mean—like seriously you were aiming too high."

Evelyn shrugs.

"I didn't expect a job with ABC or CBS but—but let's face it there's nothing exciting about Marble Hills—*so* boring."

Daniel waves his hand.

"Look, I told you this is just the beginning of bigger things to come—and besides what's not exciting about a small town caught up in the scary grip of a mysterious serial killer."

Evelyn looks around.

"It's that teenage girl—you know, the Bentley heiress that everyone says is nuts—she's the killer—yesterday's news."

Daniel rolls his eyes again.

"Except for the fact she was in jail when the latest victims got whacked—explain that one to me—I'm all ears Evelyn."

Evelyn shrugs once more.

Stanley Pier

Will sighs loudly as he turns away from Gina. He seems annoyed. She looks around the pier again still confused.

"But she was here—she couldn't have—Tiffany wouldn't."

Will stops and turns around.

"Stress causes people to see things."

He notices her negative reaction to his comment.

"Causes things to appear that isn't."

Gina rolls her eyes. Will notices and sighs.

"Jennifer Parker was here."

Will seemed annoyed and shrugs.

"Look, for what it's worth I really believe you think you talked to the real killer—listen, do yourself a favor and have your parents find you a really good psychiatrist—tomorrow."

"I'm not crazy."

Gina watches as Will walks toward his car. She looks around at the area once more. She wipes her brow.

"Where could they have gone?"

She seems unsure about what to do next.

Tolling Bell Inn

Chandra Stevenson smirks as she looks out at the balcony. Her cell phone rings. She picks it up and seems pleased.

"You'll be here in two days? I can't wait."

She smiles broadly.

"Thanks for helping me daddy—I know it's just been a year since you found out about me—since my mother lied."

Chandra walks over to the balcony.

"I know daddy—I know—things might get unpleasant with what you've got planned for the entire Madison family."

She sighs.

"I know exactly what you mean—they deserve it."

She sighs loudly.

"If someone innocent gets caught in the middle when you get here—it'll just be too bad—for them anyway—oh well."

Chandra rolls her eyes.

"Me too—I can't wait to see you again."

She shuts off her cell phone.

"Bet they won't see this coming."

She slowly walks over to the bedroom and notices Robert Bennington hastily pulling on his sneakers. She faces him.

"I called the restaurant—they're expecting us."

Robert gestures with his hands.

"I'll be done in a sec—sorry about being late in the first place—but I had some things I just—again I'm sorry."

Robert gives Chandra a strange look.

"Who were you talking to a few minutes ago?"

Chandra shrugs.

"I'll tell you about it later."

Robert glances at Chandra curiously.

Glass Owl

Denise Madison closes the front door behind her and heads to the driveway nearby. She seems visibly upset.

"Caroline—she did this to Glen—I swear she's going to pay for this—if it's the last thing I do she'll pay—*damn her*."

She reaches her car and stops.

Parking Lot

Corey Bentley is about to get into his car when he's thrown against the hood. He turns to see Drew Brockmeyer looking at him with a harsh stare and fists ready to strike.

"What the fuck?"

Before Corey can say another word a fist slams into his jaw sending him to the pavement. Drew viciously grabs him again and hits him several more times. Corey staggers backwards as he tries to stand while another fist slams into him. Drew fires back a shot at Corey as he reaches for a broken bottle nearby.

"I'm going to cut you."

Drew slams Corey again and knocks the bottle out of his hand. He grabs Corey by his shirt collar and rams his head against the windshield of his car. As Corey tries to push Drew away he's hit again—this time with a punch to the head. He falls backwards onto his car and seemed in a state of shock. He groans loudly.

"I swear—I swear I'll make you pay—I'll ruin you—and you know I can—my family is loaded—I'm going to fuck you hard."

Drew laughs.

"Oh, I know you can—but you won't even try—not if you know what's good for you—wouldn't be smart—stupid."

Corey leans against his car as he wipes blood from his lips and cheeks. He looks around and takes a defensive stance.

"Uh-huh—I'm going to make you wish you were never born—you're a dead man—*do you hear me*—a dead man."

Drew smirks.

"I know your deal."

He winks at Corey.

"I know what you did."

Corey rolls his eyes and wobbles as he tries to stand.

"I have no idea what you're talking about?"

Drew smirks again.

"Are you sure about that? Seems to me *certain* events that happened a *certain* night at your home with a *certain* unnamed woman might come out—might make their way into the hands of the district attorney in Portland—you know the one who vowed not long ago to uncover exactly what took place the night a *certain* hooker encountered an unfortunate accident—of which your parents hushed up royally by paying everyone off."

Corey sighs.

"You fucking prick—I swear I'll destroy you."

Drew smiles broadly and turns to walk away. He stops and turns around pointing his middle finger at Corey and laughs.

"This is my game Bentley—be afraid."

He shakes his fist.

"I've got you cornered—don't forget that."

Corey seems at a loss for words.

Peabody Avenue

Simon Spencer looks at Jason Anderson nervously as they slowly walk down the sidewalk. Simon stops suddenly.

"Are you sure you're OK—earlier you were acting sort of weird. Actually you were acting like you were bonkers."

Jason sighs.

"I—I can't help it—every time I think about old man Madison I want to kill him—knock him down with my bare hands and make absolutely sure he can't hurt anybody ever again."

Simon grabs Jason's arm.

"He'll get his—believe me it'll happen—just let someone else take the old bastard out—and then—it'll be justice."

"I want to end him."

Jason shrugs.

"I—I wish I could promise you but I can't. He has to pay for what he did—to my family and to others in Marble Hills."

Simon seems nervous as he looks at Jason.

Evelyn leans over to Daniel and whispers as they sit at one of the corner booths. She glances at him with a sly look.

"So, you think there's some freakishly mad serial killer on the loose here as we speak—striking people at random?"

Daniel nods.

"Well, if the Bentley girl was in jail when that guy, what's his name—Lance Weissmann—got the shaft, then there must someone else out there still on the prowl—and I've read enough of those true crime books by **Ann Rule** to know that when the truth does come out it'll be quite a shocker for everyone."

Evelyn rolls her eyes.

"Has anyone ever told you that maybe you should go to Hollywood and write scripts—give unemployed actors jobs?"

Daniel makes a lewd gesture with his finger.

"Make jokes all you like—but there's a story here and if you were the one to break it wide open—MSNBC would call."

Evelyn looks around and smirks.

"I could get my own cable news show."

Daniel nods again.

"Stranger things have happened."

He looks around the diner and whispers.

"*This* was the town where that weird daytime soap opera *Passions* was set—weird things always happened on screen and off from what people said—story goes that one of the actors in the show—**Josh Ryan Evans**—who played a doll—was killed off in an odd plotline where his character died tragically—only thing was when the episode where he dies on screen was airing *he* died in real life too—at the same time—according to published news reports—apparently he was ill during the last weeks while he was filming the final scenes for his character and passed away at exactly the same time the episode was airing nationally."

Evelyn looks at Daniel mockingly.

"This is too much even for you—like really."

Daniel waves his hand in the air.

"Look it up on the Internet—it's true—factual."

Evelyn notices Julia Winthrop walking toward the front door as Alden Washington and Wesley Madison follow.

Bentley Mansion

Gina closes the door behind her as she slowly enters her room with a bit of hesitation. She sighs loudly in frustration.

"Where could she have gone—I thought?"

She turns to see Tiffany Johnson standing a few feet away at the window. Gina reacts at the sight of the teenage girl.

"Please—I told you."

Tiffany waves her hand.

"*You and me*—we have to talk."

Gina backs away.

"I didn't kill you—I thought you knew that now—it was Jennifer Parker—she killed all the others too—she did it."

Tiffany nods.

"I know."

She walks toward where Gina is standing.

"You're right—she killed all the others—except Lance Weissmann—his death isn't—someone else took him out."

Gina seems confused.

"But who killed Lance at the beach—if Jennifer didn't whack him—who would hate Lance enough to kill him?"

Tiffany shrugs.

"Not important right now—I'm here to apologize for what I did to you—but I didn't know what—and you were right."

Tiffany gestures with her hand.

"Yeah, yeah—I know—not my style by any means—but I was wrong and what I did must be acknowledged regardless."

Gina shakes her head.

"Where is Jennifer Parker?"

Tiffany rolls her eyes.

"Bitch gave me the slip at the pier earlier—but she'll get what's coming to her in due time—that I can promise you."

Gina glances at the window.

"What are you going to do to Jennifer?"

"That's for me to know and you to find out—but let's just say she'll have no peace until she and I finish our dealings."

Gina watches as Tiffany edges closer to her.

"I'll get her—you'll see."

Gina is about to reply as she realizes she is alone in her room again. She sighs once more and walks to the window.

Peabody Avenue

Simon watches as Jason gets into his car. Simon looks around nervously. Jason rolls his eyes and smirks knowingly.

"Don't worry I'm not planning to confront old man Madison today—but right after the funeral—might just pay the old man a visit and blow his frigging head off for laughs."

Simon folds his arms across his chest.

"Uh-huh—and then spend fifty years in jail with some perv—sounds like a really good plan to me—how about you?"

Jason shakes his fist several times at Simon.

Glass Owl

Kyle Madison closes the front door behind him and is about to head up the stairs as he hears noises coming from the library. He walks over to the door and peers inside. Howard has a vase in his hand and throws it toward a bookcase nearby. As it smashes into pieces he notices Kyle blankly looking at him.

"Get the fuck out of my sight this instant you goddamned loser brat—or I swear I'll fix you good—shoot you dead."

Kyle shakes his head and turns away. As he heads up the stairs he notices Lindsay Bennington sitting in the pavilion outside. She seems worried as she talks on her cell phone.

"Must be Robert—more drama."

He sighs and slowly walks past the huge glass doors leading to the garden and the pavilion where she's sitting.

Pete's Cafe

"Think Eddie is having it out with my grandfather?"

Julia looks at Wesley and nods.

"He was pretty pissed when he left earlier—I just hope he doesn't do anything really, really stupid to get arrested."

They look at the parking lot across the street.

"Maybe we should go see if there's a problem?"

Alden looks at his watch.

"Eddie Kane can hold his own if need be—he wouldn't be that stupid to threaten your grandfather—at least not yet."

Julia suppresses a smirk.

"Uh-huh—I believe in fairy tales too."

Todd Spencer shrugs.

"Eddie and old man Madison definitely have no love lost between them—could be a recipe for serious trouble?"

Alden and Julia look at each other.

"Eddie left over an hour ago—if he did something?"

"Unless of course Will McColl is making sure all the gory photographs are taken before they wheel the bodies?"

Alden looks at Julia and then Todd.

"Our red-headed friend has quite a temper—how many times did he get in trouble for punching some kid out?"

Wesley looks at Julia and Alden curiously.

"My grandfather is a spiteful person—hates to lose."

Julia sighs and seems more worried than before.

Bentley Mansion

Caroline Bentley glances at Denise as she continues to stand in the doorway. Denise grimaces as her rage builds.

"I'm not leaving—not until you admit what you did."

Caroline makes a lewd gesture with her finger.

"I don't know anybody named Glen—now if you don't mind I want you to leave—and never come back—*ever*."

Denise waves her hand in the air.

"Nothing is stopping me from going to the tabloids with this choice piece of information—think of the field day."

Caroline smirks.

"Actually it's you who should think about the tabloid headline your sordid behavior with every young male in town will bring once I leak what I know online to *TMZ* and others."

Caroline laughs.

"I can see the headline now—middle-aged woman sleeps her way through half the young men in New England."

Denise reacts. Caroline smiles triumphantly.

"Oh-oh—what happened—did you think I didn't know about you and Corey? He admitted a week ago that he and you have been intimate—and of course I know all about you and Brad McKinley—about you and Lance Weissmann—as well as your sexual escapades with Daryl Anderson. I know everything."

"I hate you."

Caroline waves her hand.

"Never could compete with me—could you—even back in high school I always bested you—especially when it came to sleeping with Daryl—so pathetic then and now—sad actually."

Denise looks around nervously. Suddenly Caroline angrily grabs her by the arm and forcibly shoves her toward the steps.

"Glen Bradstreet is dead—case closed."

Denise gives Caroline a strange look and walks toward her car. She seems visibly upset as she unlocks the door.

"He's in a mood about something—my guess it's all the nasty press coverage about Daryl's death—and his role in it."

Kyle shrugs and looks at the mansion.

"Serves him right if you ask me—we both know for a fact he killed Daryl in cold blood—did it without remorse too."

Lindsay sighs.

"We still don't really know if he did?"

Kyle rolls his eyes.

"I do—no doubt in my mind whatsoever."

He looks back at the house again.

"I've been thinking—that maybe all the tragedies that have happened over the years weren't really accidents."

"Our father isn't a killer—he wouldn't?"

Kyle nods knowingly.

"You don't really know him like I do—he's done a lot of awful things to people—and now suddenly Daryl is dead."

Lindsay seems afraid and faces the mansion.

Portland

Denise sighs as she looks around the crowded room. She stands at the door for a few seconds and shrugs. A few male patrons notice her immediately as she walks toward the bar.

"Damn bitch—she may think she's won—but no one screws with me and gets away with it—I'll fuck her over."

She clenches her fist in anger.

"How about you and me—my place—wife's away visiting the folks—so you and I can make a lot of noise if you want?"

Denise turns around to look at a man standing in front of her with a crooked grin. He seems no more than twenty-five. She notices his massive erection straining under his ripped jeans.

"Aren't you a little young to be married?"

He grins broadly and winks.

"Had to—fucked her and her father found out—so it was either I marry his daughter or he'd make good on his threat to chop off my dick for violating his previously sweet daughter."

Denise glances at his erection and smiles.

"Well, we certainly wouldn't want something like that to happen to such a nice guy like you. Too much promise."

He laughs.

"I like the way you think."

He slides his arm around Denise's waist.

"My name's Slade—Joel Slade."

Denise brushes her fingers across his erection.

"Hope you can live up to your rep."

Joel pulls her to him and kisses her passionately. They kiss again and then look at each other. He grins slyly and laughs.

"Oh, I can—no doubt whatsoever."

Denise rolls her eyes and passionately kisses Joel again.

"Sounds to me the wife's no good in bed?"

Joel sighs loudly.

"She hardly ever gives it up—so I have to find—have to find other means of serious entertainment for my dick."

"Shameful—a healthy young guy should not be told no by his hateful wife—you should be treasured in the bedroom."

Joel grins broadly.

"I definitely like the way you think."

Denise glances at his erection again and winks slyly.

"Hope you're experienced with older women?"

Joel makes a lewd gesture with his finger.

"Oh, I am—believe me—I've played quite a bit—but my specialty was virgins—in high school I had a rep—I was every parent's worst nightmare—no girl was safe from my charms."

Denise kisses Joel again.

"How about you show me some of that famous charm?"

Joel nods and leads Denise toward the door.

<u>Blankenship Apartment</u>

Eva smiles as she kisses Clay on the cheek. He stirs a little but continues sleeping soundly. She gently kisses him again.

"So sweet—love you."

She hears a noise and turns to look at the door.

"I guess Maxwell is back."

She pulls on a bathrobe—closes the bedroom door and heads to the living room. It's empty. She hears a slight thud on the door and hears muffled laughter. She seems annoyed.

"Darla—I told her."

The laughter intensifies. She turns away.

"She just had to have him—Darla hasn't changed one bit since college—still with below average morals and no shame."

Eva rubs her eyes and looks at the front door.

"I bet she isn't even making him use a condom?"

She slowly walks over to the door and opens it. As the door opens Darla Chadwick and Maxwell Pendergraft seem surprised at the intrusion. They look at her. Darla grins.

"Well, it would be pointless in denying what it appears to be from what—so why bother lying in view of the truth?"

Eva glances at Maxwell. He realizes his penis is sticking out of his jeans. He shoves it back in and zips up. He grins.

"I'm, well, I just—happened I guess."

Darla winks slyly as she pulls her skirt down.

"We were fucking—deal with it."

Eva looks at Maxwell again.

"I need to talk to Darla alone—OK?"

Maxwell looks at Darla for a few seconds and nods. He heads into the living room. Eva turns to face Darla and closes the door behind her. She seems upset as her anger builds.

"I want you to leave town right now."

She leans against the door.

"I don't know why I thought you'd changed—like doesn't being married mean anything to you—to the idea itself?"

Darla rolls her eyes.

"I couldn't help myself—Maxwell is cute."

Eva looks at her watch.

"Goodbye Darla—it was nice seeing you again."

Darla looks at Eva and seems upset.

"It just happened OK—like it's no big deal."

Eva shrugs and heads back into the apartment seconds later. She closes the door without looking at Darla again.

<u>Pete's Cafe</u>

Eddie slams the door as he enters. Julia, Alden, Todd and Wesley look at him as he walks toward them still angry.

"I swear it took all I had to control myself."

Eddie turns to look at Wesley and sighs.

"Your grandpa and I just had it out—needless to say he wasn't very happy when I left Glass Owl an hour ago."

He sighs loudly.

"But I swear he's going to push me too far one day and I won't be able to stop myself from doing something rash."

Julia looks at Alden and Todd. Eddie notices and rolls his eyes at them briefly. He faces Wesley and sighs loudly.

"Hope your grandfather has his final papers in order."

Eddie grins slyly.

"I threatened that old fox with something I know about his "dealings" and he tried to put on a brave front but he was scared to death I'd make good on my threat—to expose his game."

He gestures.

"Bet he wasn't laughing afterwards."

He looks at the others.

"He said his cousin died decades ago but couldn't provide me with one ounce of evidence to back up his lame story."

He shrugs.

"Said his cousin's father hid all the records or something to that measure—but I wasn't buying his tall tales."

Eddie rolls his eyes.

"You should've seen his face when I told him he would regret it if I found out his story was a fabricated fantasy."

Julia looks at Alden nervously.

"Maybe this investigation wasn't such a good idea?"

Eddie waves his hand in the air.

"I'm not worried—he's freaked out royally. He knows I'm a force to be reckoned with. Knows I know how to pull the right strings and see what falls out. He sees the bigger picture."

He turns around to face Wesley again.

"I need you to put the screws to your grandpa. Make him see that I won't back down—I will have that info or else."

Wesley nods several times.

Loud moaning is heard as Joel slams into Denise again and again as their intense lovemaking echoes throughout the hotel room. He looks at her as he slams into her once more and laughs loudly as he notices her reaction as he begins ejaculating.

"Damn bitch ruined my life."

Denise smirks.

"Get rid of her—tell her it's not working out—ask for a divorce—she'll get over it—and you'll be free to live."

Joel sighs loudly.

"No way—she made it clear about a month ago she'd never leave me no matter what—told me she intended for us to remain married until one of us totally bought the farm."

Denise gestures with her hand.

"How pathetic—selfish prudes are the worse. I've known many in my time. They make me sick. No shame whatsoever."

Joel nods.

"Tell me about it—and this was after she found out I'd banged her cousin and her best friend the week before."

Denise lets out a loud moaning sound.

"I don't envy you living this life."

Joel kisses Denise on the neck.

"Yeah—don't I know it—I'm fucked."

He grins broadly.

"My life is a dream all right—stuck with a damn frigid bitch that won't put out for her loving husband—like ever."

He slams into Denise again.

"What's a nice guy like me to do with such terrible odds like that stacked against him because his wife thinks sex is just for horny teenagers to personally experience in the backseat of their sports car? Life for young men like me can be cruel indeed."

"Is that where you took her the first time?"

Joel laughs loudly.

"Uh-huh—where else is a hip college guy supposed to fuck his virginal high school girlfriend on their very first date?"

Denise moans loudly as Joel penetrates her yet again. He grins broadly as he immediately shoots a load. He sighs.

"Did I tell you she hates kids too?"

Denise rolls her eyes.

Mall

Kelly Nelson looks up from the kiosk to see Drew standing in front of him with a disheveled look. Drew shrugs.

"Just had an encounter with Corey Bentley—showed him exactly what a fucking punk he was—he wasn't happy."

Drew smirks.

"He wasn't too pleased with the info he received courtesy of yours truly—bastard thought he was going to best me."

He laughs.

"Too bad he was wrong."

Kelly seems confused and shrugs.

"Him and his family really seem—seem to have major issues when it comes to dealing with everyone in town."

"You don't know the half of it."

Drew gives Kelly a curious look and grins.

Blankenship Apartment

Eva closes the door behind her and slowly turns to look at Maxwell sitting on the sofa oddly quiet. He seems upset.

"I told Darla to leave town—if she's smart she'll be gone by morning—it just wasn't working out—serious issues."

Maxwell sighs.

"About what happened earlier in—she and I—well—one thing led to another—it wasn't planned for the most part."

Eva nods knowingly.

"Maybe not for you—but for Darla it was indeed planned."

Eva sits down next to Maxwell and faces him.

"Darla is a married woman."

Maxwell seems surprised at the news.

"She never said anything."

Eva nods again.

"Typical Darla—she has been married for ten years. Right out of college—but apparently it means nothing to her."

"I wouldn't have messed around with her if she'd told me—but she never mentioned a husband—and I'm a single guy in need of companionship—it's been a while since I played ball."

Eva sighs loudly.

"I'm the one who should be sorry—I should've warned you that Darla—that she might have made a play for you."

Maxwell stands up.

"If you think I should leave?"

Eva shakes her head.

"No—I wouldn't think of it."

Eva glances at the bedroom.

"I think I better check and see how my sleeping boyfriend is doing—he had quite a workout earlier—made him sleepy."

Maxwell grins broadly.

Bentley Mansion

Caroline smiles as she watches the news coverage on TV about Glen. She shuts off the remote and laughs loudly.

"Thought you'd played me to the beat of your drum—oh well, I guess you know differently now—don't you Glen."

She makes a gesture with her hand.

"I don't take kindly to being threatened."

She stifles a laugh.

"I tried to work with you—but you refused—so what was I supposed to do—it was me or you—and duh, I chose me."

She stands up.

Standish Road

Genie Van Pelt is helplessly lying under Corey in the backseat of his car as he plows into her. She cries out.

"Please—you're hurting me—please stop."

"Shut up bitch or I'll kill you."

He rams into her even more aggressively than before as she tries to push him off her. He seems to become enraged.

"I'm sick of your mouthy attitude—you're one of my girls—a cheap whore—nothing but a used-up trashy slut."

Genie screams.

"You're hurting me Corey."

Corey looks at Genie for a few seconds and without warning he viciously hits her across the face and laughs.

"You're nothing but a worthless whore—and I'm really tired of your constant whining when I'm sticking you."

He hits her again—hard.

"If you ever try to stop me again from fucking you I swear I'll break your frigging neck—then I'll leave you alone."

He pulls out.

"Caleb Winthrop was so right about you."

Genie seems upset.

"He said you were the worst lay he'd ever had and he definitely had you pegged right without a doubt—loser."

Corey jumps out of his car.

"Get out."

Genie pulls her skirt down and gets out of the car.

"I'm—I'm sorry—but you were hurting me."

Corey raises his hand to hit Genie again and then shakes his head several times in a confused way as he stops mid-air.

"Goddamn bitch—wish you were dead."

He gets into his car and slams the door shut. He starts the engine still cursing loudly. Genie look at Corey confused.

"You can't leave me out here?"

Corey grins.

"Watch me whore."

He drives off seconds later. Genie stands there for a few minutes and begins to cry. She glances down at skirt and realizes semen is sliding down her legs. She begins to cry softly.

Boston

Juan Sabrillo shakes hands with Calvin Whitney. Juan seems nervous as Calvin gives him a strange glance.

"This Madison business has gone on long enough—it seems there's more to their story than we first thought."

Juan nods knowingly.

"I agree—but getting to them has been tricky—got to play it cool—don't want to create more questions after we leave."

Calvin sighs.

"Howard Madison's time has run out—he and his family have a date with a bullet—several in fact if I choose."

He smirks.

"There's something I think you should know."

Juan seems confused.

"Is something wrong?"

Calvin faces Juan.

"My daughter—she's mixed up in this mess."

Juan reacts.

"I didn't know you had a daughter?"

Calvin waves his hand.

"It's complicated."

He gestures with his hand.

"I'll explain later."

Juan watches as Calvin walks toward the elevator. He stops and faces Juan again. He seems upset about something.

"I want those people dead."

He makes a slashing motion with his hand.

"The whole damn family should meet their fates at the end of a bullet. No better way to dispose of your enemy."

He and Juan look at each other and smile.

Mall

Kelly and Drew look up suddenly to see Abby Marshall walking toward them. She seems upset. Kelly notices.

"Has something else happened?"

Abby glances at Drew and then faces Kelly.

"Gina called."

Kelly sighs loudly.

Lighthouse Grill

Sidney Stuyvesant watches as Faye Washington angrily walks over from the front door toward Sabrina Keller.

"Oh-oh—this looks like trouble."

He comes from behind the counter just as Faye grabs the glass of wine in Sabrina's hand and throws it in her face.

"This looks better on a cheap whore like you."

Faye grins as Sabrina reacts in shock.

"*You bitch*—how dare you."

Sidney reaches the two women as Sabrina angrily grabs Faye by the arm. He quickly stands between them.

"OK—both of you get out of here right now or else."

Faye smirks.

"Gladly—the parking lot awaits bitch."

Sabrina glares at Faye.

Bangor

Jennifer Parker seems slightly annoyed as she taps her fingers on the table. She looks at the front door again.

"He better show up if he knows what's good for him."

She looks at her cell phone again.

"I know too many secrets if he dares to cross me."

Seconds later Jennifer looks up to see Howard glaring at her with a cold stare. She rolls her eyes in mock relief.

"Sit down old man."

He continues looking at her with a cold stare.

"What are you up too?"

Howard seems about to explode.

"I asked you a question."

Jennifer motions Howard to sit down.

"If this is about what you demanded earlier?"

Jennifer points to the chair again.

"What else?"

He sighs loudly.

"I'm through playing your twisted blackmail game dear daughter—enough is enough—you and I have nothing more to talk about from this day forward—it's over between us."

Jennifer wags her finger at Howard.

"You and I need to renegotiate our arrangement."

Howard glares at Jennifer.

"There's nothing more to discuss."

Jennifer makes a lewd gesture with her finger.

"*Really*—it would be such a shame if the truth came out about—you know—about Blake Madison—and exactly what happened to him all those years ago—especially now."

Howard stares at Jennifer blankly.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Look at the 31st Episode

Jennifer makes Howard a deal he can't refuse—Faye and Sabrina have another encounter—Eva drops a few secrets to Clay about Darla—Joel and Denise make future plans—Howard becomes aware of how dangerous Jennifer really is—Genie makes drastic plans to end her pain—Jason's erratic behavior at his father's funeral make his friends nervous—Carmen arrives in town with a goal in mind—Alden has a meeting with one of his former associates from Los Angeles—Calvin details to Juan his diabolical plans to make Howard pay for what was done to his late brother—Carmen pays Howard a surprise visit and further complicates his life with a threat—Gina warns Kelly and Tyler about Jennifer's whereabouts—Howard schemes to outplay Carmen at her own game despite her veiled threats—as Will and Maxwell make a grim discovery in the police parking lot.

Episode 31
Believe Me

Bangor

Jennifer Parker smiles broadly as she gives Howard Madison a knowing look as he sits down somewhat in shock.

"Uh-huh—it would be a real shame if somehow the whereabouts of your supposedly dead cousin—and—*but not really*—suddenly came out and everyone knew the truth."

"Is this how you repay my generosity?"

Jennifer laughs.

"How should I treat my dear sweet father? Save the hearts and flowers junk for some other moron old man."

Jennifer looks around.

"Seems to me you had plenty of time to make light of the fact you were my father and not the man I thought was for almost twenty years—of course there's that other messy issue."

"I had no choice in the matter."

Jennifer waves her hand.

"You raped my mother—she was Kyle's girlfriend and you raped her—and now you want me to pretend otherwise?"

Howard seems enraged.

"You mother and I had a thing—I didn't rape her."

"Tell it to some sad idiot who doesn't know what really happened—you raped my mother at Glass Owl after drugging Kyle the night of his fourteenth birthday party—you did it and I know it for an absolute fact—so quit acting like you didn't."

Howard grabs Jennifer by the arm.

"OK—OK—fine whatever you say—but your mother had it coming—she teased me for two weeks—prancing around the pool in practically nothing—she brought it upon herself."

Jennifer jerks her arm free of Howard's grip.

"That's your version of the story—but I wonder how Kyle and Lindsay would feel if they knew they had a half-sister?"

She looks at Howard with disdain.

"And that you raped my mother—who just happened to be Kyle's girlfriend—seems to me things could get icky."

Howard seems annoyed.

"This from the girl who I've been giving money to—who I sprung from that nuthouse that you ended up at—ended up after trying to kill your classmate over that stupid Keller boy."

Jennifer reacts and grits her teeth.

"Gina Bentley is a whore—and Jarod Keller wasn't a stupid guy—he was the love of my life—he swore he wanted to marry me—even bought me an engagement ring as proof—I gave him my virginity on his birthday—and then the next day Gina came between us and seduced him just to spite me because she was jealous of us being together. How do you think I felt when I caught Jarod sticking that filthy whore in the backseat of *my* car—that bitch deserved to die for what she did to us—and when I get through with her in a couple of days—she'll wish she'd never looked his way that night so long ago—oh yeah dear father—I'm so going to enjoy watching her die painfully at my hands."

Howard clenches his fist.

"I should have left you at Marshland."

"Like you had a choice in the matter—if you hadn't sprung me I would've told everyone what I know about your real identity—and you'd be ruined. Destroyed and imprisoned."

Jennifer gives Howard a knowing stare and sighs loudly as she leans closer toward him. He looks at her strangely.

"You have no idea what I'm capable of dear father."

Howard shakes his head.

"Goddamn selfish conniving bitch."

She smiles slyly and waves her hand in the air.

"Oh-oh—*warning*—*warning*—daddy dearest is none too happy with the sudden turn of unpleasant events—oh-oh—I wonder if **Bing Crosby** was as mean to his family as you are to yours—somehow I think you'd give him a run for his money and image—oh well, I guess being invited to your annual family Christmas party is out of the question—though I think you'd have no choice if I made it part of our deal—and I just might if I don't get what I want from you old man—do you hear me?"

Howard looks at his fist.

"Just tell me what you want—I can't stand being around you one more minute—this isn't the way it should be."

Jennifer glances at the door.

"I'm not playing your game old man—if you think you can best me you'd better think again—I'll expose you—this mess will become your worst nightmare. You'll lose everything you hold dear—starting with your fortune—so think very clearly."

"No one will believe you—it's been too long—they'll think you're just some crazy lunatic out to destroy a rich guy."

Jennifer grins broadly.

"What? Out to get my hands on your fortune? Like I'm already wealthy—I don't need your money. Not anymore."

Jennifer rolls her eyes.

"Maybe I just want to ruin you because I like seeing how much pain you'll experience after what you did to my mother all those years ago—or maybe it's because I'm a sick freak."

Howard clenches his fists again.

"It's my word against yours, you selfish bitch—no one will believe a word you say—not with your pathetic record."

Jennifer rolls her eyes again.

"Is that so? How about we place bets?"

She looks at Howard smugly as he grimaces.

"You're playing with fire daughter."

Jennifer winks and whispers.

"Eddie Kane."

Howard slams his fist down on the tabletop.

Lighthouse Grill

Faye Washington glares angrily at Sabrina Keller as Sidney Stuyvesant closes the front door of his diner.

"Juan Sabrillo is *my* man not yours."

Sabrina sighs.

"Like get over it already *bitch*—you're nothing to Juan."

Faye grabs Sabrina by her arm.

"Go find yourself another young South American stud. I hear that really cute Brazilian model **Jonas Sulzbach** is single and available—he'll fuck you just as easily as Juan did—and he won't even care he's sticking his dick into a trashy slut like you."

Sabrina rolls her eyes.

"You're such a pathetic bitch—imagine thinking you even have a chance with someone as hot as Juan—maybe you should look in the mirror for a minute or two and realize that you're just an ugly frog trying to score with a very handsome prince."

Faye angrily slaps Sabrina's cheek.

"Don't push me or I swear I'll make you regret it."

Sabrina laughs as she rubs her cheek and looks at Faye with a sly grin. She looks back at the diner several times.

"You're just an old hag looking for a young guy."

Sabrina makes a lewd gesture with her finger and smirks.

"Do yourself a favor and find an old man to screw."

Faye seems insulted and smiles broadly.

"*Wait*—oops—like I heard someone whacked your loser brother earlier today—seems it should've been you that got whacked. Maybe he got iced by accident—oh-oh—so sad."

Sabrina reacts to the cruel jab.

"You're a horrible bitch—I hate you."

Faye grins broadly.

"That's right—I'm a nasty bitch—go ask my ex-husband just how mean I can get when I'm crossed—and he had it really easy, believe me—you, not so much if you don't back off Juan and leave him alone. I saw him first—and I won't allow it."

Sabrina wipes a tear from her eye.

"I don't take orders from the likes of you."

Faye shrugs.

"Have it your way—but don't say I didn't warn you—Juan is my boyfriend—not yours—I'm through playing nice."

Sabrina turns around.

"Screw you."

Faye makes a lewd gesture with her finger.

"Hope your brother's killer comes after you—serves you right if whoever killed your brother decides to whack you."

Sabrina begins walking away amid tears.

"Stay away from Juan or else."

Faye glances at Sabrina briefly and leaves.

Blankenship Apartment

Eva Harper closes the door behind her and turns around in the pitch darkness to see Clay Blankenship looking at her.

"What did I miss?"

"Darla."

Clay sighs.

"Oh-oh—what did she do?"

Eva reaches out to wrap her arms around Clay's naked body. They look at each other for a few seconds.

"Darla and Maxwell—something happened earlier."

Clay grins broadly.

"He fucked her didn't he?"

Eva nods.

"Found them going at it in the hallway outside the door."

Clay smirks.

"Maxwell always scores no matter what."

"Apparently Darla also neglected to tell Maxwell she was married before they played their game in the hallway."

Clay seems confused.

"How did Maxwell take that news?"

Eva shrugs.

Portland

Joel Slade smirks as Denise Madison pulls him toward her and they kiss passionately. They kiss several more times.

"We've got to do this again."

Joel nods.

"I'm ready when you want to play."

Denise glances at his erection and grins broadly. She sighs loudly as if mesmerized. She reaches out to stroke his cheek.

"Your wife is a fool—a total fool no doubt."

Joel makes a lewd gesture with his finger.

"Uh-huh—I keep telling her that."

Joel watches as Denise drives off seconds later.

"Women are so stupid—they believe anything they hear."

He looks down at his erection and grins.

"I wonder how my latest fling would feel if she knew the truth about me—and exactly what I do to earn my keep."

He grins broadly.

Bangor

Howard glares at Jennifer coldly as she gives him a sly look knowing she has him at a disadvantage. She laughs.

"Uh-huh—that's right old man. I know all about what you did to Eddie Kane and his folks way back when—and why."

Howard grits his teeth as Jennifer winks at him.

"Imagine what he'd do if he found out the truth? Seems to me he threatened to kill you not long ago—it would really be such a shame if he suddenly got wind of the truth and paid you a visit at Glass Owl—with a gun no doubt—one that was fully loaded."

Jennifer smirks as she notices Howard's anger.

"Right about now I bet you probably wish you hadn't supported those morally corrupt NRA creeps—especially since those losers made it possible for everyone to buy a gun."

Howard wags his finger at Jennifer.

"I don't respond to threats—especially from a crazy bitch who believes she can actually come up against someone like me—someone with my rep—and win—I've dealt blows."

Jennifer pulls out a newspaper clipping from a Boston newspaper seconds later. She shoves it toward Howard.

"Oh yeah I know—Eldon Whitney—you had him taken out personally after what happened to Greg not long ago."

Howard stares at the clipping.

"I have no idea what you're talking about."

Jennifer grins.

"Maybe you should talk to Aldo Morelli. He has such a photographic memory when it comes to certain things."

Jennifer glances at the clipping on the table.

"You of all people should know how weak a man can get during an intense sexual encounter with a beautiful girl."

Howard crumples up the clipping.

"Damn bastard—I paid him to keep quiet."

Jennifer leans closer and looks Howard in the eye.

"For the record that man really knows how to use his tongue—the things he knew—the things he subjected me to at his apartment in his bed during—yep, he was almost as good as Jarod was at screwing by the way—or maybe even better."

Howard seems enraged.

"I'll kill him."

Howard leans back in his chair.

"No one crosses me and lives to tell about it."

Jennifer begins laughing.

"Do I look scared?"

Howard seems about to explode.

"You'll regret messing with me bitch—you'll pay—you and that two-faced boyfriend of yours. I'll burn both of you."

Jennifer grabs Howard's arm.

"No—it's you who'll regret messing with me if you don't do as I say old man—you've lost—I've won—deal already."

They look at each other coldly.

Mall

Kelly Nelson looks at Abby Marshall as they head to the elevator. He puts his arms around her. Abby sighs loudly.

"Still wondering about Gina?"

She nods several times.

"I know they cleared her of the murders—but she's still really mad about what happened between us over you—she probably thinks I've forgotten what she said—but I haven't."

Kelly hugs Abby again.

Van Pelt Home

Genie Van Pelt looks at the gun in her hand. She glances at the mirror in front of her. She seems really upset.

"I can't take it anymore—I just can't."

There is a knock on the door.

"Genie—is everything OK?"

She turns around to see her brother standing in the doorway. Tyler Van Pelt seems worried at her appearance.

"Are you sure you're OK?"

Genie nods.

"Yeah, why do you ask?"

"Earlier you seemed upset about something."

Genie shrugs.

"I was just tired—seriously, I'm fine."

"Oh."

"Really—I'm OK."

They look at each other.

"I'm always here if you want to talk?"

Genie nods again.

"I know."

Tyler looks at Genie for a few seconds and leaves. As he closes the door she pulls the gun out from under her baggy blouse. She slowly slides her finger over the trigger.

Blankenship Apartment

Eva looks over at Clay as he lies in bed. She slides her fingers across his chest and kisses him lightly. He sighs.

"Maybe you should call Darla?"

Clay faces Eva.

"You've been friends for a long time."

Eva shakes her head.

"Nope—I'm done with her."

Clay sighs.

"But what if she apologizes?"

Eva kisses Clay again.

"I don't want to talk about Darla—she made her bed and now she has to face the consequences of her actions."

"Maxwell wouldn't have played if he knew."

"I know. I don't blame him—Darla should have told him she had a husband—if he knew I know he wouldn't have messed around. But this is her style—she always plays these games."

Clay nods as Eva still seems upset.

The Next Day

Crestview Memorial Park Cemetery

Jason Anderson watches as his father's casket is lowered into a grave. He turns to see Simon Spencer staring at him as Lori Anderson seems lost in thought. Jason shrugs as Simon acknowledges him. He notices Lindsay Bennington standing silently about ten feet away. He angrily walks over to her.

"What are you doing here?"

Lindsay sighs.

"Your mother asked me to come."

Jason gives Lindsay a harsh look and seems annoyed that she's actually standing in front of him. He rolls his eyes.

"Haven't your family done enough already—like kill my father—which I'm not going to forget until I even the score."

Lindsay reacts to the slight.

"I'm really sorry about what happened to your dad."

"Yeah, sure you are—like I'm really going to believe a load like that coming from someone like you—screw you bitch."

Jason gives Lindsay another harsh look and turns to see Abby looking at him curiously. He shrugs and slowly walks toward the entrance of the cemetery as Kelly turns to face Abby. They hug briefly while final threads of piano music is heard lingering as Lori turns away from the open grave a bit confused.

"Think Jason is about to snap?"

Abby nods.

"Old man Madison better watch his back—he just added another enemy to the list—and if I know Jason's mood."

Kelly seems confused.

"You really think he'll pop old man Madison?"

Abby nods again.

"I do."

Kelly looks at Abby oddly.

"How do we stop him from doing something stupid?"

"I'm not sure we can—too much bad stuff has happened already between the Anderson family and the Madisons."

Kelly seems worried.

Portland

Shirley Moses sighs while Jeremy Weissmann squeezes her hand as his brother's casket is carried from the church toward a small family cemetery plot nearby. They look at each other.

"I'm so sorry about your brother."

Jeremy looks around at the mourners and shakes his head not sure what to make of the unfolding event ahead.

"It still doesn't seem real yet."

Shirley notices Elizabeth Pendleton nearby watching transfixed as the casket is carried toward an open grave under a large tree. Jeremy turns to look at Shirley again and shrugs.

"I know she liked him—and I loved my brother but he treated Elizabeth like dirt—he used her like a cheap whore."

Shirley sighs again just as Susan Bennington walks past them toward the gravesite without saying a word as if she's in a daze. Jeremy seems confused and shrugs. Shirley reacts.

Boston

Carmen Pendleton rushes from the crowded airport terminal toward a waiting taxicab. She seems visibly upset.

Van Pelt Home

Genie looks at the gun in her hand again and shoves it into her purse. She glances at her image in the mirror as she wipes a tear from her eye. She sighs loudly and seems bothered.

"There's no other way."

She walks to the door and opens it.

Pete's Cafe

Bruce Mansfield nervously drums his fingers on the tabletop as he looks at his watch again. He sighs loudly.

"Typical actor—late as usual—goddamn him."

He looks at his watch again and sees the front door open as Alden Washington comes toward him. He stands up.

"I thought you'd blown me off?"

Alden smirks.

"I had a last minute call—small town life."

Bruce looks around.

"I guess you know why I'm here?"

Alden gives him a knowing look as he sits down.

"Guessed as much—how's Jeffrey?"

"He's fine."

Bruce slowly looks around again and sighs loudly.

"You actually like living here in this town?"

Alden laughs.

"It's OK—I used to live here years ago—and to answer your question—it's not that dull—especially with a serial killer on the loose—oops, I shouldn't have said that. Ignore what I said."

Bruce rolls his eyes.

"Heard about it in the news yesterday—think it would make a good movie? I can already see Jeffrey making deals."

Alden gestures with his hand.

"Let's cut the crap already. I guess *Larkspur Lane* is in trouble and Jeffrey wants my character to make a miraculous return from the dead—and of course act like nothing happened previous—despite how I was rudely shown the door last year."

Bruce grimaces.

"Well, it's not like this hasn't happened before in soap operas—so, what do you say—Jeffrey would be so happy."

Alden looks at the front counter and sees Julia Winthrop looking at him curiously. He makes a sour face at Bruce.

"Wasn't Jeffrey the one who allowed me to get dropped from the show—even though I had a year left on my contract?"

"He made a mistake."

Alden leans close to Bruce and whispers.

"Tell Jeffrey I'll think about it."

Bruce seems upset.

"Jeffrey doesn't like to be kept waiting."

Alden nods at Bruce and grins broadly as he walks toward where Julia is standing. He slowly sits down at the counter.

<u>Standish Road</u>

Carmen glances nervously at her watch again as she glimpses Marble Hills in a distance. She smiles knowingly.

"Bet they didn't think I'd ever show my face here again."

She checks her hair in the rearview mirror.

"Howard Madison will not be happy to see me."

She shrugs.

"But he and I have some unfinished business to discuss."

She sighs loudly.

"And this time things are going to be different than they were when—this time I won't run away like I did before."

She reaches for her purse.

Boston

"Exactly when are you planning to pay Howard Madison a surprise visit at his mansion and crucify his entire family?"

Calvin Whitney turns to look at Juan Sabrillo.

"I'm not sure yet—got to think details."

Calvin makes a slashing motion with his hand.

"That worm must pay dearly for what he did to my brother. My daughter's been laying the groundwork."

Juan seems confused.

"Are you sure she's up for this sort of thing? She barely knows you—what if she changes her mind right before?"

Calvin smirks.

"Chandra is a chip off the old block—thank God she's nothing like her do-gooder mother—so fucking boring."

He sighs loudly.

"When Camille found out who I was she cut me out of her life like I didn't matter—kept Chandra away for years."

Juan shakes his head.

"I hope you're right—from what I've been learning about Howard Madison—let's just say he isn't one to back away."

Calvin rolls his eyes.

"That fool is no match for me—that worm will beg me to put a bullet in his damn head before I'm done with him."

Juan glances at the Boston skyline below.

"What about his family?"

Calvin grins slyly.

"Dead—not one will be spared."

He smiles broadly.

"Madison's entire family will be in the morgue when I leave Marble Hills—all stiffs—dead men tell no tales."

He laughs.

"Especially if they each have a bullet in their heads from one of my guns—oh yeah, it'll be so sweet to watch Madison's reaction as each member of his precious family whom he cherishes so dearly is killed in front of him by my men. Killed like cattle—won't spare any of them—including Madison."

Juan shakes his head.

"You're going to make him watch?"

Calvin gestures with his hand.

"Duh—of course—watching him endure their deaths will add to my joy—have you forgotten how I personally snuffed out Angelo Marzelli's entire family in front of the old man back in 1999 before I blew his head off as I laughed in his face?"

Juan nods.

"He begged for mercy—pleaded with me as I shot one family member after another without hesitation—putting a bullet in his granddaughter's head as she lay in the bassinet was such wonderful revenge after what he did to me—loved it. Their deaths quelled my rage—made up for the slight I endured."

He laughs.

"Marzelli actually thought he could embezzle millions from me and not suffer my wrath—but he was so wrong."

He glances at his watch.

"No one comes between me and my money."

He smirks again.

"And if they do—I put a frigging bullet in their skulls and introduce them to a cemetery—and then pee on their graves."

He laughs loudly.

Mall

Jeremy wipes his brow again as Shirley reaches out to stroke his hand. He seems lost as they stare at the lobby.

"At least Lance was buried right next to Grandpa Ian as he would've wanted. They were so close when we were kids."

Shirley nods.

"That makes sense actually—I was wondering why Lance was buried in Portland when he lived in Marble Hills?"

Jeremy sighs again.

"Our family is originally from Portland actually."

He wipes his brow again.

"Do you think whoever killed Lance will kill again?"

Shirley seems uneasy.

"I hope not—but I know it's not over yet."

At that moment they see Kelly and Abby walking toward them. Jeremy acknowledges both of them instantly.

Peabody Avenue

Bruce sighs as he talks on his cell phone. He seems slightly annoyed as people pass him by on the sidewalk and stare.

"Yeah—he said he'd think about it—seems to me he's having serious second thoughts about coming back."

He rolls his eyes.

"Of course I know they can't recast—but we may have to think of other options if he decides to give us the shaft."

Bruce shrugs.

"I'm just saying we should think about it."

He grimaces.

"Well, maybe you should have thought twice about letting Washington go in the first place—obviously was a mistake."

Bruce nods.

"Whatever—I'm here for one more day—and then that's it—this place is beginning to get to me—terribly average."

He rolls his eyes again.

"By the way there's a serial killer on the loose out here slaying people left and right—like a really bad horror movie."

He leans against a tree on the sidewalk.

Pirate's Cove

Corey Bentley grabs Genie by the arm and angrily forces her toward the backseat of his car. He slaps her hard.

"You're nothing but a cheap trick for every guy in town who wants a piece—no other reason to live actually."

He forces her against the car.

"Thought you'd lie about being able to service me today when I called you earlier—but I'm not buying it—no way."

He grabs her by the neck.

"Never tell me no again or I swear I'll kill you."

"Stop being so mean to me."

"Shut up bitch."

He raises his hand to hit her again.

"I ought to beat you senseless."

Corey slaps Genie again and begins laughing.

"Oh yeah—I'm going to fuck you—and you can't stop me from sticking my dick into you—useless whore—ugh."

He raises his hand to hit her again as Genie suddenly pulls out a gun and points it at him. Corey reacts in shock.

"How dare you."

Corey seems enraged.

"You'll regret threatening me—I'll make you really sorry."

Genie pulls the trigger. Corey sighs loudly and reacts.

"Oh fuck—goddamn bitch shot me."

Corey falls backwards as a single bullet rips through his neck. Genie looks at Corey as he seems suspended in air.

"I didn't want to but you made me."

Corey gasps for a few seconds and passes out.

Glass Owl

Carmen slowly walks up to the front door and sighs. She glances around for a few seconds before ringing the doorbell.

"Bet he never thought he's see me again."

The door opens. Carmen grins.

"Hello, Howard."

Carmen smiles broadly as she sees Howard looking at her in shocked disbelief. She gives him an evil side glance.

"I heard about what you did to Daryl Anderson."

Howard stares at her unable to speak. Carmen sighs.

"Killing Daryl was a big mistake."

Howard shrugs and begins to shut the door.

"I thought I told you never to show your face in this town again—we had a deal—a ten million dollar deal to be exact."

Carmen pushes past Howard and enters the house. He turns to look at her in disgust and then glances at the door.

"Get out—get out of my house bitch."

Carmen smirks.

"You and I have some unfinished business."

Howard slams the door shut.

"Is that so?"

Carmen looks around.

"Either we talk or I'll be forced to tell everyone what you did all those years ago—and we both know what I'm talking about don't we? It would be a shame if our secret suddenly got out."

Carmen pulls out a photo from her purse and shows it to Howard. He grimaces at the sight of the aged photograph.

"Imagine how a story like the one I could tell would play out to the good folks of Marble Hills—terrible for you."

Howard clenches his fists.

"What do you want?"

Carmen smiles slyly.

"That depends on your answer."

Howard shrugs.

"How much is this going to cost me bitch?"

Carmen silently watches as he pulls out a checkbook.

"I want it all."

Howard closes his checkbook.

"We had a deal."

"Oh, I know we had a deal—an iron-clad guarantee of my silence—but things—well, they've changed—as you know."

Howard leans against the banister.

"I don't do blackmail."

Carmen walks over to where Howard is standing.

"Didn't you hear me a few minutes ago—I want it all old man—I know you killed Daryl Anderson in cold blood—and for that it'll cost you—cost you dearly—every penny you have."

Howard glances at the stairs leading upstairs.

"Not one penny."

Carmen looks at her watch.

"Two days."

Howard seems confused.

"In two days I'm coming back here and you'll sign over every cent of your estate to me—or else I'll be forced to tell the good folks of Marble Hills all about dear Blake Madison."

Carmen leans over to whisper in Howard's ear.

"And when I'm done I'll also tell everyone how you raped me when I was fifteen years old and tried to pass our child off as Daryl's and then paid me to leave Marble Hills forever to keep my mouth shut about dear Blake and what you did to me—as well as deny Alexander his rightful share of the Madison billions."

Carmen points at Howard with her finger.

"Two days—and then I bring you to your knees."

She makes a slashing gesture with her hand.

"I'll crucify you if I have to old man."

Howard watches as Carmen turns to leave, slamming the front door behind her seconds later. He seems in shock.

<u>Boston</u>

Calvin watches as Juan leaves and then quickly picks up his cell phone and begins dialing. He smiles broadly.

"I've got another job for you to take care of right away."

He nods several times.

"Uh-huh—it's about Juan Sabrillo."

He takes a step forward.

"It seems he's gotten himself into a situation."

He gestures with his hand.

"No—I don't want you to blow him away—he's much too valuable to me—but it seems Sabrillo has been distracted lately by two local whores—they need to be dealt with as soon as possible—I want his full attention on the Madison hit."

Calvin rolls his eyes.

"I've already booked you a cozy room at a wonderfully quaint boardinghouse—no one will suspect anything."

Calvin smirks.

"I want both of Sabrillo's whores dead and in the morgue by six o'clock today—no later—OK? Got any questions?"

Calvin nods.

"I know it'll cost me extra."

He shuts off the cell phone and smiles broadly.

Pirate's Cove

Genie sighs as she nervously looks around at the area and gets into her car. A few feet away Corey lies in a pool of dried blood as the early morning sun begins to rise higher.

Anderson House

Jason slams the door shut behind him as he enters the house. Lori stands in the driveway for a few minutes.

"Maybe you should leave. He's upset."

She turns to look at Lindsay standing a few feet away by her car. Lindsay shrugs as she notices Lori's uneasiness.

"Are you sure you'll be OK?"

Lori nods.

"Jason is just in one of his moods—it'll blow over like always—don't worry about anything—I can handle it."

"If you need help—call me."

Lori watches as Lindsay slowly gets into her car and drives away. She sighs loudly as she looks at the house again.

Peabody Avenue

Faye watches as Sabrina crosses the street to her car. She seems annoyed as she looks at the steering wheel briefly.

"Should I run the bitch down or not?"

She looks at the steering wheel in front of her again.

"Like who would think it was anything other than a terrible tragedy that befell Sabrina—accidents happen."

She smiles.

"It would be so easy—just another traffic mishap."

Faye looks at Sabrina again.

Mall

Kelly gives Abby a weird look as he opens up the kiosk counter area. He sighs loudly. She notices and smiles broadly.

"I don't think Jason Anderson is going to knock off old man Madison—not that there'd be anything wrong if he did kill him—but let's face it—old man Madison has it coming."

Kelly seems upset at the comment.

"No one would argue your point—but it's still a crime."

Abby shakes her head.

"Jason Anderson is a lot of things—but he's no killer. I just don't see it—he isn't the type—much too mild a guy."

She gives Kelly a cautious look.

"He'll calm down sooner or later."

Abby shrugs as she sees Simon coming toward them.

"How's Jason?"

Simon makes a lewd gesture with his hand.

"I certainly wouldn't want to be old man Madison today."

"He's at Glass Owl right now?"

Simon shrugs but seems unsure.

"I hope not. But if he is at Glass Owl I hope old man Madison is ready to meet his maker—with a lot of apologies."

Abby turns to look at Kelly as he rolls his eyes in mock anger and gestures briefly at both of them. Simon sighs.

Standish Road

Astrid Blakely looks out the window of her car as she heads toward Marble Hills. She shakes her head knowingly.

"John Bentley hates nasty surprises—and I like pushing the envelope—especially when they benefit my gameplay."

She smirks as she glances at her cell phone.

Boardinghouse

"I think you'll like it here—and if there's anything I can do to make your stay nicer just let me know and I'll try."

Joel looks at Julia and smiles.

"I'm good—thank you."

Julia glances at Joel once more and leaves. He turns to look around the small room. He seems a bit upset.

"Whitney could have sprung for something better."

He rolls his eyes.

"He's such a cheap frigging bastard. I bet he's staying at the best hotel in this drab town—bet he's living it up."

He walks over to the window.

"Sabrillo will be pissed off when he finds out Whitney had both his whores silenced in order to keep him in line."

He turns to look at the door again.

"Oh well—no skin off my nose after the fact—I'm doing what I'm told—a guy's got to pay his bills anyway he can."

He laughs mockingly.

"Might have myself some fun while I'm here in Marble Hills—wonder if Denise Madison is busy right about now?"

He reaches for his cell phone.

"A guy can get really horny when he's planning a surprise hit—especially if that guy is me—wouldn't be the first time I mixed some dick action into the game before I scored a hit."

He makes a lewd gesture with his finger.

Martinelli Office

Ashton Markway knocks gently on the door of the office as Joan Martinelli looks up. She smiles as she sees him.

"Ashton Markway."

He nods and enters.

"I came by to tell you."

Joan stands up.

"I hope it's for what I think it is?"

He nods.

"I guess it's obvious that I'd like to see if this modeling thing can lead to anything. College tuition is expensive."

Joan smiles broadly.

"It can be—*it is*."

Ashton closes the door behind him.

"I'm willing to give this a try—my folks are down with the scene also—but no nudity—I won't strip bare for anyone."

Joan nods again and sighs.

"Like I told you before I don't do porn."

She walks over to where he's standing with his hands in the front pockets of his pants. She gives him a curious look.

"But you'll have to agree to one thing before I can take even one photo—and this is a definite deal-breaker for sure."

Ashton seems nervous.

"What?"

Joan looks at Ashton's unruly hair.

"Get a haircut."

He laughs.

"No problem."

Joan looks at her desk.

"If this works out—I'll take you with me to Los Angeles and then to Paris for some photo shoots—of course your parents will have to be OK with this whole deal before you decide."

"It's cool—don't worry."

Joan turns to walk back toward her desk.

Mall

Tyler nervously walks toward where Kelly and Simon are standing at the kiosk seemingly in a deep conversation.

"Have you seen Genie today?"

Kelly shrugs.

"No."

Tyler seems upset. Kelly notices.

"Is something wrong?"

Tyler sighs.

"I'm not sure—she's been pretty bummed out lately over Corey Bentley—and I think maybe she's up to something."

Kelly seems confused.

"Don't worry—I'm sure she's OK—probably at the beach or something—probably with some of her friends."

"OK—thanks."

Tyler gives Kelly an odd look and walks away as Kelly turns to see Gina Bentley standing at the front of the kiosk.

"Gina?"

They look at each other for a few seconds.

"Is Abby around?"

Kelly shakes his head.

"She was here earlier but she left."

"I need to talk to her."

Kelly seems uneasy.

"Does she know what about exactly?"

Gina gives Kelly a sharp look.

"I know who killed—I know who the real killer is."

Tyler stops and turns around.

Glass Owl

Howard angrily paces back and forth while he seems to become more and more agitated as the seconds tick by.

"That damn bitch—I'll see her dead in a ditch first before I give her one red cent of my money—much less all of it."

He gestures with his hand and sighs.

"It was so long ago—but if it ever came out—there'd be no way I could explain everything—I'll be fucked royally."

He looks at his cell phone on top of the table nearby.

"Doesn't matter—got to take that bitch out before she ruins me—and she's got the ammunition to do it too."

He grabs the cell phone and dials.

"Yes—I need you to come to Marble Hills—got a job I want you to take care of personally—will be lots of fun no doubt."

He seems agitated as he clenches his fist.

"Do I look like I care what it'll cost me—catch the next flight from Copenhagen—I want you here tomorrow."

He shuts the cell phone off and slams it down on the table nearby. He sighs loudly as he glances at the front door.

"Damn that miserable slut—she picked the absolute worst possible time to come back here and work my last nerve."

He smiles slyly.

"But things aren't going to turn out the way that whore thinks—no way—I plan to beat her at her own game."

He looks at the door again.

"And as for her bastard son—he'll never know the truth and then that'll be the end of this sloppy mess for good."

He wipes sweat from his brow.

"I have to make sure the truth never sees the light of day. Especially now—if it does—oh fuck—everything will be lost."

He leans against the wall and seems nervous.

Parking Lot

Maxwell Pendergraft looks back at Will McColl as they walk cautiously through a covered parking lot. Maxwell stops.

"Someone told you they heard a shot?"

"Uh-huh—said it was quite loud—a single."

They walk further and see a lone car parked at the far end of the lot. They look at each other with a nervous glance.

"Is this one of ours?"

Will shrugs and walks further.

"Could be some kids jerking us around for kicks?"

"But you said?"

Will turns around and faces Maxwell.

"The caller seemed genuine."

"They always do."

Will gives Maxwell a knowing look.

"We'll soon find out."

As they edge closer they notice blood dripping from the car and as they run toward it in a mad rush they see Genie sitting in the driver's seat with a gun in her hand. A bullet hole is visible in her head. They look at the scene in shock. In her other hand is a torn piece of paper—and splatters of blood everywhere.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Look at the 32nd Episode

Eva and Clay talk about what happened between Darla and Maxwell—Gina tells Kelly and Tyler about Jennifer—Ashton decides on his future—Eddie has another round with Howard over secrets of the past—Will deals with the aftermath of Genie's suicide—Susan faces the truth concerning her secret—Astrid arrives in Marble Hills as news about Corey's death make the rounds—Hart continues to play games with the women in his life—Donna and Elizabeth deal with yet another tragedy in Marble Hills—Jennifer threatens Shirley about her past which causes Shirley to panic—Lindsay has a disturbing conversation with her father—Astrid forces John to dance to her beat with a series of threats—Jennifer revisits one of the scenes of her crime spree and encounters two unexpected visitors—Morgan has an unsettling experience at the mall after witnessing Simon's casual behavior over Corey's tragic fate—Ben tries to help Tyler deal with his sister's troubling suicide—Susan tells Lindsay about her pregnancy—Calvin's plans for Howard Madison enters its final stages—as Caroline faces the sad reality of Corey's death.

Episode 32
Memories Never Die

Blankenship Apartment

"So everything is OK with you and Maxwell?"

Eva Harper nods and wraps her arms around Clay Blankenship's waist as he is about to head to the door.

"Uh-huh—I know Darla Chadwick enough to know her game when it comes to having a fling with some random guy she finds attractive—and it just happened to be Maxwell this time around—but no—I don't hold him responsible for this mess."

They look at each other.

"She made a play for me too."

Eva rolls her eyes and gives Clay an angry look.

"*Of course*—and she did it right in front of me as you recall—I feel so sorry for her husband and their marriage."

"Do you think he knows?"

Eva shrugs and seems worried.

"I guess."

She looks at the front door.

"Maybe—but if he doesn't—it's sad."

She brushes a strand of hair from her forehead.

"He'll find out sooner or later—knowing Darla the way I do—it isn't about if the truth comes out—but when."

"Thinking about calling Darla?"

Eva shakes her head.

"No—I'm still so mad at her for what happened between her and Maxwell—and I don't think anything can fix it."

Clay gives Eva a knowing look.

Mall

Kelly Nelson stares at Gina Bentley curiously as Tyler Van Pelt seems confused at the comment. Gina seems annoyed.

"Jennifer Parker."

Kelly shakes his head.

"Who's that?"

Tyler glances at Kelly.

"She was one of Gina's friends—until Gina slept with Jarod Keller one night—and then Jennifer flipped out and tried to kill Gina several times before being sent to Marshland—been there ever since as far as I know—swore she'd finish the job."

Gina rolls her eyes.

"Whatever."

She looks around.

"She's the killer—she told me she did it."

Tyler laughs.

"Jennifer Parker is at Marshland—how could she?"

Gina seems annoyed.

"She *was* at Marshland—she got sprung—and now she's here in Marble Hills—on a killing spree—totally bonkers."

Tyler rolls his eyes.

"Likely story if you ask me. This is probably just another one of your fantasies—enough with the fairy tales already."

Gina sighs loudly.

"Don't you have somewhere else to be—like a gay bar or something—like really Tyler—get lost already—beat it."

Tyler looks at Kelly. He seems upset.

"You're just trying to blame her for what everyone thinks you did—face it Gina no one buys your story about Jennifer being the real killer—if she'd gotten out of Marshland we'd know."

Gina looks at Kelly and Tyler.

"Believe what you want if you like—but please tell Abby to be careful around Marble Hills—Jennifer is really dangerous."

Kelly watches as Gina walks away.

"Think it's true?"

Tyler shakes his head.

Martinelli Office

Ashton Markway looks at Joan Martinelli curiously as she hands him a blue and white booklet with multiple forms.

"Have your parents look these over—and then get back to me later today. You can reach me on my cell 24 hours."

Ashton nods several times and leaves.

Glass Owl

Howard Madison heads to his parked car in the driveway as Eddie Kane pulls up. Howard turns away in disgust.

"Get out of my face Kane."

Eddie smirks.

"Seems we have a problem Madison—or maybe I should say *you* have a problem—like in serious—deadly maybe."

Howard seems confused.

"What the fuck are you talking about now?"

"Blake Madison's fake death in the loony bin isn't reality old man—there is no evidence your nutjob cousin is dead."

Eddie gives Howard a sharp look.

"Or should I say "supposed" death—as in you lied to me."

Howard grimaces. Eddie notices.

"I have no idea what you're rambling about now."

"Likely story old man."

Eddie walks over to where Howard is standing.

"You'll pay for lying to me—I promised you I'd make you pay—and by God I swear you'll seriously wish you hadn't lied."

"My cousin is dead—died decades ago."

Eddie rolls his eyes.

"Explain these if you dare."

He pulls out a folder with a stack of papers bound by metal clips. He grins broadly as he angrily shoves them in Howard's face. Howard glances at the folder in a panic.

"I—I have no idea what you're getting at."

Eddie angrily throws the folder on the ground and grabs Howard by the collar. He begins shaking him violently.

"Your whacked cousin isn't dead—he's alive—and you've known it all along—you've been helping him—haven't you?"

Howard sighs loudly.

"Let go of me this instant or else."

Eddie grins and shoves Howard toward his car. Howard falls against the hood as Eddie grabs him again in a rage.

"I ought to kill you right now—right here in front of your precious mansion—would serve you right if I did."

Howard tries to free himself from Eddie's grip.

"Let go of me you bastard."

"Where is he?"

Eddie violently shoves Howard to the ground.

"Where is Blake Madison old man—I want answers ASAP or I swear I'll turn your goddamned lights out right now."

Howard stands up.

"I told you already—Blake is dead."

Eddie looks at Glass Owl and then again at Howard.

"Do I look that gullible?"

Howard dusts himself off.

"He's dead—been dead for decades like I said."

"Dead my ass—dead people can't book flights to Geneva and back to the United States—or for that matter to Helsinki and back again—or to Auckland with a return trip—dead men can't book flights to the Maldives either—or did I miss the memo."

He watches Howard's reaction.

"Dead man can't take trips around the world despite the fact they're dead or supposedly as you want me to believe."

Howard glances back at Glass Owl.

"I want you off my property this instant."

"Oh-oh—touched a raw nerve old man—oops."

"If you don't leave this instant I'll have you charged."

Eddie looks at Glass Owl again.

"I promised you I'd kill you old man—I'd watch your back if I were you—bad things happen every day in this town—seems people just can't stop from ending up dead—murdered."

Eddie walk away as Howard grits his teeth.

Parking Lot

Will McColl watches as a sheet-covered body is loaded into a coroner's van. He slowly turns around to look at Maxwell Pendergraft a few feet away. He seems visibly upset.

"Suicide is never pretty—it's just—it's really hard."

Maxwell looks at the note in Will's hand.

"Do you think it's true?"

Will shakes his head and looks at the note again.

"Only one way to find out I guess."

Maxwell glances at the coroner's van as it drives away.

"The Bentleys won't like our visit later."

"No—they definitely won't."

"Who'd think a teenage boy could have been so cruel as to repeatedly rape one of his classmates and—and so viciously."

"I think it's time we pay a visit to Pirate's Cove."

Maxwell nods in agreement.

Glass Owl

Susan Bennington seems worried as she looks at herself in the mirror. She sighs as she traces her finger over her stomach.

"You wanted me to get rid of our child—but I couldn't do it—I just couldn't—and now—and now you'll never know."

Tears begin streaming down her face.
"It's all I have left of you to remember what we had."
She turns to look at the door.

Maple Avenue

Gina is leaving the mall as she comes face to face with Abby Marshall at the entrance. They look at each other.
"Abby."
Abby stops and turns to face Gina.
"I can't talk—I'm busy."
Gina seems hurt.
"I only wanted to say that I'm sorry."
Abby sighs.
"I don't see that we have anything to talk about."
Gina wipes her brow with her hand.
"Jennifer Parker."
Abby seems confused.
"What about her?"
Gina seems nervous and sighs loudly.
"She's the one—she's the killer."
Abby gives Gina an odd look.
"Jennifer Parker is locked up at Marshland."
Gina shakes her head.
"Not anymore—she's out."
Abby shrugs.
"I don't believe you."
Gina rolls her eyes.
"Call Marshland if you don't believe me."
She pulls out her cell phone.
"She's been sprung."
They look at each other.
"Go ahead call Marshland yourself."
Abby seems confused.
"Why should I believe you?"
Gina points to her cell phone and sighs loudly.

Pirate's Cove

Will turns to look at Maxwell as he watches a coroner's van drive away. A pool of dried blood can be seen nearby.

"What the hell's wrong with this town—everyone here seems to have a penchant for cold-blooded murder."

Maxwell rolls his eyes.

"Nothing better to do I guess."

Will shrugs as he turns to look at the beach again.

Police Station

Clay sighs as he slowly looks around the empty office. He seems bothered by the silence as he sits down. He shrugs.

Bentley Mansion

Astrid Blakely pays a taxi driver and then watches as he drives away. She turns around to face the house again.

"Won't John be surprised?"

She begins walking up the stairs to the front door.

"Oh yeah—once he finds out what I want now he'll flip all right—but if he doesn't play the game my way—bad news."

She stops suddenly and seems worried.

"Things will get really unpleasant—*for him*."

As she's about to knock on the door she hears a car pull up and turns to see a police cruiser. She watches curiously as two officers step out and quickly make their way toward her.

"That piece of dirt—if he thinks I'll back off."

She remains standing there with an odd look on her face as they approach her. They nod and go past her and knock on the front door several times. Seconds later the door opens and John Bentley gives both officers suspicious looks. He seems angry.

"Is there something I can do for you today?"

Will and Maxwell look at each other.

"I wish there was an easier way to tell you why we're here—but there isn't a good way to say—I'm so sorry."

John sighs.

"Sorry—sorry about what?"

Will glances at Maxwell again before continuing.

"Your son—Corey—he was found dead less than an hour ago at Pirate's Cove. He was shot—killed by a single bullet."

At that moment a loud sigh is heard and John sees Astrid standing a few feet away. He becomes enraged at seeing her.

"OK—the joke's over—this was *her* idea—wasn't it?"

Astrid seems horrified as John glances at her with disdain and points at her. Astrid shrugs as Will looks at her oddly.

"Get her away from me—get off my property."

Will and Maxwell look at each other and at Astrid.

"I think it would be wise if you came to the morgue with us to identify the corpse—this isn't a joke I assure you."

John leans against the door frame.

"No—no—he can't be dead—it isn't possible."

Astrid seems about to pass out as she glances at John again. Her eyes fill with tears at hearing the tragic news.

"Certainly there must be a mistake made?"

Maxwell shrugs and looks at Will.

"There is no mistake sir—your son was shot to death at Pirate's Cove—by one of his classmates—Genie Van Pelt."

John spins around.

"I want that bitch in jail right now."

Maxwell shakes his head and sighs loudly.

"Can't do it—won't do any good."

"What do you mean you can't do it—that girl is a frigging murderer—I want her locked up immediately or else I swear?"

Maxwell shrugs.

"Genie Van Pelt is dead too—she took her own life."

John glances angrily at Astrid.

"Well, take *that* bitch with you—I want her out of my sight in the next ten seconds. Do your duty officers—right now."

Maxwell glances at Astrid as she smiles broadly.

"Is that anyway to talk to the mother of your grandson?"

John angrily clenches his fists in a rage.

Tolling Bell Inn

Hart Bennington looks at Diana Bingham and laughs as he sits up in bed. She seems confused at his cold behavior.

"Did I miss something?"

Hart smirks.

"I was just thinking how really pissed off Genie was yesterday when she saw us together again—it was sweet."

He smirks again.

"She already knew what's been going on between her and me wasn't serious but seeing you and I make out—really hurt."

Diana kisses Hart.

"You're so mean—cruel actually."

Hart laughs loudly.

"I'm a Madison—what do you expect?"

Diana leans over to kiss Hart again.

"I'll miss you when I go off to college in the fall."

Hart rolls his eyes.

"Big deal—like it matters to me."

He pulls her toward him.

"We're just friends with benefits anyways."

He makes a lewd gesture with his finger and sighs.

"I booked this room for the whole day—so I guess we might as well make good use of it for a few more hours."

Diana nods in agreement.

Maple Avenue

Donna Markway shuts off her cell phone and seems in shock as she faces the entrance of the mall. At that moment she bumps into Elizabeth Pendleton. They look at each other.

"What's wrong Donna?"

Donna glances at the cell phone in her hand.

"I—I—it just seems impossible."

She leans against a railing nearby.

"Corey Bentley is dead."

Elizabeth looks at Donna confused.

"And so is Genie Van Pelt—apparently she killed Corey and shot herself right after—that was Tyler on the phone."

Elizabeth reacts.

"It—it can't be—I saw Corey earlier."

"It's true—Tyler wouldn't lie about something like that—it must have just happened—less than an hour ago I guess."

Elizabeth glances at her cell phone as it begins ringing seconds later. She seems afraid to look at it directly.

"What's going on in this town?"

Donna wipes a tear from her eye.

Mall

Morgan Richards watches for a few seconds from a distance as Kelly helps a few customers at the kiosk. As they leave Morgan smiles broadly and walks over to Kelly. He seems surprised to see her and somewhat nervous by her visit. He looks around briefly before facing her. He stammers slightly.

"Morgan?"

She takes a step forward.

"I was in the neighborhood—and I thought I'd drop by and see how you were doing—especially after what happened."

Kelly seems uneasy.

"If this is about what I said."

Morgan cautiously extends her hand.

"I'm sorry about before—I'd still like us to be friends."

Kelly looks at Morgan curiously and shrugs.

Bangor

Jennifer Parker smirks as she looks at the cell phone in her hand. She casually leans against the dashboard of her car.

"Yeah—that's right—Corey Bentley is dead—killed by that loser Genie Van Pelt—but not to worry Shirley dear—I know what sick game you've been playing behind dear Jeremy's back for the last year and a half—and if I were you I'd be really worried."

Jennifer looks at her cell phone again.

"Tell Jeremy before I do, *bitch*."

Jennifer laughs.

"It's up to you if you think I'm bluffing—but I'm not playing games—Jeremy will find out—find out about you and Corey—you and Brad—you and Wesley—you and Daryl—you and Caleb—you and Jarod—you and the swim coach—you and the governor's son—and you and the hunky school janitor with the limp."

Jennifer licks her lips several times.

"You know—the one with the huge collection of kiddie porn in his locker at school that he thinks no one knows about. But mostly Jeremy will find out about you and his recently deceased brother—imagine how he'll feel if he found out that you and his bro fucked for hours in a cheap motel room in Bangor last year—and that you got pregnant and aborted the baby before Jeremy got wise to the game you've been playing with every sexually active guy in town—yep, things can and will get awkward between you and your boyfriend once I tell him the truth."

Jennifer laughs maniacally into the phone.

"Like I said *bitch*—tell him today or else I will."

She smiles triumphantly.

<u>Stanley Pier</u>

Shirley Moses shuts off her cell phone and looks around the deserted area. She seems in a desperate panic.

"Oh God—what should I do."

She sighs.

"I've got to find her before she tells Jeremy."

She looks at the cell phone.

"I've got to stop her."

Shirley stops suddenly and seems unable to move.

"I wish Carrie Spaulding were here right now to help me with this mess—she'd know how to handle Jennifer Parker and shut her up before she ruins my life with her vicious lies."

She sighs loudly.

"But what if she won't keep quiet?"

She looks around nervously.

Glass Owl

Lindsay Bennington slams the door to her car and heads toward the mansion. She stops and looks back nervously.

"Jason Anderson is pissed—and rightly so—oh daddy why did you have to kill Daryl Anderson and create chaos?"

"Because it's better for me if the bastard is happily rotting in a cheap casket six feet under a pile of dirt at Crestview."

Lindsay spins around.

"I didn't know you were here daddy?"

Howard laughs loudly as he proudly struts toward Lindsay from a tiny rose garden nearby. He seems in a good mood.

"Daddy, I don't think you should be acting so happy that Daryl is dead—what if—what if Jason Anderson heard?"

Howard laughs loudly.

"So what if young Anderson knows I'm not the least bit sorry his father is dead—I'd do it all over again in a heartbeat if the truth be known—Daryl Anderson was a thorn in my side for way too many years—and turning his lights off for good was the best thing I've done in years—and that's saying a lot with all the sweet deals I've secured making lots and lots of money."

Lindsay gives Howard an odd look.

"He threatened you earlier."

Howard seems annoyed at the statement.

"Anderson's kid threatened me?"

He clenches his fists.

"Why that little punk—who does he think he is—I can have him killed in two seconds flat—and it's not like I wouldn't."

Lindsay grabs her father by the arm.

"This is exactly what I'm talking about—people are talking about your behavior. You've been acting much too happy since Darryl was killed and now with his funeral—really bad."

Howard jerks free of Lindsay's grip.

"No one dares threatens me and gets away with it—young Anderson needs to be taught a lesson—a deadly lesson."

He smirks gleefully.

"Preferably with me holding a loaded gun to his head and then pulling the trigger while he begs for his miserable life."

Lindsay reacts to Howard's statement.

"His grandfather had the same attitude until he looked down the barrel of my gun and saw his error—and of course Daryl being so stupid—well—that was a good deal on my part."

He sighs loudly.

"It would be so easy to rub that teenage twerp out."

He glances at Glass Owl for a few seconds.

"They'd find his body by the side of the road somewhere with a bullet hole in his head—and not one suspect."

He grins.

"That's right Lindsay, your old man isn't the sweet and cuddly type—and now it seems I have yet another loose end to tie up before things can go back to being normal in this town."

Lindsay shakes her head.

Bentley Mansion

"I want you out of my sight this instant—or I swear I won't be responsible for what I might do—goddamn bitch."

John and Astrid look at each other for a few seconds. She glances at the house and smiles broadly as she pulls out a photo of her son—she slyly hands it to John seconds later.

"Corey's dead but you have a grandson—Corey's son."

John looks at the photo.

"You are a cold heartless slut—my precious son was just murdered and you've come here to rub it in my face?"

Astrid gestures with her hand.

"Please—spare me the pathetic waterworks about your close relationship with Corey. Who do you think you're talking to—I know the truth—the whole truth—wonderful father you're not—or did it slip your mind what you did and covered up?"

John turns to face Astrid.

"What the fuck do you want now?"

Astrid makes a dollar sign with her fingers.

"Money—what else is there that's worth anything?"

John looks back at the house.

"Never have I met someone so cold."

Astrid grabs John by the arm.

"Careful—you don't want to get on my bad side—things would become so much more uncomfortable between us."

John looks at Astrid curiously.

"Not one ounce of compassion in you."

Astrid smirks.

"I'll take that as a compliment."

She glances at the driveway.

"I'm not leaving empty-handed—either you fork over what we agreed when we last talked—or I'll tell everyone in this miserable wretched town what a slug you really are—starting with the fact you paid me to seduce Corey four years ago."

John shoots Astrid a look of shock.

"Once a whore—always a damn whore—is there nothing you won't do for money when it comes to respectable men?"

Astrid rolls her eyes.

"Tack on two million extra to our deal for that crack."

John looks at the photo in his hand again.

"I want to see him—right away."

Astrid grins.

"It'll cost you."

John wipes his brow with his hand.

"He's my grandson—I have legal rights. If I have to go to court I will—I won't be denied. I'll play dirty. But one way or the other I'll get my way. My grandson belongs with his family."

Astrid rolls her eyes again and laughs.

"You should have thought about that four years ago when you banished me to the Virgin Islands after finding out I was pregnant following my tryst with Corey that you orchestrated in an attempt to make your son a *man* and not a freak wimp."

John clenches his fist.

"I won't be denied seeing my grandson."

Astrid turns to look at the houses across the street.

"You'd risk everyone in town finding out your grandson's mother was a high-priced hooker from Boston who bedded your jailbait son because you wanted to make him a man?"

Astrid looks at her watch.

"Face it—I've got you right where I want you—if anyone were to find out the pathetic truth—you'd be destroyed—and more importantly, your entire fortune would disappear."

John sighs loudly.

"You're not getting another penny out of me."

"That'll be ten million more."

John seems confused.

"You heard me."

Astrid grins broadly.

"The price is now twelve million dollars in addition to the two million you promised originally—which I intend to collect."

John shakes his head in a blind rage.

<u>Morgue</u>

Will slowly pulls the sheet away from the body of Corey Bentley and sighs loudly as he looks at the wound. He pulls the sheet over Corey's face once more and glances over at where Genie Van Pelt's dead body is lying nearby on the next table.

"My God—such needless ends to two young lives."

He walks over and pulls the sheet away from Genie's body and looks at her for a few seconds. He sighs again.

"If only—if only I'd known this was happening."

He hears a soft knock on the door and turns around.

"Has Caroline Bentley been notified?"

Maxwell looks at him blankly from the doorway.

"She's on her way as we speak."

Will nods and pulls the sheet over Genie's body once more and walks to the door where Maxwell is standing. He shrugs.

Glass Owl

Lindsay watches her father walk toward the pavilion as she notices Susan coming toward her from the other side of the mansion. Susan seems visibly upset as she comes closer.

"Susan?"

Susan sighs loudly.

"Is everything OK—you've been so withdrawn lately?"

Susan glances back at the house.

"I have to tell you something—and it's bad."

Lindsay looks at Susan curiously.

Standish Road

Jennifer slows down as she drives along Standish Road and stops where Tiffany Johnson was killed. She smiles broadly as she steps out of the car and looks around the area.

"Bitch had it coming for sure—keeping quiet about Gina and Jarod wasn't worth her life—but these things happen."

She smirks.

"Making it look like Gina killed Tiffany certainly was icing on the cake no doubt—no one ever thought twice."

"Not quite."

Jennifer spins around to see Tiffany Johnson standing behind her. She seems annoyed as she comes closer.

"Mistakes can be costly Jennifer—especially yours."

Jennifer nervously begins to back away from Tiffany.

"*I'm back*—or did you think I wouldn't pay you another *friendly* visit to finish what we started at Stanley Pier?"

Tiffany laughs loudly as she sees Jennifer's reaction.

"Uh-huh—I'm real—deal with it."

Jennifer makes a lewd gesture with her hand.

"Be gone witch—I don't believe in ghosts."

Tiffany circles Jennifer.

"If only it was that simple Jennifer—but it's not—and you and me—we have some unfinished business to attend to."

Jennifer begins laughing.

"Are you're going to throw me off the bluff?"

Tiffany rolls her eyes knowingly.

"*Please*—give me some credit—I've got something better planned for you—something really quite unpleasant."

Jennifer laughs loudly.

"I killed you once—I can do it again."

Tiffany rolls her eyes again.

"OK—maybe you still don't get the deal—you can't kill me again Jennifer—I'm immortal now—*but*—but you're not."

Tiffany smirks.

"And accidents—they happen a lot don't they when you least expect it—the question is whether it'll hurt a lot."

At that moment a car comes into view as Jennifer turns to look around. She sees Marilyn Bingham driving toward her.

"Of all people—it had to be that skank."

Marilyn seems in shock at seeing Jennifer standing at the edge of the bluff. She appears confused. Tiffany is gone.

"I thought you were at Marshland?"

Jennifer grins broadly.

"They let me out."

Marilyn steps out of her car.

"I guess you won't mind if I check for myself Jennifer—like everyone knows what a liar you are—especially after."

"Go ahead—check all you want."

"Whatever."

Jennifer watches Marilyn closely as she pulls out her cell phone. Suddenly she grabs Marilyn. Marilyn screams.

"Let go of me this instant."

Jennifer glances at the huge boulders below.

"I think Tiffany needs some company."

Before Marilyn can free herself from Jennifer's grip she's thrown over the bluff—falling onto the rocks below. Jennifer smiles as she hears Marilyn horrified screams when she hits the rocks at the bottom of the precipice—exactly where Tiffany's car once lay. Jennifer shrugs as she looks over the edge and sees Marilyn lying face down on the jagged rocks stained with blood. She begins laughing loudly as she turns away and sees Marilyn's car a few feet away from the guardrail. The door is still open.

"Like I said—Tiffany needed a friend."

She begins laughing again.

Mall

"Anyway, I know I made a play for you—but I just thought you were—you know—not serious about your girlfriend."

Kelly sighs.

"I'm not a player."

Morgan nods.

"Hey, this town is going mad—totally nuts."

Kelly and Morgan turn to see Simon Spencer coming toward them. He has his cell phone in his right hand.

"Corey Bentley is dead."

Kelly gives Simon a weird look.

"What?"

Simon nods.

"Just heard it—the bastard finally got rubbed out—but who did it is the kicker—like a bad reality show for sure."

Kelly seems confused.

"Well, who killed Corey Bentley?"

Simon smirks.

"It was Genie Van Pelt."

Kelly leans against the counter.

"Oh man—that's rough."

Simon shakes his head in a knowing way.

"Blew that bastard away and then killed herself."

Morgan reacts in shock.

"You're acting like you're glad two people are dead?"

Simon smirks and waves his hand.

"Couldn't happen to a nicer guy—too bad about Genie though—bet she could've beaten the rap with a good lawyer."

Kelly wipes his brow with his hand.

"Does Gina know?"

Morgan seems aghast at the turn of events and looks at Kelly and Simon for a few seconds then walks away. Simon notices and turns to look at Kelly curiously with a sly grin.

"Was it something I said?"

Kelly watches as Morgan steps onto an elevator.

Shelby Park

Tyler walks aimlessly back and forth under a shade of several trees as Ben Lincoln nervously walks up to him. Ben notices Tyler's moody behavior. They look at each other.

"My sister is dead."

Tyler seems in shock.

"My sister killed Corey Bentley—then she killed herself about an hour ago—I still can't believe it. How could she?"

Ben sits down on the bench nearby.

"Are you sure?"

Tyler shakes his head and continues walking back and forth. He pauses briefly to look at Ben for a few seconds.

"This shouldn't have happened—damn Corey—damn him to hell for what he caused my sister to do—he's no good."

Ben sighs.

"Did she leave a note—something to let everyone?"

Tyler seems confused and shrugs.

"Uh-huh. I haven't seen it though—Will McColl refused to show it to me—said something about it being evidence."

He stops and looks at Ben again.

"I know she was hooking up with Corey—he's slept with everyone in town—I tried to tell her he was no good—but she wouldn't listen—told me she had no choice—and now."

He sighs loudly.

"That bastard was raping her—at least that's what McColl stated the note she left said—been hurting her for months."

Tyler sits down besides Ben.

"I don't know what I'm going to do—I don't know if I can be happy anymore—first Ross dies—and now my sister."

Ben looks at Tyler nervously.

"Suicide is not the answer Tyler—even if hope looks like an impossible dream—there's just too much to live for."

Ben looks at his watch.

"Years ago there was this brilliant comedian named **Freddie Prinze**. He had the world on a string—he was on a hit TV show called *Chico and the Man* and was on the verge of becoming a really big star when he took his own life in January 1977—he was only twenty-two but thought he had nothing to live for and ended it before he realized how much people really cared."

Tyler nods. Ben continues.

"If only he'd reached out to someone before he went through with what he did—things would have been so different than they ended up being—if only someone had known."

Tyler nods again.

Lindsay looks at Susan with a look of shock on her face as her daughter nods again. Lindsay is at a loss for words.

"This can't be real."

Susan slowly wipes a tear from her eye.

"He didn't want to use a condom—refused actually."

Lindsay seems annoyed and sighs.

"Does anyone else know?"

Susan shrugs. Lindsay reaches out to hug Susan.

"It'll be all right—I'll take you to a clinic."

Susan pulls away from Lindsay.

"I don't want to get an abortion."

Lindsay seems confused.

"I want to keep it—I want to have Lance's baby."

Lindsay shakes her head.

"You—you can't—you're only sixteen—you're not ready to be a mother—especially after what happened to Lance."

Susan shrugs.

"I don't care—I won't kill Lance's baby—especially since he's dead—it's all I have left of him now—I won't do it."

Lindsay looks at the mansion.

"How will I explain this to your grandfather—he won't be pleased—he held out so much hope for you and Hart."

"I don't care what he wants—it's my life not his—and I won't kill my baby—you can't make me go to a clinic."

"OK—OK—we'll figure this out somehow."

Lindsay seems worried.

Port Clyde

Denise Madison kisses Miles Dandridge passionately as he slowly climbs out of bed and winks slyly at her. She sighs.

"I guess Jarod's death wasn't such a big deal."

Miles blows a kiss to Denise.

"Hey, I liked the guy a lot—but he's dead—and I believe life is for the living—so why cry—these things happen."

Miles begins laughing loudly.

"I heard one of his ex's took him out."

Denise waves her hand.

"I wouldn't put too much stock in the ravings of a teenage girl who's still the main suspect as far as everyone knows."

Miles gestures with his hand.

"He had a rep when it came to chicks."

He walks over to where Denise is lying on the bed.

"Hey, Jarod played the field pretty hard—it would make sense if one of his "friends" decided to take a bold stand."

Miles laughs again.

"I warned him about his gameplay but he never listened to me—bragged that he had a way with women—didn't care."

Miles gestures with his hand as he looks at Denise.

"On the other hand I never play that way—every girl I've slept with knows I'm just in it for the moment and there's no strings attached afterwards—I'm not the faithful type—and everyone knows that without a doubt from my behavior."

Denise smiles slyly.

"How did your girlfriend at the time take it?"

Miles rolls his eyes.

"Not good—but what could she do—I am who I am."

He pulls Denise to him.

"Jarod's death is what it is—and yeah, I lost a really good roommate—but hey, I'll find another in like a week or so."

Denise watches as he grabs his Levi's and gives her a sly grin as he pulls on his jeans knowing she's looking at him.

"What about you? You gonna miss him? Are going to miss having him between your legs—miss his bad boy behavior."

Denise gives Miles a knowing look.

Boston

Calvin Whitney walks back and forth in front of four men sitting on a sofa. Juan Sabrillo and Joel Slade look at each other curiously when Calvin faces them directly. He pulls out a file from his briefcase. They smile broadly as he flips through it slowly. Calvin smirks as he sees them glancing at each other aware of what he expects from them when they return to Marble Hills.

"The time is now to avenge my brother's death."

Two other men sitting a few feet away nod also. Hugh Baldwin and Vance Hershey nod in agreement. Calvin sighs.

"We move in a few days."

He rolls his eyes.

"I expect everything to go according to plan—there are no second chances with this deal—no slip-ups whatsoever."

Hugh watches Calvin flip through the file.

"No problem."

Calvin looks at Hugh curiously.

"I'm paying you four times your usual—when I leave Marble Hills I want no witnesses left—the deaths of the entire Madison clan must be complete—a warning to my rivals."

He smiles broadly.

"None—zero—do I make myself clear?"

He looks at the four men again.

"Is that clear?"

They nod.

"Good."

He looks at the window overlooking the city.

"Howard Madison made a mistake when he had my brother killed—and for that he must pay with his life—and the lives of his family—this will be a lesson for our hated enemies throughout the country who assume they can easily best us."

Juan smirks.

"Lindsay Bennington and I have a passionate date with her bed before I take her out during our visit—just saying."

Vance grins.

"Some people never change."

Juan turns to look at Vance and grins broadly.

"Hey, for the record I have a thing for Lindsay Bennington and her luscious breasts—might as well get myself some play between the sheets before I send her to the morgue."

"Don't care what you do to her before you put a bullet in her head—as long as she's no longer alive when you leave."

Juan smirks again.

"Oh—she'll be dead—believe me—I intend to break her neck with my bare hands after we get to know each other intimately in her bedroom—wouldn't be the first time I've slept with one of my targets before—and Lindsay certainly won't be the last either. I have my orders and intend to carry them out."

Calvin shoots Juan a cautious look.

"Just make sure she's worm food after you've had your fun—I want every Madison in the morgue when we leave that godforsaken town—there are to be no survivors—none."

He clenches his fist in a rage.

"I don't want any excuses from any of you."

They nod again in unison. Calvin watches as the men walk to the door. He motions for Joel to come back into the room as he's about to leave. Juan gives Joel a suspicious glance as he leaves. Calvin closes the door and slowly turns to face Joel.

"Keep me updated on what we talked about."

Joel nods in agreement.

"No problem."

Calvin looks out the window of his office.

"With those whores out of the way nothing will interfere with our plans—vengeance will be mine—and Eldon's."

Joel grins and makes a slashing motion with his hand.

Morgue

Pierce Colby motions for Caroline Bentley to follow him into the morgue. She reluctantly makes her way past Will toward where Corey's body is covered with a bloody white sheet.

"How can something like this happen?"

"I was told the Van Pelt girl left a suicide note?"

Caroline glances around the room and sees a second body covered with a white sheet. Caroline sighs as she pulls the sheet away and sees Corey's expressionless face staring back at her.

"Oh dear God this can't be happening."

She turns away as Pierce pulls the sheet over Corey's face once more and tries to comfort her. She brushes his hand away as she turns to look back at the sheet covering Corey.

"No—it just can't be true—he had so much to live for—so much potential—it just isn't fair that he was killed by *her*."

She glances at the other sheet-covered body.

"It's all her fault—that damn bitch took my son away from me—*damn her*—damn her and her family—I hate them."

They look at each other. Caroline shrugs.

"I want them to pay."

She seems about to go over to where Genie's body is lying as Pierce grabs her arm. He pulls her away. She sighs loudly.

"Damn her."

She looks over Pierce's shoulder.

"They'll pay for what she did."

She clenches her fists.

"It's—it's not fair—not Corey—he had so much promise. He could've been somebody great—someone famous."

Pierce firmly pushes her toward the door. As he passes Will she stops. They look at each other for a few seconds.

"I'm sorry about your loss."

Caroline reacts.

"This is your fault."

She tries to push Pierce away. Caroline's anger is apparent as she glances back inside the room where Corey's body lays.

"I hope you're happy—you and this town."

Will seems confused by the remark as he watches Pierce and Caroline leave. He slowly pulls the door shut right after.

"Marble Hills is *Peyton Place* times two."

He turns to walk down the hallway.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Look at the 33rd Episode

Will and Maxwell comment on Caroline's odd behavior concerning Corey's death—Denise moves forward without Jarod—Sidney lectures Caroline on her behavior—Lindsay finds out Howard knew about Susan's pregnancy beforehand—Simon and Drew celebrate over Corey's death—Joel stalks Faye—Pierce gets an unexpected bit of bad news from a rival—John and Caroline encounter even more problems from the tragic fallout of Corey's death—Faye encounters a dangerous stranger—Susan's problems continue to escalate—Calvin enjoys a moment of triumph—Joel ignores Denise—Ben tries to help Tyler get over his grief—John seeks Howard's help with a problem—Aldo and Jennifer scheme to completely destroy Howard—Elizabeth finds herself in the wrong place at the wrong time—Eva's mother arrives in town for a visit—Joel and Denise make up for lost time—as Gary adds the finishing touches on his sly scheme.

Episode 33
Winds of Change

Police Station

Caroline Bentley turns to look at Pierce Colby as they walk toward the front door. She stops and faces Will McColl.

"If you'd done your job—none of this would've happened and my precious son would still be alive. Fuck you."

Will shakes his head and watches them leave. He turns to look at Maxwell Pendergraft a few feet away and sighs.

"Precious son my ass—from what I heard she barely knew him—no wonder he was running wild all over this town—maybe if she'd been a better mother—he'd still be alive right now."

Maxwell smirks knowingly.

"Caroline Bentley seems tightly wound if you ask me—bet you anything she's no saint—endless skeletons would fall out of her closet in a rush if someone opened the right door."

Will walks over to his desk and sits down.

"Yep, I could just imagine it now."

He shakes his head.

"People like her make me sick."

He gestures with his hand.

"Ever wonder how rich people have more problems than us poor folks—all that money and still they don't have a day they can truly admit to being happy like the rest of us slobs."

Maxwell waves his hand in the air.

"Not true—they're happy when they're counting their money—but when they think how much more they want and don't have yet—that's when they become unhappy and start down that path of total misery, scheming to find ways to get their hands on more money from shady deals. Remember the novel about Christmas by **Charles Dickens**? It was very telling about what happens when you covet money more than focusing on being personally happy—and from what I heard Dickens based it on a true story—probably about one of his snobby friends I bet."

"Wouldn't doubt it one bit—I bet he was surrounded by a bunch of fake friends just like famous celebrities are today."

Maxwell nods in agreement.

Port Clyde

Denise Madison slams the door to her car and looks at herself in the rearview mirror. She seems slightly upset.

"Definitely going to miss sweet Jarod—but it's not like I can't find myself another young stud. I wonder what Joel's up to right about now—I think it's time I give him a ring and see."

She picks up her cell phone.

Lighthouse Grill

Sidney Stuyvesant looks at Caroline curiously as she sits down at the counter. He glances at the door nervously.

"Sorry about Corey's death—but you must have known his rep with the local girls wasn't going to win him any fans."

"I know he slept around a lot—but his father."

She seems upset.

"This is all John's fault."

She clenches her fist several times.

"John is to blame for everything—if he'd never introduced that damned whore Astrid Blakely to my son *that* night."

Sidney rolls his eyes.

"That I agree with completely—what kind of father hires a sleazy prostitute to babysit his teenage son anyway?"

Caroline sighs loudly.

"And ever since that night Corey has been insatiable in his pursuit of every young woman in town—and of course there was that messy issue not long ago with that *other* situation."

Sidney gives Caroline a knowing look.

"Maybe it would have done him good to spend some time away from Marble Hills—better outcome than today."

Caroline looks at Sidney oddly.

"What? You think he'd still be alive?"

He nods.

"It's that horrible bitch's fault only—she's to blame for everything—she's lucky she's dead—or I swear I'd kill her."

Sidney shrugs.

"You know there's already gossip circulating that Corey raped Genie Van Pelt before she killed him and then herself."

Caroline reacts.

"That's a lie—that Van Pelt girl was a damn whore—slept with every guy in town and probably took money for putting out—she had the most unsavory rep—quite on the bad side."

Sidney motions for Caroline to tone down her behavior as she waves him off several times with an annoyed look.

"Why should I pretend now—my son is dead and if it hadn't been for that wretched whore he would still be alive."

Sidney rolls his eyes again.

"Not everything is what it seems to everyone Caroline."

Caroline seems confused.

"What exactly is that supposed to mean?"

Sidney shoots her a sharp look.

"Exactly what it sounds like—results don't lie."

Caroline stands up.

"Whatever—thanks for nothing."

She seems annoyed.

"I'm going to sue that damn family."

Sidney watches her as she rudely walks away without saying another word. He looks around and shakes his head.

"Sometimes truth isn't easy to face—especially when it comes to one's own children—can be quite hard actually."

He looks at the front door again.

Glass Owl

Lindsay Bennington slowly walks toward the stairs as she sees her father standing at the entrance to the library.

"What's the deal with Susan?"

Lindsay reacts.

"She's keeping the brat isn't she?"

Lindsay seems confused as she turns to face Howard Madison with a shocked look on her face. He smirks broadly.

"You knew?"

Howard nods.

"I overheard her talking to that punk about it—thought she'd gotten it taken care of like he wanted—I guess not."

Lindsay leans against the banister.

"Can this mess get any worse?"

Howard gives Lindsay a knowing look.

"Maybe there's still time to get her to change her mind about keeping the brat with a harsh dose of reality."

Lindsay shrugs.

"No—she's not getting rid of it—Susan made that quite clear—she wants to carry this baby to term—and raise it."

Howard glances at his watch.

"That damned punk left a huge mess behind—if only I'd known he was sniffing around her before it was too late."

"I guess the next step would be to inform the Weissmann family about Susan's pregnancy—they should know."

"Absolutely not—I forbid it."

Lindsay seemed confused by Howard's reaction.

Mall

"Isn't it a wonderful day?"

Kelly Nelson and Simon Spencer turn to look at Drew Brockmeyer as he comes toward them whistling a tune.

"Couldn't have happened to a nicer guy—good riddance to worthless trash—can't wait to dance a jig on his grave."

Simon smiles broadly.

"Good news spreads quickly apparently."

Drew laughs.

"I've been on cloud nine since I heard Corey was dead."

He sits down at the kiosk.

Peabody Avenue

Joel Slade smiles as he watches Faye Washington unlock her car. He notices his cell phone ringing but ignores it as he watches Faye drive away. He slowly begins to follow her.

"Boss wants her in the morgue by six o'clock today—can't disappoint if I want to continue living—it's her or me."

He laughs.

"It definitely won't be me in the morgue if I play my cards right later. She's nothing to me—an easy kill—really easy."

He makes a lewd gesture with his finger.

"I can definitely see what Sabrillo sees in her—quite a nice piece of ass—the sex must be something else too if he lost track of what he was supposed to do—but making Whitney mad isn't a smart move no matter how good the sex is—glad I'm not that foolish to let some cheap stupid whore cloud my judgment."

He watches her drive toward the outskirts of town. He grins broadly as he speeds up behind her car in pursuit.

"Bet she doesn't suspect how little time she has left to live—but everyone's got to die sooner or later—unfortunately for her it'll be sooner than later—oh well—these things happen."

He watches as she slows down for a stoplight.

"I wonder how she got hooked up with the likes of Sabrillo anyway—a rich society type and hit man for the mob?"

He smirks.

"Sabrillo must have charmed her silly."

He begins laughing.

Courthouse

Pierce is walking toward his car with a briefcase in his hand as he sees a man approaching him. He stops suddenly.

"Well, if it isn't Pierce Colby?"

Warren Manning notices Pierce's reaction.

"I'm assuming you're aware of the tragic murder-suicide deaths of both Corey Bentley and Genie Van Pelt today?"

Pierce nods again.

"I've been retained to represent the Van Pelt family and their late daughter. I thought it wise to give fair warning."

Pierce seems confused.

"Their bodies aren't even cold yet?"

Warren rolls his eyes.

"According to the coroner before Genie Van Pelt shot and killed Corey Bentley—he raped her the day before—which then led to the drastic act of killing him and herself—which now has led to her parents filing a wrongful death lawsuit against your clients. I just came from the judge's office—we're asking for sixty million dollars in damages—as well as a complete liquidation of the entire Bentley fortune as a part of a just settlement."

"You can't do that?"

Warren smirks.

"Sure I can—this is America after all—fortunes are made and lost every day—and when I'm through with your clients they won't have two nickels to rub together—that I promise."

He gestures with his hand.

"Have a nice day."

He laughs and wags his finger at Pierce.

"I intend to crucify your client's entire family."

Pierce watches Warren walk away and shakes his head as he looks at his cell phone. He sighs loudly and dials.

"If they thought their day had started out bad."

He waits as it rings several times.

Bentley Driveway

Astrid Blakely watches as John Bentley hastily writes a check and gives it to her. She smiles broadly in triumph.

"This better not bounce John—or I swear you'll wish we'd never met—and you know I can make good on my threat."

He rolls his eyes and looks at her with disgust.

"I want to see my grandson."

Astrid smirks.

"I'll think about it."

John's cell phone begins to ring nonstop. He ignores it. Astrid notices and looks at the cell phone in John's hand.

"Aren't you going to answer it?"

"No."

He notices Caroline driving up. She sees Astrid.

"You'd better leave now—you're not exactly one of her favorite people. Especially given with what just happened."

Astrid seems oblivious to John's comment and shrugs.

"Like I care what that dried up hag thinks."

John watches as Astrid rolls her eyes and gets into her car as Caroline stares angrily at them. Astrid drives away smiling as John slowly turns to face his wife. She seems visibly enraged.

"What's that goddamned slut doing here?"

"What else?"

They look at each other.

"Did you go see Corey's body?"

John gives Caroline a cautious look.

"How bad was it?"

"You don't want to know."

John notices his cell phone is ringing again.

"What the hell is Pierce's problem?"

He answers the call and looks at Caroline for a few seconds. He seems in complete shock immediately after.

"Those damned bastards—they're not going to get away with this scheme—especially after what—I'll destroy them."

John leans against Caroline's car.

"You can't be serious?"

Howard grabs Lindsay by the arm.

"Try me—there's no way in hell I'll allow *those* pathetic losers to know about Susan's pregnancy—absolutely not."

Lindsay sighs.

"But it wouldn't be right to deny."

Howard lets go of Lindsay.

"I said no—and I meant it—that worthless punk used my granddaughter like a common whore—I hate his guts."

Lindsay gestures with her hand.

"I didn't say he was blameless—but this baby is a part of Lance Weissmann too—and I think his folks have rights."

Howard grabs Lindsay again.

"What part of this conversation don't you understand?"

Lindsay jerks free of her father's grip.

"What if they find out?"

Howard seems annoyed and sighs loudly.

"They're not going to. Susan will go live at our estate in New Zealand until the so-called blessed event takes place."

Lindsay gestures with her hand.

"You can't make her move to Auckland. She doesn't know anyone there—she won't go—she'll freak out royally."

Howard glances at the stairwell.

"Who said I'd ask? It's either that or she and I will make a surprise trip to a clinic in Boston and get rid of the brat."

Lindsay grabs her father's arm.

"I won't allow you to do something like this to Susan."

Howard pulls away.

"We'll just see about that dear daughter."

Lindsay sighs again.

Police Station

Clay Blankenship closes the door behind him and turns to look at Will and Maxwell as he notices the silence echoing in the room. He stands silently for a few seconds before speaking.

"OK—OK—who died?"

Maxwell looks at the paperwork in front of him.

"Funny you should ask."

Clay walks toward where Maxwell is sitting.

"Did Gina Bentley finally confess?"

Maxwell gestures and faces Clay with a worried look.

"Gina's slug of a brother was shot and killed earlier by one of his many girlfriends—and then she took her own life."

Clay starts to laugh and then realizes it's not a joke.

"Oh man—you're serious about this."

Will stands up and walks over to where Clay is standing in front of Maxwell's desk with a shocked look on his face.

"It gets worse—according to the coroner Genie Van Pelt was raped—by none other than one *dead* Corey Bentley."

Clay rolls his eyes.

"I bet the Bentleys are blaming *her* for this mess."

"Is the earth round?"

Clay watches as Will drops more files on top of Maxwell's desk. Clay seems confused as Maxwell grabs the files while Will looks at the front door for a few seconds. He shrugs.

"It appears the Van Pelt family already got themselves a lawyer from Boston—they're going to sue John Bentley for everything he has due to the fact his son viciously raped their daughter and then drove her to kill him and then herself."

Clay gestures with his hand and begins to laugh as Will and Maxwell look at him curiously. He shakes his head.

"Seems like someone ripped a script from that old series *Emerald Point NAS* that aired on CBS back in the 1980s?"

Will gives Maxwell a knowing look and sighs loudly.

"I wasn't aware the Van Pelts had money? I thought they were paupers—just trying to get by paycheck to paycheck."

Maxwell seems confused.

"I was thinking the same thing."

Maxwell turns around to look at his computer.

Standish Road

Faye picks up her cell phone and begins dialing as she speeds along Standish Road. As she spins the curve her brakes give way. She drops the cell phone and panics as she tries to slow her car down at the last minute. She notices another car behind her seemingly following. She tries to stop her car again and screams as the brakes completely give way and stops working. As her car spins round another curve it smashes unto a pile of jagged rocks at the edge of the road with a loud thud. She screams.

"Oh God no—I can't die like this—*oh please*."

She looks around as her car comes to a full stop. She sighs and turns to see a man getting out of his car. She notices his distinct cowboy motif of a leather jacket, plaid checkered shirt, Levi's and cowboy hat. She smiles at him as she tries to push the door of her car open. He comes closer and grins as he pulls out a handgun from the pocket of his jacket and cocks it gleefully. He looks at Faye curiously and begins twirling it in his hands.

"Too bad you didn't go over the bluff."

Faye looks at Joel oddly.

"What? What are you talking about?"

Joel grins slyly.

"Hopefully you made your peace with God."

Before she can answer him he fires. Two bullets hit her directly in the temple. She screams once and then falls against the half-open door. Joel smirks and casually walks back to his car and slowly drives away without looking back at the bloody scene he caused. Seconds later Faye's bloody hand goes limp.

"You told? Why would you do a thing like that?"

Susan Bennington looks at Lindsay with a scowl as her mother closes the door to Susan's room behind her.

"I had to—he would've found out anyway—*this* is a small town—but it didn't matter anyway—he already knew."

Susan seems confused.

"Your grandfather already knew about what happened between you and Lance—and he knew about the baby."

"I didn't tell him."

Lindsay walks over to where Susan is sitting.

"This house has ears."

Susan looks out the window.

"He wants me to get rid of Lance's child—doesn't he?"

Lindsay nods.

"Well, I won't. I won't kill Lance's baby."

Susan looks out the window again.

"I want to go back to Philly. This crummy place gives me the creeps anyway—like seriously—especially now—today."

Susan sits down on the edge of her bed.

"It's either that or I'll run away—or I'll kill myself."

Lindsay reacts.

"Grandpa is weird—please can we just go back to Philly before he forces me—I could live with daddy and Chandra?"

Lindsay seems upset at the statement.

Boston

Calvin Whitney listens to the news about Faye's tragic end at the hands of one of his men. He dances a jig and grins.

"I knew you wouldn't fail me—one whore down and one to go—good work—when you check your account later you'll see an extra million dollars—that's my way of saying thank you for a job done well—and yeah, Juan will be upset but he'll get over it quickly—the bitch was just a damn joyride for God's sake."

He smirks broadly.

"Uh-huh—love getting good news."

He shuts off his cell phone and laughs.

"As if anyone in that town will really care if that bitch has two bullets in her empty skull courtesy of one of my guys?"

He begins laughing loudly.

Parking Lot

Joel grins broadly as he casually shuts off his cell phone. He shakes his head and starts the engine of his car.

"Bet Juan will never piece it together that Whitney had both of his whores killed. Better yet he'll never assume one of his own took them out. Idiot thinks with his dick—stupid fool."

His cell phone rings again.

"That damn slut is really trying my last nerve today."

He sees Denise's number flashing and sighs. He ignores it and drives out of the parking lot cursing under his breath.

Shelby Park

"Are you sure you're going to be OK?"

Ben Lincoln looks at Tyler Van Pelt nervously as he walks toward his car. Tyler stops and faces Ben—he sighs.

"Yeah—I know it'll be tough—especially if my parents plan to go ahead with their wrongful death lawsuit against the Bentleys for what happened between Corey and Genie."

"I'm not sure that's the best road to take—from what I've heard of the Bentleys they won't take a lawsuit lying down."

Tyler shrugs.

"I bet they'll get old man Madison to fund it."

Ben sighs loudly.

"I bet that heartless jerk probably offered to pay just because he's that kind of guy. It would serve him right if someone took a pop at him—it's not like anyone would care if he got iced mysteriously one day while driving back to his mansion."

Tyler looks at Ben curiously.

"I never heard you speak like that before."

Ben shrugs.

"I don't like Howard Madison. I hate him actually. The man is a wretched toad. He destroys everything he touches."

Ben clenches his fist.

"He's ruined plenty of lives—mine included."

"I thought you were from Castle Beach?"

Ben waves his hand in the air.

"That man's damage extends far beyond Marble Hills."

Tyler reacts to the statement.

"Do tell."

Ben shakes his head.

"It's a story for another time."

Tyler seems upset.

Glass Owl

"What—*are you serious*—that jackass Van Pelt is actually suing you after what his slut of a daughter did to your boy?"

John nods as Howard comes toward him from behind his desk. They look at each other. Howard seems enraged.

"I think it's time for a meeting of the minds—no way can we let Milton Van Pelt get away with this heinous crime."

John nods again.

"I was hoping you'd say—I really need help."

Howard grins broadly.

"The key is his pesky lawyer."

John sighs loudly.

"Pierce Colby said Manning didn't seem like the type to be intimidated—flatly said we were in serious trouble."

Howard grabs his cell phone.

"This lawyer prick is the one in serious trouble—no one fucks with my friends—it's time for me to play dirty."

John seems pleased.

"What do you have in mind?"

Howard snaps his fingers.

"Seems Aldo Morelli has been looking—oh wait—that asshole has been busy sticking my bitchy bastard daughter."

John watches as he begins dialing again.

"Milo Wolcott—oh yeah—he's been itching to break a few bones—even kill someone for me—yeah, he'll do nicely."

John watches as Howard walks over to the window and looks out for a few seconds as if he's looking for someone.

"Milo—got a sweet job for you—lots of force."

Howard nods several times.

Parking Lot

Sabrina Keller glances back briefly at the entrance to the funeral home. She sighs and slowly heads toward her car.

"Perfect—she's alone."

Joel steps out of his car and strolls over to where Sabrina is standing outside her car nervously fumbling for the keys.

"Excuse me?"

Sabrina looks up and notices Joel standing a few feet away—clad in cowboy-looking clothing. She rolls her eyes.

"Aren't you a long way from Texas?"

Joel smirks.

"Yeah—like real funny you dumbass bitch."

He suddenly grabs her by the neck. He laughs loudly as he twists her head backwards and watches as her face contorts in fright. She screams as he forces her neck into an odd angle.

"Seems you've been purposely distracting a certain guy from performing his duties—and that's not a good thing."

Joel forces Sabrina's neck backwards further.

"I heard your little brother just met his maker—seems to me he needs company right about now—so how about it?"

He laughs as he snaps her neck with ease. He grins as she falls limply against him. He pushes her against her car and watches as her body falls backwards on the pavement.

"Job completed."

He pulls out his cell phone and casually begins dialing as he walks away leaving Sabrina lying on the pavement several feet away—her blank eyes wide open but seeing nothing. Less than a minute later he slowly drives out of the deserted parking lot.

Portland

Aldo Morelli laughs as he blows another load. He looks at Jennifer Parker pinned underneath his body. She grins slyly.

"I'm on the pill—no worries."

Aldo smirks.

"Bet you anything Howard Madison is royally quite pissed at me for fucking his daughter—enough to order a hit."

Jennifer laughs.

"*Like please*—he's my father in name only—I don't owe that freak anything at all—*but he*—he owes me plenty."

Jennifer pushes Aldo off her.

"Daddy dearest will do what I want if he knows what's good for him—got that fucking creep right where I want him."

Aldo gestures with his hand.

"Madison is really dangerous Jennifer—he won't play fair—he's not someone you want to have as an enemy."

Jennifer rolls her eyes.

"Got an ace up my sleeve Aldo—and it's quite a doozy."

Aldo seems confused by the comment.

St. Louis

Mike Wycliffe checks his ticket again as he walks toward the attendant collecting tickets at a plain-looking podium a few feet away. He hands over his ticket and smiles. He glances at his watch and continues down the hallway to the plane.

"Thought I'd never step foot in Maine again—especially after what happened—with—oh well—like who remembers Peter Winthrop anyways? Fool has been dead for endless years."

He smirks gleefully.

Boardinghouse

Joel grins as he closes the door behind him and looks at his cell phone as it starts to ring endlessly. He seems happy.

"Yep—it's done."

He smirks.

"Uh-huh—Sabrina Keller is DOA."

He shuts off the cell phone.

"I think I'll give Denise Madison a call now."

He looks at his cell phone again.

Police Station

"I see—oh man—this is getting to be a routine."

Will sighs as he turns to face Clay.

"We'll be right there."

Clay reacts and looks at Will nervously.

"Oh-oh—what happened?"

Will stands up and heads to the door.

"Sabrina Keller is dead."

Clay seems shocked at the news as he stands up and follows Will out the door without saying another word.

Standish Road

Elizabeth Pendleton looks around nervously and then begins walking toward the car parked nearby. As she gets closer she notices a hand propped up against the steering wheel and begins screaming as she sees Faye's bloody corpse staring back at her. She backs away from the scene and begins throwing up.

Parking Lot

Will and Clay look at each other as they watch a coroner's van pull up. They both seem in shock at the grisly scene.

"She just lost her brother."

"Think what happened to Jarod Keller is related?"

"I don't know."

His cell phone begins to ring.

"Why is the Pendleton girl calling?"

Will sighs loudly and holds up his cell phone for Clay to see. They look at each other—and shake their heads in shock.

"Elizabeth Pendleton is one unlucky girl."

Clay looks at Will curiously.

"We better get out there really fast—before something else horrific happens in this town—if it hasn't already."

Will shuts his cell phone off.

"I just had a thought of which I hope I'm wrong."

Clay rolls his eyes.

"I think I know what you're thinking."

Will and Clay looks at the coroner's van as it drives away.

"Elizabeth Pendleton—is it possible she?"

Maxwell nods.

"Stranger things have happened in true crime cases."

Will and Clay exchange looks.

Standish Road

Elizabeth slowly wanders toward the guardrail a few yards away. She continues looking toward where Faye's car is parked and seems like she's about to throw up again. She looks around and nervously checks her watch again. She seems confused.

"Where are they?"

She glances at her watch and looks at the guardrail. She glances around nervously as she remembers. She sighs.

"This is where Tiffany died."

Elizabeth notices scuff marks on the ground and her eyes trails off the bluff. She looks over and sees Marilyn Bingham lying at the bottom of the bluff sprawled face down on the rocks. She slowly backs away from the edge and then notices Marilyn's car hidden among some thick shrubs just off the main road.

Portland

Aldo watches as Jennifer dresses. He smiles broadly as she slowly slides her fingers seductively between her legs.

"I want a piece of that again for sure."

Jennifer gives Aldo a cautious look and grins broadly.

"As long as you do what I say."

Aldo nods.

"I'm your willing servant."

He sighs.

"But what exactly are you up to?"

Jennifer smirks.

"I'm just paying my dear old dad back for being such a wonderful father to yours truly—with a bonus of course."

Aldo rolls his eyes and seems confused as he reaches out to grab her. They kiss passionately for a few seconds.

"So, this vendetta against Madison is just because he didn't justly acknowledge you as his daughter publicly?"

Jennifer begins combing her hair.

"Not entirely."

Aldo kisses Jennifer again.

"Do tell."

Jennifer glances at the door.

"I have something on him that no one else in Marble Hills knows about—something he did long ago—really bad."

"Mind telling me what?"

Jennifer laughs.

"Good try **Agatha Christie**—but no way—my dear old dad and I still have a few loose ends to tie up before I end him."

Aldo pulls Jennifer to him again but she resists. He seems confused by her behavior. He reaches out to hold her again.

"This is how you treat your guy?"

Jennifer kisses Aldo.

"Do you have a problem with how I play?"

They kiss again. He shrugs.

"Think your old man will make good on his threat to put a bullet in my head the first chance he gets for what I did?"

Jennifer kisses Aldo passionately.

"What do you think?"

Aldo sighs loudly.

"I'm thinking I should skip the country."

Jennifer rolls her eyes.

"Shameless coward you are without a doubt."

Aldo makes a gesture with his hand.

"Coward my ass—your father is a freak show—and a sick one at that—have you forgotten what he did to Eldon Whitney not long ago? He'll have me in a shallow grave somewhere in the middle of the woods up north—wouldn't be the first time he took out someone who wronged him—been there and done that."

Jennifer shakes her head.

"Give me a break—my dad is not invincible."

Aldo wipes his brow.

"Face it—I'm a marked man."

Jennifer seems annoyed.

Maple Avenue

Eva Harper is about to shut the door to her car just as she hears footsteps coming toward her. She turns around.

"*Mother*—what are you doing here?"

Michelle Riley smiles broadly.

"I told you I'd show up when you least expected."

Michelle watches Eva's reaction.

"Don't I get a hug?"

Eva hugs Michelle warmly.

"I thought you were enjoying globe-trotting? Last time we spoke you said you were having a great time visiting friends."

Michelle rolls her eyes.

"I was—but hanging out with **Prince Harry** and **Meghan Markle** got boring after a month—so I thought I'd come back to the States and see my only daughter—and her hunky guy."

"I wish you wouldn't refer to him as a hunky guy—he gets so embarrassed when you compliment him on his body."

Michelle waves her hand.

"It can't be helped—he's quite the looker."

Eva seems annoyed.

"I thought we talked about this subject already?"

Michelle grins.

"You did—but I wasn't listening."

Eva sighs.

"Did you just arrive in town from the airport?"

Michelle smirks.

"Got here about an hour or so already—why do you ask?"

Eva sighs loudly.

"You could've called."

Michelle reaches out to hug Eva again.

"I don't want to intrude."

Eva shrugs.

"Clay will be over the moon when he finds out you're here in town—as a matter of fact this morning he asked when you would be coming back to the States—he was really excited."

Michelle smiles broadly.

"Love traveling but my family is more important. Besides it's not the same since **Princess Diana** passed away. We were such close friends—losing her was a shock—so terrible."

Michelle wipes a tear from her eye.

"She would've loved being a grandmother."

Eva nods and hugs her mother again.

Boardinghouse

Joel laughs as passionate moans carelessly escape from Denise's mouth as their intense lovemaking continues to make the bed squeak continuously beneath their writhing bodies.

"Sorry about earlier—had stuff to attend to."

Denise pretends to slap Joel.

"Hope she was worth it."

Joel smirks.

"What makes you think I was bedding some hot babe earlier? I'm a married man after all? I respect my vows."

Denise rolls her eyes and seductively runs her fingers slowly through his hair as he kisses her again several times.

"What's her name?"

Joel laughs.

"I'll never tell."

Denise pulls Joel toward her.

"You're lucky you're so skilled at what you do—which is why I'm willing to overlook your rude behavior earlier today."

Joel grins broadly.

Standish Road

Will watches as Clay looks over the bluff and turns back to face him. He sighs loudly as he glances at Elizabeth.

"Someone is down there all right."

Elizabeth wipes tears from her eyes as Clay reaches out to comfort her. At that moment a car pulls up and a woman runs toward where they are standing. Clay raises his hand.

"This is a crime scene."

Carmen Pendleton waves him off immediately.

"I'm her aunt."

Will and Clay watches as Elizabeth and Carmen hug and look at each other for a few seconds. Elizabeth shrugs.

"They're dead—killed."

Carmen looks over at Will and Clay. She notices the look of shock on their faces. She turns to look at her car.

"Can I take my niece away from this place—as you can see she's really shook up over what has happened out here."

They nod in agreement.

"I guess we're done for now—but I assume you're aware she can't leave town—especially not after today's events."

Carmen nods.

"I understand—thank you."

Clay watches as Carmen leads a distraught Elizabeth toward her car a few feet away. He seems bothered and sighs.

"I don't think she had anything to do with it."

Will rolls his eyes as he looks at Clay curiously.

"Is that so—why is that?"

Clay watches Elizabeth get into Carmen's car. Seconds later they drive away. He seems upset as he faces Will again.

"No freak of nature that kills people—in this case the serial murderer in Marble Hills would be that upset after the fact."

Will wags his finger at Clay.

"You're still wet behind the ears so I'll let your failure to be able to judge people accurately slip by this one time."

Clay reaches out to shove Will.

"If she's the killer—I'll lick your shoes until they shine."

Will looks at his mud covered sneakers and smirks.

"It's your tongue—come to think of it my sneaks are quite dirty—and could use a good cleaning right about now."

Clay glances at the guardrail.

"That girl is no killer—I'll bet on it—much too much pain in her eyes for her to be a cold-blooded serial murderer."

They watch as Marilyn's body is loaded into the back of a coroner's van. They look over at where Faye's car is still parked and watch as several men in black coats go over the scene with brushes looking for existing fingerprints. They both sigh.

"If she didn't kill these two—then who did the deed?"

Clay seems confused.

"Not sure—but from what I gathered earlier they didn't know each other—and how these murders connects to Sabrina Keller is certainly the question of the day—quite mysterious."

Clay suddenly seems to remember something.

"*Wait*—I think I've seen them—Faye Washington—and Sabrina Keller together in town—can't remember where."

Will watches as Faye's car is loaded onto a tow truck.

"I think we may finally have a crack in the case."

Will faces Clay with a curious look.

Farmington Villa

Juan Sabrillo angrily slams his cell phone down on a coffee table nearby and looks at it for a few seconds. He sighs.

"Where are they? What are they up to?"

He sighs and looks down at his erection swelling under his Levi's. He smirks as it continues to swell uncontrollably.

"How dare they keep my dick waiting while they figure out their strategy of dealing with me? Damn them—I'm done."

He looks at the phone again.

"Enough is enough—time to find someone else."

He sighs again and grabs the cell phone from the coffee table and heads for the door—slamming it behind him.

Tolling Bell Inn

Gary Glick looks at the printout in front of him and smiles broadly as he shrugs. He looks at the computer again.

"Thanks Silas."

On the screen is Silas Bell looking back at Gary with a sly grin on his face as he leans back in his chair and relaxes.

"No problem mate—anything for my brother-in-law."

Gary grins slyly and sighs loudly.

"How is your sister anyway?"

Silas smirks.

"Still in a mood I guess—never could understand why she was so mad at you when she found you with that hooker."

Gary laughs.

"Uh-huh—tell me about it."

Silas taps the screen.

"So, when are you coming back to Sydney?"

Gary shrugs.

"In a week or so—got a few more things to wrap up here and then I'm headed back your way—richer than God."

Silas shoots Gary a knowing look.

"How's the plan going with your stupid brother?"

Gary makes a gesture of slashing his neck.

"He knows the deal and won't dare back out now."

Silas nods again.

"Lot of money at stake—sure you can count on him? He's not exactly good with following through with anything."

Gary shakes his head.

"He's playing the game—he knows if he fucks up I'll kill him—knows I'm not joking this time either—done deal."

Silas shakes his fist.

"Good—your little brother has always been a crybaby."

Gary looks at the printout again.

"Wish you were my brother instead."

He smirks.

"Speaking of siblings—how's Serena doing?"

Silas laughs.

"Still at Lockerton—don't worry about it mate—she's not getting out—at least not until you give the OK for her release pending a hearing on whether or not she's a dangerous certifiable loon—which you made damn sure was her ultimate fate."

Gary grins broadly.

Boardinghouse

Julia Winthrop is about to close one of the doors to a room in her boardinghouse when she notices Denise and Joel kissing passionately in the doorway of his room. She watches them for a few seconds in disgust and is about to walk away when Denise stops and notices Julia staring at her oddly. She turns away.

"*Damn*."

Joel looks at Denise curiously.

"What's wrong?"

Denise looks over at Julia. They share a glance as Julia walks away with a scowl on her face. Denise sighs loudly.

"Of all people I try to avoid."

"So what—big deal—we were just doing what couples do together in hotel rooms—fuck endlessly like teenagers."

Denise watches as Julia walks by her without saying a word. Joel pulls Denise toward him and kisses her again.

"Want me to rub her out?"

Denise looks at Joel curiously for a second.

"Real funny comment—like get real with such talk."

Joel wags his finger.

"I'm serious—just say the word."

Denise shrugs.

"She's a problem no doubt."

Denise looks at the stairwell again.

"If she tells Kyle I'm done."

Joel smirks.

"Your dolt of a husband should be thanking me that my dick is servicing your needs since he's obviously slacked off in doing his duty—but lucky for me—and you—I've got plenty of experience with married women—and their sexual needs."

Denise laughs.

"I'll just bet."

"Let her blab to the dolt—he'll just tell her to mind her own damn business and to stop spreading tacky lies."

Denise smiles broadly.

"You're probably right—Kyle is much too preoccupied with his new son anyway to care what I do nowadays."

Joel nods as he passionately kisses Denise once more.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Look at the 34th Episode

Silas and Gary scheme to make their plans for Kyle a unpleasant reality—Denise tries to play Julia—Bruce heads back to Los Angeles—Matt and Carter enjoy a moment—Will and Clay try to figure out how to handle investigating Faye's murder—Wesley and Alden talk about their next move—Denise and Juan enjoy a hook-up—Wesley confronts Howard—Lane catches Carter with Damon in a compromising position—Kyle brings Patrick to Glass Owl—Silas has a nasty surprise at Lockerton—Amanda says goodbye to Marble Hills—Wesley uncovers information that could change events—a mysterious young man heads to Marble Hills from Australia—Alden receives disturbing news about Faye—Hart isn't sympathetic to Diana—Howard schemes to destroy John—as Robert and Denise continue playing with fire.

Episode 34
Mortal Fear

Sydney

Silas Bell grins as he holds up release papers for Gary's sister in his hands. Gary Glick laughs loudly with glee.

"Sweet—making it look like dear old sis is a terrible danger to society was the best move we've made yet on this matter."

Silas makes a lewd gesture with his finger.

"There was no other option in the game—we had to make sure Serena was out of the way before your plan could go."

Gary rolls his eyes.

"Any word on Patrick yet?"

Silas laughs.

"If you mean did your dear nephew make it out of the bush yet—no—he's dead by all counts—took him to Perth—and then to the Outback—left him near Ayers Rock—emptied his backpack before I took off—if thirst didn't get him first then the damn dingoes did. Bastard is finished whichever way—dead."

Gary jumps up and down and does a quick dance.

"Goddamn nephew was a thorn in my side."

He slams his fist on the desk.

"Imagine him not wanting to help himself to a piece of his grandfather's fortune after all the trouble I went through to plan this game out. If I hadn't forced Malcolm into pretending to be Patrick—our work would've been for nothing. And if Malcolm screws up pretending to be Patrick—he knows I'll kill him."

Silas grins broadly.

"Love the fact Malcolm doesn't know you're planning to kill him anyway once you get your hands on his money."

Gary makes a lewd gesture with his finger.

"I'm counting down the hours until I can put a bullet in his heart—catch a taxi to Boston—and head back to Sydney."

Silas looks around the room.

"What's the deal on your sister after you get back?"

Gary pulls out a gun from his desk.

"She'll have an unfortunate accident at Lockerton when I visit her next month—she'll grab my gun and as I try desperately to stop her—she takes her own life—oops, suicide drama."

Silas mockingly rolls his eyes.

"Things happen."

They begin laughing.

<u>Boardinghouse</u>

Denise Madison grimaces as she reaches the front door of the boardinghouse and notices Julia Winthrop standing in the parking lot. She walks over to her. They look at each other.

"Are you going to tell Kyle?"

Denise watches for a reaction from Julia.

"Well, are you?"

Julia turns away.

"I have to think about it."

Denise reacts.

"*You bitch*—this is my life you're playing with."

"Maybe you should have thought about that before you decided to rob the cradle with one of your son's friends."

"How dare you speak to me like that?"

Denise angrily turns around and heads toward her car in a rage. Julia smiles broadly as she watches Denise drive away.

Boston

Bruce Mansfield checks the ticket in his hand again as he sighs loudly. He rolls his eyes several times in frustration.

"Yes—yes—exactly—Washington is going to return to Los Angeles next month. He's really stoked about the deal."

Bruce sighs again.

"Of course I had to promise him some control over the storyline for the next year—how else could I get him to agree to come back after how badly things went down last time?"

Bruce looks at the ticket again.

"Uh-huh—it'll be OK—Washington is a mellow dude—he won't throw tantrums on the set like some we know."

Bruce smirks.

"*Exactly*—he's no **Robert Kelker-Kelly**."

He gestures with his hand.

"I'll be back in Los Angeles within the next four hours."

He nods several times.

"Uh-huh—and plan on the fact we're going to talk about the extra money I'm getting for paying a visit to dullsville."

He shuts off his cell phone.

Brewster Condo

Matt Brewster pulls Carter Boone toward him and grins broadly as he slyly eyes Carter's naked body. They kiss.

"Lane will be upset—upset if he knew."

Matt rolls his eyes and smirks.

"He'll get over it—you're a young guy—you want to fool around—he just needs to face reality. He doesn't own you."

Carter nods in agreement.

"I just feel bad about using him."

He pulls away from Matt and sighs loudly.

"I promised to marry him not long ago. But he and I are just so different—and you and I—we've had so much fun in the last few days. He just doesn't understand that I want more."

Matt wags his finger at Carter.

"You want to live—to be with a lot more guys before you settle down for good with someone boring like him."

Carter nods again.

"I like him—but he'd old enough to be my dad—there's just no spark with him in bed—and I need lots of sparks."

Matt licks his lips seductively.

"Just tell him you want to remain good friends but it's time you tried something new—break it to him gently."

Carter shakes his head.

"He'll be crushed—probably be destroyed."

Matt leans back in bed.

"So what—he just needs to get a life."

Matt looks at Carter's exposed penis and grins broadly.

"I'm in the mood for rough play."

Carter looks at his erect penis and laughs.

"You're incorrigible."

Matt grins.

Police Station

"I think it's possible that Faye Washington's ex might be involved with her suspicious murder earlier today."

Will McColl looks at Clay Blankenship.

"There are no ties to the ex."

Clay sighs loudly.

"From what people said they were having issues—maybe her ex decided to take her out of the picture for good?"

Clay leans back in his chair.

"Think we should bring him in for questioning?"

Will glances at the front door briefly.

"Let's play this by ear for a few hours beforehand."

Clay nods and gestures with his hand.

"Maybe he just had enough and snapped. I heard she was quite a drama queen. A man can easily tire of such behavior."

They look each other.

Pete's Cafe

Wesley Madison shuts off his cell phone as he sees Alden Washington walking toward him from the adjacent parking lot.

"Sorry about your friend's death."

Wesley shrugs.

"Corey just didn't know when to stop playing games with people—but I would never have guessed Genie's deal."

They enter the diner.

"Things are never what they seem in reality."

"Uh-huh."

Alden sits down across from Wesley.

"What's the deal with your grandpa—did the old man give up any secrets yet about his long-lost nutjob cousin?"

Wesley rolls his eyes.

"Nope—but there's something going on no doubt—he and dad are on the outs yet again—but I'm not sure why."

Alden sighs.

"You'd think by now Kyle would wise up to reality."

Wesley shrugs again.

"Think I should talk to him?"

Alden seems confused.

"Don't know what good it would do—your dad still thinks I killed your aunt all those years ago—won't listen to reality."

Wesley shrugs.

"What if we had proof?"

Wesley's cell phone begins to ring.

"Speaking of which—he's calling right now."

He glances at his cell phone and suddenly shuts it off.

"He's probably pissed about something again."

He shakes his head.

"Something he thinks I did."

Wesley notices Julia as she enters the diner. She glances at Wesley curiously and gives Alden a knowing look and then heads toward the front counter. Wesley playfully jabs Alden.

"Oh-oh—what did you do."

Alden shrugs.

"I'll call you later."

Wesley watches as Alden stands up.

Maple Avenue

Juan Sabrillo slams the door to his car and begins walking down the sidewalk. He clumsily bumps into Denise as she turns the corner in a rush. Juan seems annoyed and glares at her.

"Get out of my way *bitch*."

"I could say the same for you."

Denise notices Juan's erection straining against his Levi's and smiles broadly. Her stare is noticeable. Juan grins slyly.

"See something you like?"

"It depends—married—gay—single?"

"Single—straight—definitely."

Denise edges closer to Juan.

"I don't do this very often—but I think."

"I'll just bet."

Juan pulls Denise to him. He kisses her passionately.

"How about you and I find a room?"

He laughs again as he kisses her once more.

"Get to really know each other better in a hotel room."

Denise nods in agreement and sighs.

Red Barn Gym

Amanda Spencer watches as Damon Mayo seems to be looking for someone. She watches as he walks back and forth at the entrance. She comes from around the front counter and walks over to where he's standing. She looks at him oddly.

"Is something wrong?"

Damon nods.

"A client is late that's all."

Amanda slides her arms around Damon's waist.

"Maybe they got stuck somewhere—don't sweat it—it'll be OK—relax—don't panic at the thought of a lost sale."

Damon turns around.

"I guess."

Amanda watches as he pulls away from her and heads to the sauna without saying another word. She sighs.

Pete's Cafe

Julia turns to face Alden as he closes the door behind him in the storeroom. He notices that she seems very upset.

"What's wrong—what happened?"

Julia shakes her head.

"I just saw something at the boardinghouse."

Alden walks toward Julia.

"It couldn't be that bad—could it?"

Julia turns away.

"Kyle has never been one of my favorite people from since I moved to Marble Hills—but he—even he doesn't—it's bad."

Alden puts his arms around Julia.

"What did Kyle do?"

Julia shrugs.

"Denise."

"What about Denise?"

Julia pulls away from Alden.

"She—she and—no shame at all—so disgusting."

Alden leans against the counter nearby.

"Oh-oh—if I was a betting man I'd have to say that you accidentally saw something earlier you shouldn't have?"

"I'd say."

Julia sighs loudly.

"I saw Denise at the boardinghouse with one of my new tenants—a man who could be her son—I couldn't believe it."

Alden runs his fingers through his hair.

"Denise and a younger guy—I should be surprised—but given what happened between us in high school I'm not."

Julia faces Alden.

"You and Denise Madison had a thing?"

Alden nods.

"I was one of many—lasted about four months—and then she scooped up Steve Pendleton briefly—and then Daryl."

Julia seems upset.

"When did Kyle?"

"She threw Daryl over for Cliff Pendleton—he was Steve's older brother—killed in a boating accident in Florida from what I heard—then she and I hooked up again at the senior prom in a moment of weakness and a week later it was Kyle's turn—and then came Wesley—got pregnant and Kyle married her."

"I'm assuming you're hinting at the fact Denise hasn't been the dutiful wife? Been around the block quite a bit?"

Alden runs his fingers through his hair.

"You said it I didn't."

They look at each other.

"I don't know about her behavior of recent since I've been away for almost two decades—but knowing Denise Barlow the way I did back in high school and how she went through men."

Julia looks at the door again.

"I think Kyle needs to know about his wife."

Alden shoots Julia a nervous look.

Farmington Villa

Juan pushes Denise down on the kitchen table and begins unzipping his jeans in a rush as he continues to kiss her.

"I like it rough in case you were wondering."

He laughs.

"I'm not the boy next door."

Denise strokes Juan's cheek tenderly.

"Shut up and fuck me."

Juan kisses Denise passionately as he slides his hand between her legs. She begins moaning loudly as his fingers aggressively probe the entrance of her vagina. He smirks.

"My fingers have a mind of their own."

Denise rolls her eyes.

"I bet you use that line on all your conquests."

Juan laughs loudly.

"Only the ones I don't respect."

Denise looks up at Juan.

"Good to know."

Juan laughs loudly again as he penetrates Denise.

"I've had a hard day."

Denise nods. Juan slams her again.

"Did I tell you I got stood up by two whores? I've never been insulted like this before. No one stands me up."

Juan rams Denise even harder as she seems startled by his aggressive behavior. He slams her yet again. She sighs.

"I told you I wasn't a choir boy."

He rams her again.

"I missed out on some sweet action earlier so I'm making up for lost time. My dick has been insulted enough today."

He grins broadly.

Red Barn Gym

Amanda watches as Damon leads Carter toward the sauna. She notices his changed demeanor and sighs.

Glass Owl

Wesley stands at the door before opening it. He enters and sighs loudly—silence permeates the room. He shrugs.

"I think it's time I find where all the skeletons are buried."

He makes his way toward the library.

"Got to find whether Blake Madison is dead or not?"

He opens the door to the library cautiously.

"If Alden didn't kill my aunt—then who did—could it be the killer is someone in my family—could it be Blake?"

He slips inside quickly and shuts the door behind him.

"Thinking of doing something sneaky?"

Wesley turns around with a startled look on his face to see Howard Madison a few feet away looking at him curiously.

"No. What gave you such an idea?"

They exchange looks.

"Just came to look for a book to read."

Howard rolls his eyes.

"Is that so? You and I both know you're not the reading type by any means—or did you suddenly grow a brain in that empty head of yours? What are you really doing here? Tell me."

Wesley gives Howard a dirty look.

"I could ask you the same thing grandpa—last time I saw you reading a book was like over ten plus years ago."

Howard looks at Wesley curiously.

"Oh no—my weak-willed grandson has finally found his spine—too bad he's a total idiot and doesn't know better."

Wesley walks toward Howard.

"Oh, I know all sorts of things grandpa—for instance—you think you're in control—question is—are you really?"

Howard looks at Wesley curiously.

"Spit it out boy—what are you up to?"

Wesley laughs.

"How about you just think about that for a while?"

Wesley turns to leave. He stops suddenly.

"In fact—how about you start wondering what I know and what I don't grandpa—there's just so much dirt someone can find out on the Internet—nothing is really a secret anymore."

Wesley smirks slyly.

"It would be a shame if what I know became public knowledge—uh-huh—it would be terrible shame if certain files were released and everybody suddenly had access to them."

Howard recoils at Wesley's odd statement.

"Tell me what you know—or I swear I'll finish you."

Wesley smirks and opens the door. As he leaves Howard turns to face the room again. He seems enraged.

"Maybe it's time I seriously begin thinking about making funeral arrangements for my futureless grandson."

He smiles slyly and turns around.

Farmington Villa

Juan scratches his chest as Denise pulls on her skirt. He smirks as she glances at him. She rolls her eyes in contempt.

"I'm not some cheap whore for hire."

Juan smirks.

"Keep telling yourself that."

Denise points at Juan.

"You're the rudest man I've ever met."

Juan laughs.

"I'll just bet—but we both know you've known a lot of men in your lifetime—and bedded plenty as well no doubt."

Denise seems irritated at the comment.

"I'm a lady—show some respect."

Juan laughs loudly.

"Yeah, right—you've been around. A guy can tell when he fucks a woman if she's experienced—and you and I both know you're very experienced when it comes to satisfying men."

Denise walks over to Juan.

"No wonder you're not married—who'd want someone like you as a husband—someone so crass and uncouth?"

Juan jumps out of bed as Denise notices his erection sticking out in front of him. He grabs her by the arm.

"It's funny how you didn't think I was uncouth an hour ago when I was plowing you like the cheap whore you are."

Denise turns away.

"I thought you were different."

Juan rolls his eyes.

"Yeah right—you just wanted my big, stiff dick inside you to quell your insatiable needs—like admit it already."

Denise looks at the door.

"I never want to see you again."

Juan grabs Denise and kisses her passionately.

"Are you sure about that?"

He kisses her again.

"Let go of me this instant."

Juan kisses Denise once more and laughs again.

"I think you and I need to get reacquainted immediately."

He forces her down on the bed.

"It's time to teach you some real manners."

Denise tries to push Juan off her several times but to no avail and seconds later he aggressively penetrates her.

"I'll cry rape if you don't stop."

Juan laughs as he rams Denise continuously.

"Uh-huh—sure you will whore."

Moments later Denise begins moaning loudly with joy as Juan continues to ram her mercilessly over and over.

Red Barn Gym

Lane Gonzalez closes the door behind him and turns to face Amanda. She smiles and notices his expensive suit.

"Can I help you?"

He nods.

"I just dropped my friend off here a while ago. He forgot his jacket in my car—by chance is he still here—possibly?"

"Oh—he must be the guy Damon just took into the sauna about fifteen minutes ago—I can take you to him right now."

Lane follows Amanda toward the sauna. She opens the door and seems in shock as she sees Carter pushed up against a wall as Damon repeatedly enters him from behind. Lane gasps in horror as both Carter and Damon turn around to face him.

"Oh my God—how could you?"

Lane turns away in disgust. Carter pulls away from Damon in a panic and runs after Lane. He's not wearing any clothes.

"Lane—it's not what it seems—really it isn't."

Lane stops and faces Carter. He seems about to explode.

"I should have known beforehand you were nothing but a cheap gigolo. Everyone warned me against you—but did I listen to them when—and to think I thought they were all haters."

Carter sighs.

"It meant nothing. I love you."

Lane laughs.

"Yeah right, sure you do."

Carter reaches out to touch Lane. He pulls away.

"I want you out of my condo within the hour or else. We're through—*do you hear me*—it's over—filthy piece of trash."

Carter reacts.

"Where should I go?"

Lane smirks as he glances over at Damon.

"How about you shack up with your new lover?"

Lane looks at Carter one last time and leaves. Carter seems to be in shock and realizes at that moment he's completely naked. He notices Amanda looking at him with a mixture of disgust and shock. He shakes his head and sighs loudly.

"Maybe I should have waited for a few minutes to make sure the coast was clear before Damon and I got busy."

At that moment Amanda comes toward him as her anger seems to be building. Without warning she slaps Carter in the face and heads out the front door. He notices Damon still standing in the hallway clad in a towel. He laughs loudly.

"She's upset."

He smirks.

"I guess the wedding is off indefinitely."

He gestures with his hand.

"I assume you and the old man are finished?"

Carter nods.

"I have no place to go."

Damon makes a lewd gesture with his finger.

"You can stay with me until you find a place—it'll be just like living in a college dorm—except this time my roommate will share my bed—and I assure you the workouts will be intense."

Carter seems pleased.

"How do you think Matt Brewster will handle the two of us living together—*friends with benefits* and all that?"

Damon rolls his eyes.

"No problem—Lane Gonzalez he isn't. Matt's quite the free spirit. He's not into anything serious—likes it casual."

Carter grins broadly as he embraces Damon.

Farmington Villa

Denise licks her lips several times as she heads to the elevator. She sighs loudly and watches as the door opens.

"Oh my—he was an animal—no way to stop him even if I wanted too. I love a guy who takes charge of a situation."

She glances at her watch.

Glass Owl

Kyle Madison holds the front door open as Malcolm Glick (pretending to be Patrick) enters. They look at each other.

"It's your home also."

Malcolm looks around nervously.

"Is your father—*my grandfather*—OK with all this?"

Kyle gestures with his hand.

"I don't care what he thinks—especially after."

Kyle turns to look at a side hallway leading to a garden.

"He kept me away from you long enough."

He sighs.

"He didn't have to—but he did."

He clenches his fists.

"He's dead to me as of yesterday."

Malcolm seems uneasy about the comment.

"Maybe he had a good reason?"

Kyle seems annoyed.

"Not a chance—he was protecting his money—plain and simple—there's no other explanation for what he did."

They walk toward a stained glass door and Kyle opens it slightly. He leads Malcolm outside toward a rose garden.

Sydney

Silas follows Clyde Darrow down the hallway of Lockerton Sanitarium. He seems uneasy. They reach a locked door.

"I don't see why I had to come over here—shouldn't you wait until her brother comes back from the States?"

Clyde turns to look at Silas.

"I told you—Serena asked for you earlier. Said she had something to tell you today—said it was very important."

He sighs.

"She refused to tell me—what else could I do?"

Silas gives Clyde a weird look as he slips the key into the lock and opens the door. Silas peers inside nervously.

"Where is she?"

Suddenly Clyde shoves him forward. At that exact moment a hand reaches out and clocks Silas over the head.

"What the hell?"

Silas falls to the floor with a thud as Serena Glick turns to face Clyde. She grins broadly as she looks at Silas again.

"I told you it would work Clyde—and now to put my plan into motion—to clean up my brother's terrible mess."

Clyde closes the door behind him.

"I'm sorry I didn't believe you weeks ago when you told me your brother and his friend was trying to kill you."

Serena shrugs knowingly.

"It's OK—I would have a hard time believing it myself if I hadn't seen it clearly—and if it wasn't happening to me."

She looks around.

"I want him heavily sedated until further notice. Let's see how much he likes the game now—locked in a private cell."

She glances at the door of the cell.

"This is to be our secret."

Clyde nods and looks at the chart in his hands.

"I've admitted him under the name Daryl Anderson just as you told me to—listed him as your cousin—a relative with a history of mental illness and multiple attempts at suicide."

He glances at the locked door.

"A danger to his own safety—no close relatives to speak of since his dear mother died last year from liver cancer."

Serena smirks.

"Perfect. No one is the wiser. I'll see that Lockerton gets a nice donation when I get back from the US in a week or so."

Clyde grins.

"No problem—glad to help."

Serena peeks through the small window in the door.

"If he attempts to escape before I get back I want him to be put in a straitjacket—make sure it's really, really tight."

Clyde gives Serena an odd look.

"Are you saying what I think your saying?"

Serena rolls her eyes.

"Punish him if he creates unnecessary drama for you. Do whatever is needed. No one needs to know the details."

"I see your point."

They begin walking down the hallway.

Bus Terminal

Todd Spencer hugs Amanda as she looks at a ticket in her hand. She seems upset as he hugs her warmly once more.

"Are you sure you're going to be OK?"

Amanda nods.

"Yeah—I'll be fine—I should've known something was off about Damon by how he always seemed preoccupied—but better late than never I guess—besides, I think I was just in love with the idea of being in love after what happened with Chad Pendleton two years ago—I'll be fine Todd—really I will. Don't worry."

They hug again and then Todd watches as Amanda heads toward the entrance of the terminal. He seems unhappy.

Glass Owl

Wesley grins as he looks at a chart on the computer screen. He sighs loudly as he continuously scrolls down.

"Grandpa is quite the sneaky bastard. Is there nothing he wouldn't do to make a buck? If I didn't know better I'd think he ripped a handful of pages from an old script for *Dallas*."

As more charts continue to pop up revealing multiple bank accounts under the name Blake Madison, Wesley shakes his head in disbelief. He slowly leans back in his chair and shrugs.

"But he's not as smart as he thought."

He copies the files into a flash drive and exits from the site within a few seconds. He turns to look around the room.

"Too bad you're not as computer savvy as you think you are old man—it's a young man's world—deal with it."

He heads to the door seconds later.

Perth

A young man casually dressed in khaki shorts and a dirty T-shirt slams the door shut to a pickup truck. Patrick Glick looks at the driver for a few seconds before extending his hand.

"Thanks for the ride—if you hadn't found me."

Jasper Wyde grabs Patrick's hand and shakes it.

"Glad to be of service."

Jasper grins broadly.

"Besides—if I hadn't picked you up out there I would've had to catch my chickens all by myself when my truck turned over a couple of miles back because of those bloody sand dunes."

Patrick looks around and shrugs.

"I have business to take care of in the States—but the minute I get back—I'm going to pay you and your family a lengthy visit—farm life might be fun to try—sort of a vacation."

Jasper seems pleased.

"Give me a ring when you get back."

Patrick nods and shakes Jasper's hand again.

Pete's Cafe

Alden is sitting at the front counter as Julia attends to customers. Clay opens the front door and walks toward the far end of the diner. He approaches Alden. Julia turns around and notices. She seems a bit worried as she watches silently.

"Alden Washington I presume?"

Alden slowly turns around and sees Clay looking at him. His grim stare says it all. Alden suddenly seems worried.

"I'm Alden."

Clay leans against the counter.

"Are you aware of your ex-wife being in town?"

Alden nods.

"Is something wrong?"

Clay looks at Alden curiously.

"Where were you earlier?"

Alden seems confused. He looks around and shrugs.

"I was with Wesley Madison earlier and for the last two hours I've been here—talking with my good friend Julia."

Clay looks toward where Julia is standing.

"Did you take a drive out to Standish Road earlier?"

Alden shrugs.

"No. I don't own a car."

Clay sighs loudly.

"Did your ex have any enemies?"

Alden shrugs again.

"I don't know—I don't think so—we haven't been together for a while now since we split—is there something wrong?"

Alden notices Clay's cold facial appearance.

"Faye Washington was killed earlier today. Brutally shot to death in her car out on Standish Road—no witnesses."

Alden seems horrified and looks at Clay oddly.

"OK—this isn't funny, dude—if Faye thinks I'm amused by her hiring an actor to pretend someone took a shot at her and expecting me to feign sympathy over her supposed death."

Clay looks around the diner and seems bothered.

"I assure you this is no joke."

Alden runs his fingers through his hair.

"This is beyond cruel—even for a sadist like Faye."

Clay looks at Julia again.

"Faye Washington is dead—this isn't a joke."

Alden stands up and glances at Julia.

"Go tell Faye you need more acting lessons."

Clay grabs Alden by the arm.

"This isn't a prank."

He pulls out his badge and presents it to Clay.

"I'm the real deal."

Alden stares at the badge and then glances at Clay. He seems slightly confused as he leans against a nearby chair.

"*Someone really killed Faye*? This isn't a joke?"

At that moment Eddie Kane walks into the diner.

Standish Road

Hart Bennington sighs loudly with an annoyed look on his face as he watches Diana Bingham leaning over the guardrail to look below. She turns to face Hart. Tears are streaming down both her cheeks. Hart rolls his eyes in disgust. She notices.

"I can't believe she's dead."

Hart shrugs.

"OK—OK—I get that but let's face it—wondering isn't going to bring her back—she's like dead—a stinky stiff."

Diana wipes a tear from her eye.

"Who would want to kill my sister?"

Hart sighs again.

"Don't know—don't really care. If you ask me I think she probably jumped off the bluff to her death—easy out."

Diana seems horrified.

"How could you say something so horrible—my sister would never kill herself—she was no Genie Van Pelt."

Hart gestures with his hand.

"How would you know? Let's face it, people do weird things when they're upset—and we all know Marilyn had a thing for Corey Bentley—and maybe him being iced triggered her to want to end it all. From what I heard that loser had all you girls under his spell. Played you all for fools—reveled in it actually."

"She and I were just one of his "girls" and nothing more. He was just a means to an end as far as we were concerned in order to remain popular in this drab town. We used him."

Hart seems bored.

"Keep telling yourself that if you like."

He glances at his Lycra shorts and grins broadly as he looks up. The outline of his penis is clearly visible. He faces Diana again and points excitedly to his shorts with a sly smirk.

"How about you and I spend some quality time getting reacquainted with each other in the backseat of your car?"

Diana looks away.

"Sometimes you're a toad—like seriously."

Hart smirks.

"What's the big deal with your rude attitude Diana—you and I aren't exactly strangers—especially not lately."

Hart looks down at his swollen erection straining against his Lycra shorts. He pulls Diana to him and kisses her.

"That nutjob freak killed Corey—maybe she killed your sister too—certainly would explain a lot—let's face it—Genie Van Pelt was a complete loon—she threatened my life too."

Diana gives Hart an odd look.

"She threatened you?"

Hart nods several times.

"Uh-huh—she said that I was just using her."

He rolls his eyes.

"Said I was treating her like an unpaid whore and that she was sick and tired of it—told me she was going to get even."

Hart makes a lewd gesture with his finger.

"But she *was* a whore no matter what she said—every guy in town took a piece from what I heard. I know I did—plenty."

He laughs again.

"Anyways she bragged that she could be the killer. Made a point of making sure I knew she was capable of such things."

Diana seems confused.

"She said she was the killer?"

Hart nods.

"Uh-huh—bitch was seriously deranged."

He looks around.

"Genie told me I could be the next one if I didn't watch my step with her—she was serious too—it was really creepy."

Diana wipes another tear from her eye.

"But why would she kill Marilyn?"

Hart shrugs once more.

"*Like duh*—your sister wasn't exactly nice to Genie lately if you recall—and well—and neither were you for that matter."

"We were all mean to Genie—she deserved it—trying to clip onto us every chance she got—like how truly pathetic."

Hart glances at his erection yet again.

"Hey, I wasn't mean to her—she had a rep of putting out for every guy in Marble Hills so I had every right to demand a piece too—and it's not like she ever said no—she could have told me where to stick it—but she never did—did she? So, how could she think I wasn't anything but a really nice guy all the time?"

Diana looks at the guardrail once more.

"Whatever—it doesn't matter—if she was the killer no one will ever find out now—not since what happened earlier."

Hart seems annoyed and rolls his eyes again.

"So, how about you and I hit the backseat right now?"

Diana turns to look at Hart with disgust.

Portland

"Bentley has no idea what you have planned."

Howard smiles as he looks up to see Warren Manning standing in front of him inside a small diner. He grins.

"Perfect—that fool will learn just how cruel a man can get when crossed—to think that moron actually tried to best me."

Warren sits down besides Howard.

"I've begun takeover proceedings for Bentley Enterprises and all its subsidiaries here and in Europe—and Asia too."

Howard makes a lewd gesture with his hand.

"I knew you were the right guy for this job—cold as ice but so innocent looking to the average corporate asshole."

Warren grins broadly.

"Your plan to take over Bentley Enterprises by making it look like the Van Pelt family is suing him was genius. But will Milton Van Pelt cause problems for you when he finds out?"

Howard rolls his eyes.

"No way—I promised that idiot two million dollars and a house in upstate New York after the lawsuit is over. This whole thing will be the death of John Bentley. He'll be completely destroyed when I'm through with playing him for a fool."

Howard shrugs.

"Too bad about Corey biting it before the truth came out though—would've loved the fallout—but there's still Gina."

Warren seems confused.

"Caroline Bentley assumes her children were fathered by Daryl Anderson and not John Bentley but in reality you're their actual father and not Anderson—the man you killed."

Howard laughs loudly.

"I was fucking her at the same time she was screwing Anderson so it was a perfect escape—no one ever knew."

Howard leans close to Warren.

"Uh-huh—I figured it out right away when Caroline became pregnant—given how intense our encounters had been I assumed I could be the father—and then from there I had the DNA tested of both Corey and Gina the day they were born and then I convinced Caroline that Anderson was the daddy."

"You had a sexual relationship with Caroline while she was in high school and no one found out about you two?"

"It was a different time no doubt. Older men and teenage girls were the rage back then—all my friends were fucking their daughter's friends on the sly. So many pregnancies resulted."

He makes a lewd gesture with his finger.

"No one ever suspected I was screwing my eldest daughter's friend—but even if they had what could they do? I'm a Madison. She was just a high school junior who teased me one too many times when she'd visit my daughter after school and one thing led to another and I took her in the library at Glass Owl—which led to us having repeat trysts every weekend for a year. It was quite an experience if I do say so myself. Nice."

"What about your wife?"

Howard rolls his eyes at Warren.

"What about her? She and I had an understanding. I did as I pleased and she looked the other way or else. I ruled."

Warren gestures with his hand.

"Are you planning to tell Gina Bentley that she's your daughter when you take control of Bentley Enterprises?"

"Uh-huh—you bet I will."

Howard stifles a laugh and grins.

Bar Harbor

Robert Bennington looks at his watch again as he sees Denise coming toward him. She smiles as she leans over to kiss him lightly on the lips. She sits down and smiles broadly.

"Forgive me—I had something to take care of before I could get away from Marble Hills—very important."

Robert sighs and leans back in the chair.

"You mentioned on the phone that a local woman named Julia Winthrop might blab to Kyle that you've been playing."

Denise nods.

"Uh-huh—imagine the gall of that bitch—telling me she was going to tell Kyle she saw me cheating—what nerve."

Robert shrugs.

"Is he a local guy?"

She shakes her head.

"No."

Denise smirks.

"Met him by accident and one thing led to another—not sure yet what I'm going to do about Julia's big mouth."

"Think Kyle will believe her if she blabs?"

Denise rolls her eyes.

"Oh, probably—but it's not like he and I ever had a real marriage anyways—it's no secret how much we hate each other ever since he became a total dud in bed—he's just so boring."

Robert shrugs and looks at his cell phone lying on top of the table. It flashes several times. He sighs loudly.

"Lindsay."

Denise gives Robert an odd look.

"I thought you and Lindsay were already finished and over with—especially since Chandra recently threw the "baby" wrench into the deal? Or did I miss something in the last day or two?"

Robert shrugs again.

"We're through—definitely no doubt about that—but the paperwork is still pending for me to sign—and finally be free."

Denise seems upset.

"But not for long though—Chandra intends to sink her claws into you immediately—from one she-wolf to another."

"It's not like that—Chandra expects nothing except for me to be a good husband to her and father to our unborn child."

Denise reaches out to touch Robert's hand.

"She expects much more."

Robert gives Denise a curious look as she winks.

"Like I said before I'm not playing your game with what you suggested—much too terrible to even think about."

Denise rolls her eyes again.

"And what game would that be Robert?"

"I'm not going to cause Chandra to lose our baby."

"I never said—I only suggested."

They stare at each for a few seconds.

"She's trouble."

Robert waves his hand in the air for a second.

"I can handle her."

Denise makes a slashing gesture.

"Uh-huh—famous last words guaranteed."

Denise gives Robert a cautious look.

"She's all wrong for you—she'll be worse than Lindsay ever was—a woman knows these things—believe me."

Robert turns away.

"Whatever."

Denise wags her finger at Robert.

"She's using that baby as a ploy to control you."

Robert shakes his head.

"This conversation is getting seriously tedious."

Footsteps are heard approaching nearby.

"Denise?"

Denise turns around to see Miles Dandridge standing behind her. He appears to be upset. Robert seems annoyed.

"Miles?"

Miles glances at Robert with disgust.

"Who the hell is this old geezer?"

Robert gives Miles a harsh look as the young man's intense stare is clearly noticeable. Seconds tick by as Miles continues to stare. Robert slowly turns to face Denise again and ignores Miles. He seems annoyed by the unwanted intrusion.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Look at the 35th Episode

Hart displays a cold exterior toward Diana—Warren and Howard conspire to destroy John—Julia comforts Alden after he finds out about Faye's death—Miles has a negative reaction after he finds out about Robert's relationship with Denise—Albert gives Wesley a warning about dangerous secrets in his family—Carmen and Howard have an unpleasant encounter over their past—Hart and Diana part ways over his behavior—Calvin lays it on the line for Juan about his duties—Jennifer makes more plans to destroy Howard once and for all—Serena arrives in the States and heads to Marble Hills—Donna tries to change Jason's mind about his plans but her warnings fall on deaf ears—Jennifer continues to threaten Shirley—Patrick leaves Australia and heads to the States unaware of the drama unfolding in Marble Hills—Donna gets even with Diana over their past—Hart and Howard have choice words for each other—as Jennifer pays Jeremy a surprise visit.

Episode 35

Broken Promises

Standish Road

Hart Bennington makes a lewd gesture with his finger as he looks at Diana Bingham impatiently. She seems aghast.

"My sister was just murdered."

Hart rolls his eyes.

"What does that have to do with you and me hooking up in the backseat of your car? I'm a guy and you're a whore."

Diana pushes Hart away as he tries to slide his hand under her skirt. He seems somewhat annoyed at her cold behavior.

"Hey—like it wouldn't be the first time you and I hooked up—I'm horny—come on—don't be so cold—stupid bitch."

Diana walks toward the car.

"What has happened to you lately Hart? You've become someone I don't know and don't like very much anymore."

"Are you going to put out or not?"

Diana slowly turns to look at the area.

"Let's go back—you're beginning to piss me off."

He seems annoyed by her behavior.

"Marilyn would never have told me no."

Hart looks at her curiously for a few seconds and then at his massive erection. He sighs loudly and walks to the car.

Portland

Warren Manning looks at Howard Madison nervously as he shuts his briefcase. He stops and glances at the door.

"Bentley isn't going to sit back and let you destroy him without a fight. He'll play dirty—maybe become unhinged."

Howard smirks.

"I'm counting on that idiot to get even—and then I'll deliver a death blow—you have no idea how long I've wanted to take that fool down for marrying Caroline Stuyvesant—she was mine—mine for the taking—oh, she had so much promise."

"Weren't you were married at the time?"

Howard waves his hand at Warren.

"Big deal—I wasn't planning to marry the girl—I intended to turn her into my personal mistress—someone to fool around with on the sly when the moment struck me—but that piece of dirt stepped into the picture and then began dating her."

Howard clenches his fists.

"When Caroline became pregnant I knew they were mine—even when she was going with Bentley I continued to fuck her on a daily basis—meeting her at a cheap motel just outside Paradise Point where we'd play—of course when I found out she was also sleeping with Daryl Anderson behind my back I used that information to control Anderson and then destroyed his father's dream that his stupid offspring would go to college when I threatened to go public with what I knew about Caroline."

Howard grins broadly at the memory.

"It was so easy—so frigging easy to ruin their lives."

Howard smirks again.

"That damn family has been a thorn in my side much too long—and now I've got Bentley right where I want him. When I'm done with him he'll be nothing but an empty shell of a man."

He looks at Warren with an evil glint in his eye.

"Making Stanley Anderson believe that Daryl was the father of both Gina and Corey was so easy once I showed him photos of his son in various sexual positions with Caroline at her home—made sure he withdrew Daryl's application for college immediately with a threat I would have his son charged with rape if he didn't—when in fact I knew it was all a lie—since I was the one who'd fathered both Gina and Corey and used Caroline's history against her. Afterwards I owned Daryl—kept him on a leash with the rape thing—he never knew when I might blow him out of the water—and then his father threatened me when he uncovered the truth—so I killed the bastard when he showed up at my home—and made it look like he'd tried to kill me first."

Warren reacts to the revelation.

"Did Bentley know about Anderson?"

Howard laughs.

"Of course he did—but he married Caroline Stuyvesant regardless—he had to—his pop desperately needed help from Stuyvesant Enterprises to secure real estate in Bangor worth over ten million dollars—but it was all for nothing in reality."

Howard gestures with his hand.

"Two days before they were married I secured control of Stuyvesant Enterprises and closed the company. Made it look like some big Japanese firm had bought them out and pretended I had no clue though I was behind it all. Bentley's father was so distraught about losing the real estate deal he jumped from the eighteenth story of his condo near Vine Street unable to admit he'd lost everything he worked hard to build—thanks to me."

Howard laughs gleefully.

"At the funeral of Bentley's father I wanted to laugh every time he looked at the closed casket—never suspecting I was the one who'd caused his beloved father to take his own life."

Howard takes a swig of his beer.

"Bentley had no one at this point and so he came to me for help—which I knew would be the end result of the deal to bring him to his knees and make him beg before I crushed him."

He makes a lewd gesture with his hand.

"From that day Bentley assumed we were friends—and now when I deliver the final blow he'll realize his entire life was a lie and I've been behind it all—of course finding out I fathered both Gina and Corey will certainly send him over the edge no doubt and into a loony bin for weird freaks and losers."

Warren seems confused.

Pete's Cafe

Julia Winthrop glances at Alden Washington for a few seconds as the news about Faye's death becomes real.

"Are you sure you'll be OK?"

Alden looks up at Julia.

"Yeah—yeah—it just seems unreal."

Julia looks at the entrance as several people enter.

"Did she have any enemies?"

Alden shrugs.

"No—at least not here in Marble Hills—who'd want to kill her? It's almost like there is something else happening."

Alden runs his fingers through his hair.

"Faye didn't know anyone here—except for that Spanish guy I saw her with a while back—what was his name again?"

Julia shakes her head.

"Can't remember—Julio maybe?"

Alden runs his fingers through his hair again.

"Maybe he—maybe he killed her?"

They look at each other.

"Maybe she wanted to break it off and he didn't? Maybe he went into a fit of rage and simply snapped—killed her."

He stands up.

"He must still be here in Marble Hills."

Julia glances at Alden nervously.

"But if he did?"

Seconds later Alden suddenly bolts from the diner in a panicked rush as Julia nervously picks up her cell phone.

Bar Harbor

Miles Dandridge sighs loudly as Denise Madison stands up. She reaches out to touch his shoulder as he pulls away.

"Robert is a friend of mine."

Miles gives Robert Bennington a cold stare.

"Yeah right—you're banging this old dude same as you're doing me—ugh—that's so disgusting—look at him—he's ready for the frigging graveyard—like seriously how old is this freak of nature anyway—forty—he should be dead already—not having sex—ugh—so gross—I think I'm going to be sick for sure."

He pushes Denise away from him.

"You and I are through."

Miles gives Robert one last dirty look and sighs loudly as he glances at Denise in dismay. He seems about to throw up.

"I hope it was worth it fucking grandpa—ugh."

Before Denise can say anything he leaves. Robert looks at his retreating figure and shrugs. He seems angry at Denise.

"You fucked that freak?"

Denise grins.

"He's quite good if you must know."

Robert rolls his eyes.

"He's an infant—still wears diapers probably."

"He was too handsome to resist—so shoot me already."

Robert leans back in his chair.

"Bet that crude young man wasn't the only one that you've been friendly with in the last year or two—was he?"

Denise licks her lips and smiles broadly.

Glass Owl

Wesley Madison looks at the screen of his computer as the image blinks several times. He sees Albert Wang looking back at him seconds later. He grins broadly at his friend.

"So, how's the scene in London if I dare ask?"

Albert waves his hand.

"I need a break."

Wesley wags his finger at the computer.

"Hey—bet you didn't think I'd be calling you back so fast after what happened last year between your sister and me?"

Albert laughs knowingly.

"Uh-huh—I knew your deal up front—but it's all good—my sister found someone else—bet your grandpa is still angry at you for hooking up with an Asian—probably thinks it's wrong."

Wesley sighs.

"Let him—it's time to mix things up in my family."

He runs his fingers through his hair as he leans back in his chair. Wesley sends several pages from a printout to Albert.

"With your help the old man will be finished in more ways than one—I can just see his face when he finds out."

Wesley laughs.

"The look on his face when he realizes I'm the one who screwed him royally will be priceless—he'll be fit to be tied."

Albert seems upset as he looks at the pages.

"Are you sure you really want to do this—there's some things here that you might want to—want to keep quiet."

Wesley shakes his head.

"I want to destroy my grandfather—I hate him—nothing would make me happier than to make him beg for mercy."

Albert flips through the papers in his hand again. He lays them down on the desk in front of him. He sighs loudly.

"Have you read these?"

Wesley shrugs.

"No—I just printed them out from my flash drive after copying them from my grandfather's secret computer files."

Albert looks at the printouts again.

"Maybe you should."

Wesley seems concerned by Albert's ominous comment.

"Why—is there something really bad in there?"

Albert glances at the pages in his hand.

"I'd read them if I were you—like today."

Wesley sits up in his chair.

"You're dead serious about this—aren't you?"

Albert nods in agreement.

Portland

Carmen Pendleton watches as Howard walks toward his car from the elevator. She sighs loudly and gets out of her convertible. She walks over to him with a sly grin on her face.

"Time is running out old man."

Howard glances at Carmen with contempt.

"Fuck you bitch."

Carmen gestures with her hand.

"I'm not joking in case you thought I was—either you hand over Madison Industries or you'll wish you had when everyone finds out what I know—what you did to me and—and what you did to—well, we both know how badly that will play out."

Howard leaps at Carmen in a rage.

"You frigging whore—who do you think you're messing with—I'll crush you. I'll turn your life into a nightmare."

Carmen laughs.

"I'm not the schoolgirl you remember."

Howard grabs Carmen by the throat.

"Don't tempt me bitch or I swear I'll destroy you."

Carmen roughly pushes Howard away from her causing him to stumble and fall. She coldly walks over to him.

"I've got you where I want you and you'll do as I say or I'll make sure those dark secrets you've held so long come out."

Carmen licks her lips.

"And I'll start with Eddie Kane and his parents."

She grins slyly.

"Actually I think I should pay Eddie a visit later—he and I have so much to catch up on from way back—starting with what happened all those years ago with that terrible explosion."

Howard clenches his fists.

"I'm warning you—stay the fuck away from Eddie Kane or you'll wish you had—I'm through playing your sick game."

Carmen rolls her eyes.

"I wonder if Eddie remembers the threat he made on his eighteenth birthday against you over the death of his parents."

Carmen laughs again and walks away. He sighs.

"I've got to take her out of the picture."

Howard leans against the car and pounds on the hood. He clenches his fist several times. He grits his teeth and sighs.

"She could ruin everything if I don't."

He glances at his cell phone lying on the car seat.

"It's time for another accident to happen in Marble Hills."

He picks it up and begins dialing.

Maple Avenue

Hart looks at Diana somewhat confused as she slams the door to her car shut with an annoyed look on her face.

"Is this how you treat your boyfriend?"

Diana rolls her eyes.

"Go away—we're done."

Hart sighs.

"Goddamned whore thinks she's something special."

Diana makes a lewd gesture with her finger.

"You're a toad."

Hart sighs loudly.

"Whatever."

She watches him walk away.

"He's such a disgusting troll—*ugh*."

She turns around and faces the mall. She seems upset.

Bar Harbor

Robert escorts Denise to her car. They kiss passionately as he opens the door for her. They look at each other silently.

"Do you think Chandra has a clue you've been dipping your charming wick in someone else's bowl behind her back?"

Robert rolls his eyes.

"Of course not—she'd kill me if she knew you and I were having a thing on the sly—she can be quite a hateful shrew."

Denise smirks.

"I still think you should do what I suggested."

Robert shrugs.

"I can't."

Denise kisses Robert again.

"The first time is always the hardest."

Robert looks away.

"Chandra really wants this baby."

"Do you?"

Robert shakes his head.

"I've got two kids already."

Denise grins.

"One accidental slip Robert—and your problem goes away—in a matter of seconds you'd be free once again."

She notices Robert seems uneasy.

"I could push her if you don't have the stomach?"

Robert looks at Denise nervously.

"Stay away from Chandra."

Denise slides her fingers across Robert's belt buckle.

"Don't know if I can—things happen."

Robert sighs loudly.

Boston

Juan Sabrillo looks at Calvin Whitney curiously as he enters the office slowly. He closes the door behind him.

"Is something wrong?"

Calvin leans back in his chair.

"I need your full attention tomorrow when we pay Howard Madison a visit—a lot of money is at stake in this deal."

Juan gestures with his hand.

"I'm ready."

Calvin rolls his eyes.

"Do tell."

Juan looks out the window.

"I've just been distracted lately."

"I bet."

Juan turns around.

"I've been seeing these two women for weeks—they hate each other with a passion—but I couldn't stop myself."

He sighs knowingly.

"But for some reason I can't reach either of them lately."

Calvin seems angry as he stands.

"Enough with the damn whores already—forget about them—old news—after tomorrow you return to Santiago."

Juan wipes sweat off his brow.

"I was thinking of staying."

Calvin walks over to Juan with a scowl on his face.

"Is that so? Who's paying you?"

Juan seems confused.

"I thought."

"You thought wrong."

He grabs Juan by the collar.

"You're a hit man—*my* hit man if you forgot—not some goddamned lover boy pining after two useless whores who wouldn't give you the time of day if they knew who you *really* were—or do I have to explain this situation any further?"

Calvin pushes Juan toward the wall.

"My brother was killed not long ago on your watch in case it slipped your mind—and now I expect you to fix it."

Calvin relaxes his grip on Juan.

"You had orders to pump a bullet in Greg Madison's head after the trouble he caused Eldon—but you failed badly."

"Madison took his own life before I could get to him."

Calvin angrily waves his hand.

"But he should have died from your bullet—that was what Eldon wanted initially—young Madison was to be a warning to everyone else out there foolish enough to fuck with us."

Juan rubs his neck.

"It doesn't matter now."

Calvin spins around and angrily pushes Juan against the wall again. His rage at Juan seems obvious. Juan notices.

"I going to frigging annihilate that entire family—and no one will stand in my way tomorrow—is that fucking clear?"

Juan gives Calvin a strange look.

"I hear you."

Calvin lets go of Juan.

"Good."

Calvin slowly walks over to the large window looking down on Boston. He angrily clenches his fist several times.

Portland

Jennifer Parker walks across the room and stares out the window as Aldo Morelli looks at her with a confused look.

"I think maybe you should wait."

Jennifer spins around and faces Aldo.

"No way—it's time to act this terrible script out."

Aldo sighs.

"What if your old man pulls one of his famous plays when you show up at Glass Owl to stick it to him—and kills me?"

Jennifer rolls her eyes.

"Quit being such a pathetic sissy."

Aldo leans back on the sofa and sighs again.

"Easy for you to say—it wasn't your head he said he'd put a bullet into if he ever saw me again after I got involved with you and betrayed him. Madison isn't the forgiving type."

Jennifer laughs.

"I can handle my father."

She walks over to him and smiles.

"I've waited for two months to exact my revenge."

She runs her fingers through his hair.

"His time has come—and I'm not leaving Glass Owl until I get everything that's coming to me—that *belongs* to me."

At the other side of the room Tiffany Johnson watches as Jennifer and Aldo continue talking unaware of her presence.

"I couldn't agree more Jennifer—you'll get exactly what's coming to you—I guarantee it—faster than you think."

She smirks gleefully.

Glass Owl

Kyle Madison watches as the car drives away. He turns to look around and sighs loudly as he slowly closes the door.

"Damn you father."

He turns to see Wesley standing in the doorway leading to the kitchen. He seems confused at his father's comment.

"What was that all about—and who was that leaving?"

Kyle walks past Wesley without saying a word.

Los Angeles

Serena Glick looks at the ticket in her hand as she watches people walk around her at the terminal. She seems nervous.

"I never thought I'd ever be back in the States."

She sighs.

"But I've got to stop Gary—before he—before he puts his plan into motion—I still can't believe he would go this far."

She looks at her ticket again.

"What will Kyle do when he finds out the truth?"

She seems upset.

Mall

Donna Markway steps off the elevator and sees Jason Anderson sitting alone at one of the open cafes nearby.

"I guess I should say hi."

About ten feet away at another booth Chandra Stevenson seems preoccupied with her cell phone for some reason.

"Hello Jason."

Jason looks up and manages a weak smile.

"How are you doing Donna?"

"I thought you'd really be over the moon because of what happened to Corey Bentley? He caused so much trouble."

Jason smirks.

"Oh, I'm happy all right—that bastard got what he had coming to him—but there's still one extra lousy apple left in the bushel that needs to be plucked—before it's too late."

"I gather you're talking about old man Madison—and what he did to your dad—and your grandfather years ago."

Jason pulls out his cell phone.

"Uh-huh."

Donna reaches out to hold Jason's hand.

"He isn't worth it—ruining your life just to put that piece of trash in a coffin. Let someone else teach him a lesson."

Jason stands up.

"Oh, it'll be worth it all right—I can't wait to see the look on his face when he realizes I'm the one taking him out."

Donna turns to look at Jason.

"Jason, don't."

Jason rolls his eyes.

"I already got a sweet plan in motion."

He walks away.

Peabody Avenue

Shirley Moses slowly reaches for her cell phone and looks at the incoming number with disdain. She sighs loudly.

"Hello?"

She winces.

"No—I didn't think you'd forget."

She turns to look around nervously.

"Please—I'm begging you to stop—I'll do anything?"

She hears a laugh.

"He'll hate me if you tell him."

She looks at the cell phone in her hand.

"Can't we talk this out?"

The line goes dead.

Portland

"That stupid bitch actually thought I'd spare her—like seriously, who does she think she's dealing with anyway?"

Jennifer begins laughing loudly.

"She'll wish she was dead when I tell Jeremy."

She turns to face Aldo.

"Of course she'll have it easy compared to what I have planned for Gina Bentley—I'm going crucify that whore."

She begins laughing hysterically.

Sydney

Patrick Glick slowly wipes sweat from his brow for the second time as he nervously looks at his watch once more.

"Oh man, I'm really doing it."

He turns to look at the ticket stand a few yards away. He glances up at a huge electronic billboard overhead displaying the destinations to and from Australia. He blinks and sighs.

"When this is all over I think it's time my mother finally faces the truth about Gary. He's not family. He's a parasite who's been sucking our family dry for a decade now. It's time he's sent packing—probably to the nearest jail if I could swing it."

He sighs loudly.

"I hope I'm not too late already?"

He nervously looks at his watch again and glances once more at the billboard overhead—as flights are called out.

"Uncle Gary and I will definitely have an interesting rematch—freak bastard—this time I won't be a nice guy."

He turns around to hear speakers announcing that boarding for Los Angeles has begun. He shrugs nervously.

"My dear uncle is in for a shock—and not in a good way either if everything goes my way. He's gonna pay dearly."

He slowly walks toward the ticket counter.

Donna watches Jason as he walks to the elevator and seems worried. As she turns around she sees Diana sitting a few feet away looking dejected. They look at each other coldly.

"I'm sorry about your sister."

Diana gives Donna a strange look.

"I'll just bet you are."

Diana rolls her eyes.

"You never liked my sister—not even a little."

Donna gestures with her hand.

"Not everyone in Marble Hills is a cold-hearted bitch like Marilyn was—some of us actually do have a good heart."

"How dare you say such things to me?"

Donna gestures with her hand.

"Ask anyone in town—you and your sister have always looked down on us "Plain Jane" types and now you wonder why you may not be as popular as you once thought you were?"

Diana looks at the mug of coffee in her hand.

"I was never rude to you or anyone else—can I help it if I'm popular and very attractive—every guy in town likes me."

Donna rolls her eyes.

"Yeah right—if you consider being known as the town slut popular—face it Diana, guys in this crummy town only gave you a moment's notice as long as they could screw you like those cheap hookers from Vine Street. It's true so face it already."

Diana sighs.

"Why are you being so mean to me?"

Donna leans closer to Diana.

"Turnaround is fair play."

Donna notices Diana seems about to cry.

"If I wanted to be mean to you I could—you and all your friends made my life a nightmare—and if you think I'm going to pretend that you and your sister didn't bully me throughout high school—well, forget it—I'm not the forgetting type."

Diana sighs again.

"Leave me alone—just leave me alone."

Donna rolls her eyes.

"Can't take it when the shoe is on the other foot?"

Donna looks at Diana curiously.

"I really feel sorry for you Diana—really sorry."

Donna leans toward Diana once again.

"I never realized until this exact moment how pathetic you really are Diana—no wonder you had to spread your legs for every horny guy in town—if you didn't give it up there'd be no reason why anyone would ever bother giving you a moment's notice at all—none—zero. You have the personality of a grapefruit."

Diana looks at Donna as tears begin streaming down her face. She runs toward the escalators not far away.

Police Station

Maxwell Pendergraft closes the door behind him and walks over to his desk. He picks up a thick stack of files.

Stanley Pier

"Hey babe—how about you and I take a ride in my car up the coast—I found the most secluded spot for hook-ups."

Hart grins broadly as he leans over to kiss Elizabeth Pendleton on the cheek. She pulls away. He notices.

"Hey—what's your deal?"

He seems annoyed.

"What gives with the attitude—I thought we were going to make a day of it screwing. It's not nice to play sick games."

Elizabeth pulls out her cell phone.

"Get away from me—go away—get lost."

Hart sighs loudly.

"What it with you girls today?"

Elizabeth rolls her eyes.

"I told you no."

Hart shakes his fist at her.

"Hey—us guys should be shown respect from you girls."

He makes a lewd gesture with his finger.

"Is this about Lance Weissmann again? Are you still hung up on that guy? He's a frigging stiff OK—as in dead. In just a matter of weeks his body will be covered in worms like one of those zombie movies I used to watch when I was a little kid."

Elizabeth gives Hart an odd look.

"*I said* go away."

Hart watches as Elizabeth suddenly jumps out of his car and runs off. He slams his fist against the steering wheel.

"Why is everyone saying that?"

He watches Elizabeth for a few seconds.

Glass Owl

"Is something going on that I don't know about?"

Kyle turns to face Wesley again.

"We'll talk about it later."

Wesley watches as Kyle leaves.

"Maybe Albert is right—maybe I should look at the papers I sent him—there might be something I need to know."

As he turns around to walk back toward the library he sees Lindsay Bennington staring at him with a curious look.

"Is everything OK with you and Kyle?"

Wesley nods.

"I'm not sure—not sure at all."

They look at each other briefly as Wesley closes the door to the library behind him. Lindsay seems confused.

Blankenship Apartment

Eva Harper turns around as she hears the front door opening and sees Clay Blankenship entering. He grins as he sees her. Eva eagerly walks toward Clay and hugs him warmly.

"I got a surprise for you—unexpected."

Clay shrugs.

"I could use a big surprise right about now."

Eva gives him another hug and grins.

"This one is big I assure you."

Eva pushes Clay against the door.

"Close your eyes."

Clay looks at Eva suspiciously.

"Why?"

Eva kisses Clay lightly on the lips and smiles.

"No questions OK—just do it."

Clay sighs loudly and closes his eyes. Eva looks toward the hallway and at that moment she motions her mother to come from the kitchen. Michelle Riley slides her arms around Clay.

"Guess who?"

A huge grin spreads across Clay's face.

"Hello Michelle."

He opens his eyes and embraces Michelle warmly as they look at each other. They hug again for several seconds.

"Has my daughter done right by you?"

Clay nods.

"Uh-huh—treats me with lots of respect."

Michelle glances at Eva.

"It wouldn't be right to have a really cute guy like yourself being cruelly mistreated in any way whatsoever—especially by my daughter of all people—given how handsome you are."

Clay winks.

"I agree."

He and Michelle embrace again.

"How long are you in town for this time?"

Michelle shrugs.

"Not sure yet actually. It depends if Christopher can offer me a better deal in Phoenix next month—especially now."

She turns to face Clay.

"He's been lonely since Miranda went to Africa last month with those smart people from National Geographic."

Eva rolls her eyes.

"She's a photojournalist mother—deal already."

Michelle looks at Clay.

"See what you have to work with?"

Eva sighs.

"My big brother can handle his own life without pity from his darling mother—and it's not like he's really alone—he has Alan and Zane to keep him company until Miranda returns."

Michelle waves her hand.

"Two girl-crazy teenage boys who think their dad is a total dork—sounds like a deal made in heaven for sure no doubt."

Eva wags her finger at her mother.

"Enough already—my brother is going to be fine and then some. Besides, I thought you told me earlier when we talked you had something important you wanted to tell Clay."

Clay seems confused.

"Tell me what?"

Michelle wraps her arms around Clay again.

"I ran into an old friend of mine from New York and I convinced her to meet with you—Tuesday of next week."

"Me? Why?"

"She's a really good photographer with all these contacts in Los Angeles—and modeling agencies too. It's perfect."

Clay looks at Eva.

"No way—I'm no wimpy model."

Michelle pulls out a wrinkled picture of Clay sitting on a chair at the beach. He seems surprised to see the picture.

"Hey, I thought I threw that away?"

Michelle smiles slyly.

"You did but I saved it. You were just so gorgeous that day on Cape Cod—anyway I showed it to a couple of people."

Clay shrugs.

"So?"

Michelle looks at the photo again.

"Everyone who saw it drooled endlessly—couldn't stop talking about how hot you looked—they were mad at me."

Clay seems confused.

"Mad at you? Why would they be mad?"

Michelle winks at Eva.

"Everyone who saw it thought you were too hot to be my future son-in-law—both girls and guys alike said as much."

Clay looks at Michelle curiously.

"I don't know anything about modeling."

"What's to know—you simply stand in front of a camera and wear really expensive clothes—how hard can it be?"

Clay turns to look at Eva.

Glass Owl

Hart slams the front door shut and walks toward the stairs. He stops suddenly as he realizes Howard is looking coldly at him from the hallway. Hart sighs loudly and winces.

"What's your fucking problem?"

Howard walks over to where Hart is standing.

"You had better show respect punk—or I swear you and I will have plenty to talk about—and none of it any good."

Hart rolls his eyes.

"Fuck off you mangy old coot—I'm not in the mood."

Howard angrily grabs Hart.

"How dare you show such disrespect for me?"

Hart jerks free and makes a lewd gesture with his finger.

"By now you should be accustomed to talk like that—from what I hear everyone in Marble Hills hates you—everyone."

"Is that so, you miserable fool."

Hart glares at Howard.

"Uh-huh—the whole town totally hates your frigging guts—especially after you killed that dude Anderson."

Howard clenches his fist.

"That loser deserved to die—bastard tried to kill me in my own home—and now he's lying under a pile of dirt."

Howard laughs.

"Don't tempt me boy—or there'll be a place for you in the Madison family fault sooner than later—like today in fact."

Hart points his finger at Howard.

"Oh—I'm so scared old man—*lay* one finger on me again and I'll kill you—and I won't think twice about it either."

Howard looks at Hart curiously.

"There may be hope for you after all—maybe you're not too much of a pathetic Bennington as I assumed prior."

Hart rolls his eyes again.

"I'm not a Madison either old man—least of all a sick freak like yourself who is seriously hated—like die already OK?"

Howard clenches his fists again.

"My youngest son Greg was a lot like you Hart—and look where that got him in the end—sorry loser took his own life."

"Yeah—I heard all about Greg—I bet you killed him just like you did that dude Anderson—and then made it look."

Howard seems about to explode.

"You ungrateful selfish little prick—I swear I ought to."

Hart makes a lewd gesture with his finger at Howard again and heads up the stairs. He turns to look back at Howard.

"You're lucky I don't have a gun in my hand."

Hart gleefully watches Howard's shocked reaction and then continues up the stairs as Howard seethes with anger.

"That stupid punk—he's gone too far this time."

He looks at the stairs again.

"Grandson or not—I won't tolerate such behavior from someone with no future. I think it's time I cleaned house."

Howard slams his fist into the wall as he glances at the stairs. He grabs a vase from a nearby alcove and throws it toward the stairs as he angrily stomps toward the pavilion outside.

<u>Mall</u>

Kelly Nelson notices the smile on Donna's face as she sits down at the kiosk. He looks at her curiously for a second.

"You just told someone off—didn't you?"

Donna laughs.

"Is it that obvious?"

Kelly nods.

"Uh-huh."

Donna smirks.

"There's no better feeling than sweet revenge."

She smiles broadly.

"It was so easy—too easy almost—but Diana Bingham had it coming for a long time now—and I couldn't stop myself."

Donna sighs loudly.

"But after everything she and her sister did to me from junior high—it felt so good to exact cold revenge today."

Kelly seems confused.

"How did she take it?"

Donna makes a gesture with her hand.

"She was upset."

"I bet."

Donna rolls her eyes.

"I'd do it all over again if I had the opportunity—especially with what happened to Marilyn earlier by Standish Road."

Kelly smirks.

"Remind me never to get on your bad side."

Donna winks slyly as Kelly gives her a smoothie.

"I try never to be mean to anyone."

Donna takes a sip of the smoothie and sighs.

"But she deserved it."

She takes another sip and sighs loudly.

"I'm just tired of pretending people aren't as wretched as they really are. I guess it was the whole deal with Brad McKinley that pushed me to take charge and let people know the truth about how I feel about them if they try and screw with me."

Kelly nods in agreement.

Maple Avenue

Gina Bentley looks at Abby Marshall as she slams the door to her car shut. Abby turns to look at Gina seconds later.

"I'm really sorry about Corey."

Gina shrugs knowingly.

"He did it to himself—I warned him about Genie Van Pelt being unstable—but he never listened to anything I said."

Abby sighs.

"How have you been doing?"

Gina rolls her eyes.

"As good as can be expected—no one believes me that Jennifer Parker is the one who—she's the killer not me."

Gina looks around nervously.

"Marshland said they let her go early because she no longer posed a threat to anyone—especially to me."

She looks at Abby curiously.

"But I don't believe it—Jennifer told me her father pulled strings to get her out early—but it doesn't add up."

Abby seems confused.

"Jennifer's dad is nobody—how could he pull strings?"

Gina shrugs again.

"That's what I said when she told me."

She sighs loudly.

"But if he didn't?"

Abby reacts.

"Who did?"

Gina gestures with her hand.

"Could she have faked her release papers to get out?"

"Certainly would make sense wouldn't it?"

Abby glances at her cell phone.

"Do you think we should call Marshland again?"

Gina shakes her head.

"It wouldn't do any good—they'll just say the same thing again that they told me when I called them yesterday."

"But if she escaped?"

Gina seems worried at the thought.

<u>Blankenship Apartment</u>

"I'm not sure about this modeling thing—everyone will think I'm into guys—I'll be a total loser—a creepy weirdo."

Michelle hugs Clay.

"Who cares what anyone else thinks?"

Clay wags his finger at Eva.

"You really think I could make a lot of money standing around in front of total strangers in my underwear?"

Eva nods.

"Uh-huh—I'd watch."

Eva gives Clay a kiss as Michelle smiles.

"I second that by the way."

Michelle quickly pulls her cell phone and grins broadly.

"How about you practice a little?"

Clay looks at Eva.

"I'm not totally sold on this modeling idea."

Eva and Michelle exchange glances.

Boston

Serena walks across the terminal and slowly heads toward the exit. Taxi cabs are parked everywhere. She shrugs.

"Been such a long time—years—but it's time I face my long ago fears before Gary causes more trouble for Kyle."

She sighs.

"If only things had been different?"

Serena waves to a nearby taxi.

"If only Kyle's father hadn't threatened my whole family."

She watches as a taxi pulls up.

"I might have had a much different life."

Serena wipes a tear from her eye.

Weissmann Driveway

Jeremy Weissmann is about to walk toward the back door of his home when he hears a car pulling up behind him. He slowly turns around to see Jennifer waving at him as she cuts the engine seconds later. Jeremy seems confused at seeing her. He takes a step forward noticing her expensive clothing and sighs.

"Jennifer? What are you doing here?"

Jennifer smiles broadly.

"I bet you never thought you'd see me again after what happened with Gina Bentley last year? Well, I'm back."

Jennifer steps out of her car.

"I have to talk to you about something."

"Me? Why?"

Jennifer looks at the street briefly.

"You're a nice guy—and though it pains me terribly in having to do this to you right now—this is for your own good."

Jennifer quickly pulls out her cell phone and shows it to Jeremy. Instantly images of Shirley and Daryl Anderson having sex in the backseat of her car come to life—Jeremy seems shocked as the scene unfolds. Jennifer grins triumphantly.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Look at the 36th Episode

Jeremy finds out the truth about Shirley—Astrid leaves town with a secret concerning her son—Eddie and Carmen plots revenge against Howard—Sidney makes an enemy out of Jennifer—Gina and Abby discuss Jennifer's secret—Hart rudely interrupts Chandra and Robert at the mall—Simon tries to talk Jason out of what he intends to do—Todd and Alden discusses Faye's mysterious death—Jennifer vows revenge against Sidney for snubbing her—Eddie makes plans to get back at Howard—Clay is uneasy as Eva and Michelle plans his modeling career—Mike arrives in town with an sinister agenda—Shirley reels from Jeremy's death—news quickly spreads about what happened to Jeremy—Will and Maxwell receive more troubling news—as the truth about Jennifer's twisted diabolical motives take shape.

Episode 36
Comes the Blind Fury

Weissmann Driveway

Jeremy Weissmann looks at the images of Shirley Moses and Daryl Anderson having sex and seems in shock as he watches the video unable to look away. As he continues watching more videos follow showing Shirley and Corey Bentley in a hotel room, Shirley with Brad McKinley at Bradford Beach, Shirley with Caleb Winthrop at Shelby Park, Shirley with Jarod Keller at his sister's apartment, Shirley and Wesley Madison having noisy sex at Glass Owl, as well as Shirley and other men, many of whom are twice her age. Jeremy leans against his car in shocked disbelief as Jennifer Parker looks at him and smiles broadly in triumph.

"I'm so sorry—so very sorry."

She sighs.

"But there's one more I think you need to see."

A few images of Lance Weissmann and Shirley having sex in the backseat of her car immediately flash onto the screen.

Jeremy reacts.

"This can't be real. It can't be."

Jeremy looks at Jennifer with disgust and pulls away.

"Get away from me—just get away from me."

Jeremy jumps into his car and drives away.

"Oh-oh—let's see you explain your way out of this mess Shirley dear. Told you I would tell Jeremy—and I have."

She begins laughing loudly.

Boston

Astrid Blakely smiles broadly as she nods again. She walks back and forth several times as she looks out the window.

"Uh-huh—he paid me just like you said he would rather than let everyone find out the truth out about Corey's son."

She rolls her eyes.

"Of course I didn't tell him the truth—letting him think Corey fathered my child was quite the perfect gameplay."

She smiles broadly.

"Uh-huh—who'd believe you fathered my baby and used the situation with Corey to your benefit—for revenge."

She leans against the window.

"I'm flying out in an hour."

Several baggage carriers pass by.

"I can't wait for you to visit me in St. Thomas—your son has your willpower—just so you know—quite obvious."

She laughs.

"I know—he's a chip off the old block."

She watches as several people walk by in a rush. She nods several more times before shutting off her cell phone.

"Men are such fools."

She smirks as she notices a muscular young man dressed in a T-shirt and Levi's nearby. She walks over to him and sighs as she strokes his arm seductively. The man seems confused.

"Seems I need to introduce myself—you might get lucky if you play it right with me on this flight—if you're straight."

He grins slyly as she tugs at his belt buckle.

"I'm a married man—but so what—fuck my vows."

Astrid grins broadly.

"I was hoping you'd say that."

She leans over to kiss him as people walk by.

Glass Owl

Howard Madison smirks broadly as he looks at the photo of Astrid's son. He touches the frame and sighs loudly.

"You've got a hooker for a mother—but maybe you're my best bet after all—God knows I've failed with all the others—so much promise—and yet still so many terrible failures."

He sighs again.

"Who'd ever think?"

He puts the picture back into a hidden drawer. He snaps it shut instantly and locks it. He turns to look at the window.

Port Clyde

"I'll kill him—I swear I will."

Eddie Kane angrily slams his fist down against the table as he glances at Carmen Pendleton. She smiles broadly.

"He was so rude to me earlier—he dared me to tell you that he was behind what happened to your parents."

She gestures with her hand.

"He was so smug about the whole thing actually."

Eddie seems about to explode.

"I've always felt he knew something or was behind the explosion—and now—it's time for me to pay him back."

He stands up.

"Justice will be served."

Carmen leans back against her chair.

"I've got a better idea."

Eddie turns to look at Carmen. He seems confused.

"I want to break every bone in his body."

Carmen grins and gestures with her hand again.

"Total destruction is worst than pain."

Carmen wags her finger at Eddie and smiles.

"He and I have a meeting tomorrow morning—why don't you come along and from there you can exact pain and despair into his wretched life—right after I drop my bomb on him."

Eddie looks at Carmen curiously.

"Exactly what do you have on that creep?"

Carmen laughs.

"Let's just say nothing will ever be the same again for his family when I'm through with him—he's made so many enemies over the years—and when everyone finds out what I know."

"I gather this is more than just about you?"

Carmen has a smug look on her face.

"Remember that scandal involving Marah Madison?"

Carmen seems to be enjoying the moment.

"There's more to that story as well."

He looks at Carmen curiously.

"I'm not sure if you know—but Alden Washington is back in Marble Hills—came back recently—sort of a lost soul."

Carmen stands.

"Do you think he would want to come with us too?"

Eddie shrugs.

"I'm guessing he would."

Carmen glances at her watch.

"Say tomorrow at ten?"

"Sounds like a plan."

They look at each other.

"Exactly how did you come across this info on Madison?"

Carmen winks at Eddie and smiles broadly.

"It's best you don't know the answer to that question right now—but it'll all make sense tomorrow—I guarantee it."

Carmen glances at a stack of folders nearby.

<u>Pirate's Cove Road</u>

Jeremy wipes tears from his eyes as he replays the images of Shirley having sex with his friends and with strangers.

"How could Lance do that to me?"

His brother's image taunts him as he seems lost in thought. He suddenly accelerates the speed of his car.

"How could you Lance? You of all people—you knew how I felt about Shirley—and still you fucked her anyway?"

He accelerates the speed on his car even further as he zips aimlessly through the narrow road as tears form in his eyes.

"This can't be happening to me."

At that moment a truck loaded with pallets smashes into him headfirst. The tiny sports car explodes on impact.

Lighthouse Grill

Jennifer walks into the diner with a triumphant grin on her face. She scopes out the scene around her and smiles.

"Uh-huh—I'm back."

"I want you to leave right now."

Jennifer turns around and sees Sidney Stuyvesant looking at her. The scowl on his face is evident. He sighs loudly.

"Leave or I'll call the police."

Jennifer notices a few stares as she focuses her attention on Sidney. She leans closer to him and whispers.

"You don't want to get on my bad side old man."

She smirks.

"It could be most hazardous to your health."

Sidney seems to be shock by the veiled threat.

"I'm not going to ask again."

Jennifer seems annoyed and points at Sidney.

"You've been marked."

She turns to leave and stops. Sidney appears nervous as Jennifer glances at the interior of the diner and smirks.

"It would be such a shame if somehow there was an explosion—the kind that leaves nothing but ashes."

Sidney reacts in shock and watches as Jennifer gives him a knowing look and heads to the door without looking back.

"Did that girl just threaten me?"

Sidney nervously turns to look at the diner.

Maple Avenue

"See—I told you so."

Gina Bentley watches as Abby Marshall shuts her cell phone off and seems confused. They look at each other.

"They said someone made her release possible through some private deal with an unnamed hospital in New York that specializes in the issues that Jennifer apparently had."

Gina sighs knowingly.

"Who would be stupid enough to ever let Jennifer Parker go free—especially after what she did? Something is not right here. She must have done something to the records."

Abby shrugs.

"They wouldn't tell me who—only stated she was deemed no longer a threat to society—and she was released."

Gina rolls her eyes.

"Jennifer told me she's going to kill me—swore she would do it to pay me back for what I did to her—and she as much said she killed Tiffany Johnson and all of the others as well."

"But why would she?"

Gina seems annoyed at the comment.

"Why don't you ask Jennifer and find out?"

Abby glances at her cell phone and sighs several times.

"None of this makes any sense at all."

Gina shrugs.

"Is a crazy person supposed to make any sense at all when they go on a killing spree and rub out a bunch of people?"

Abby shakes her head.

Mall

"I'm sorry I'm late."

Chandra Stevenson looks up to see Robert Bennington looking at her. In his hand is a single rose. She sighs loudly.

"I waited for two hours."

Robert nods.

"I know and I'm sorry."

He glances nervously at Chandra's stomach.

"How are you feeling?"

Chandra shrugs.

"I had some feeling of nausea earlier."

Chandra notices Hart Bennington coming toward them from the elevator. He seems upset for some reason.

Glass Owl

Jason Anderson looks at the mansion from the front gates. He sighs as he glances at the handgun in his hand.

"This is the only way."

He turns to look at the mansion again.

"One bullet and it'll all be over."

"The question is will it be over for you or him?"

Jason spins around to see Simon Spencer standing a few feet away with a strange look on his face. Jason grimaces.

"What are you doing Simon—following me?"

Simon nods.

"Better me than the cops."

Jason rolls his eyes.

"Old man Madison has to pay for what he did."

Simon grabs Jason by the shoulder.

"At what expense—have you thought about that part of the deal Jason? Nothing is ever as easy as it seems."

"He killed my dad in cold blood."

Simon glances at Glass Owl.

"Uh-huh—so tell me something I don't already know."

Jason angrily pushes Simon away.

"I don't care what you say."

Simon grabs Jason by the arm.

"Talk in town is that old man Madison killed Greg."

Jason rolls his eyes again and sighs loudly.

"That stupid fool killed himself."

Simon shakes Jason harshly.

"Are you sure that's how it really went down? People are whispering that maybe old man Madison killed his son because he ran away all those years ago—and that it could be true."

Jason pushes Simon away again and looks at the gun in his hand and grins as he plays with the trigger carelessly.

"I'll surprise the bastard and just shoot him dead in cold blood—just like he did my dad—and then play crazy."

"You'll what? Claim mental illness? That doesn't always work all the time you know—you could get life in prison?"

Jason makes a lewd gesture with his hand.

"So what—it'll be worth it knowing I killed that sick frigging bastard—watching him die at my hands will be sweet revenge for what he did to my dad and grandfather and me."

"Old man Madison is almost dead anyway Jason—he must be like seventy or so—he's a dinosaur—like really ancient."

Jason laughs.

"That fucking creep has more lives than a cat."

"Just let it go already—he'll get exactly what's coming to him soon enough—let someone else take him out—not you."

Jason waves his hand around nervously.

"No way—I want to do it."

Simon watches as Jason walks to his car. He turns to look at Glass Owl and shakes his head. Jason drives away.

Portland

Mike Wycliffe grabs his luggage and walks toward the exit at the airport and smiles broadly. He shakes his head.

"Good to be back again—especially with how everything ended with that messy Winthrop business in Bangor."

He sighs loudly as he exits the terminal.

"It was quite the scene nevertheless if I recall."

He begins laughing.

"Peter Winthrop had no idea what happened—except when the bomb went boom and he was fried to a crisp."

He grins broadly and looks at his watch.

"That woman certainly knows how to exact revenge."

He begins dialing as he whistles a musical tune.

Police Station

"Exactly where was the explosion again?"

Will McColl rushes out the door with Maxwell Pendergraft following behind him. They slam the front door shut.

"Somewhere out by Pirate's Cove."

They reach the parking lot.

"Oh man, it seems lately with everything that has been happening tragedy has become this town's best friend."

"That I agree with."

They get into Will's car and head out of the lot.

"Do you think this is another one of the killer's victims?"

"No—it doesn't seem connected."

He sighs loudly.

"But I could be wrong—again—we're still no closer to figuring out who our elusive loon could be—especially now."

"I still think that Bentley girl did it."

"If she did she must be an escape artist—since that's the only way she could have been in two places at the same time."

"What about the girl Gina Bentley said did it?"

"No proof whatsoever—we'd look really foolish going to the District Attorney—there's nothing tying Jennifer Parker to any of the murders—and why would she do it anyway?"

"Loons don't always need a reason—that's why they're called crazy—and this little town seems to have plenty."

They share a smile and nod in agreement.

Stanley Pier

"I can't believe someone whacked your ex?"

Todd Spencer glances at Alden Washington curiously as they sit down on the wooden benches at the end of the pier.

"You and me both—it's quite the mystery."

Alden runs his fingers through his hair and sighs.

"It just doesn't make any sense—Faye didn't know anyone in Marble Hills—who would have a reason to kill her?"

He runs his fingers through his hair again.

"Except that dude I saw her with that one time—he was a real charmer too—threatened to bust me up really good."

Todd seems confused.

"Do you remember his name?"

Alden shakes his head.

"No."

Todd looks out at the ocean.

"What if someone else took her out other than that Spanish dude? What if old man Madison is responsible?"

Alden gives Todd a strange look and shrugs.

Mall

"Is that all you can say?"

Hart looks at Robert and Chandra with disdain as they suddenly seem united in their cold behavior towards him.

"Thanks for nothing."

He stands up.

"I come here asking for fatherly advice and you tell me to forget about girls—and think about college? Ugh—really."

He rolls his eyes.

"Old people—what do they know?"

Hart walks away without saying goodbye. Robert looks at Chandra and smiles as he watches Hart at the elevator.

"That's the second time I've been called old today."

Chandra glances at Robert curiously.

New York City

Patrick Glick slowly sips on a mug of coffee as he watches people walking to and from nearby terminals. He shrugs.

"So close now—and when I get my hands on Uncle Gary he'll wish he'd never crossed me—uh-huh—payback will be most unpleasant that's for sure—bet he won't have a plan ready."

He leans against one of the pillars in the lobby.

"But what about Kyle—*dad*—he and I—and this mess with Malcolm—certainly will be an interesting mix no doubt."

He sighs loudly.

"Not sure how I'm going to deal with Malcolm yet."

He shrugs again.

"Is he in on this together with Silas Bell and Uncle Gary or was he forced into playing my uncle's sick mind game?"

He takes another sip.

"I guess I'll find out soon enough."

A brief text suddenly appears on his cell phone. He seems confused and sighs loudly as he reaches for it. He grimaces.

"Who is Clyde Darrow?"

He takes another sip and shakes his head.

Peabody Avenue

Jennifer slams her fist against the steering wheel several times in a rage. She looks at herself in the rearview mirror.

"Damn that old man—he'll pay dearly for this. How dare he talk to me like that? Disrespect me in a public restaurant."

She grabs her cell phone and opens the Internet screen within seconds. Her fingers furiously dance over the keys endlessly—and then stops suddenly—she smiles broadly.

"Hope he has insurance for that dump."

She clicks several times at images on the screen.

Pirate's Cove Road

Will watches as the charred body of Jeremy Weissmann is loaded into a coroner's van nearby. He seems in shock.

"Oh man, having to tell the Weissmann family that they've lost their only remaining son will be hard—hard indeed."

He glances over to where Maxwell is talking to the driver of the truck. He shakes his head in disbelief and sighs.

"Is Jeremy Weissmann's death connected?"

He shrugs as he watches Grant Monroe drive away.

Mall

Abby slowly walks toward the kiosk as Kelly Nelson and Morgan Richards are talking. Abby seems slightly annoyed.

"Kelly?"

Kelly and Morgan turn to look at Abby.

"Just talked to Gina—I think there might be a possibility that Jennifer is exactly what Gina said she was and more."

Kelly rolls his eyes.

"Since when did Gina ever tell the truth?"

Abby ignores the comment.

"It all makes perfect sense when you think about it—the question is who got her sprung out of Marshland so quickly."

Morgan seems confused.

"Maybe it was her parents?"

Abby looks at Morgan with a cold stare.

"Was I speaking to you?"

Morgan turns to look at Kelly.

Castle Beach

Eddie smiles as he shakes hands with Dane Ayler in a sparsely furnished windowless office. Dane grins broadly.

"Been a lot of years bro—thought you'd forgotten about me—especially after the trouble we got into at college."

Eddie laughs.

"Hardly—just had a lot to deal with in the last dozen years or so—*but*—but I could use your expertise—got a problem."

Dane smirks.

"Uh-huh—I'll just bet."

Eddie sits down.

"Seems I have this *problem*—let's just call this problem Howard Madison—and add that he and I hate each other."

Dane rolls his eyes.

"Howard Madison huh—still after that creep—even after all these years—I guess I shouldn't have assumed otherwise given how much contempt you had for him when you were young."

Eddie grins.

"This time is different—very different."

Dane walks toward the window.

"It always is with you—uh-huh—exactly what do you have in mind for that sneaky old bastard this time around?"

Eddie wrings his hands.

"I'm not sure yet—that's why I'm here—need you to help me come up with something really—diabolical actually."

Eddie stands up.

Blankenship Apartment

Clay Blankenship sighs as Michelle Riley hugs him and looks over at Eva Harper knowingly. They share a smile.

"Told you he was a natural—so perfect."

Eva grins broadly as she notices Clay's discomfort at being clad only in his boxer briefs in front of Michelle. He sighs.

"Look at my sweet boyfriend—he's royally embarrassed."

Michelle looks at Clay and hugs him once more. He sighs loudly. They look at each other briefly as Michelle nods.

"I have confidence in you—and not just because you and my daughter are together. With my friend's expert guidance you'll instantly become a serious rival for all those other fitness models out there such as **Luke Guldan**, **Andrew Cooper**, **Rusty Joiner** and my personal favorite **Lance Parker**. Oh, how I would love a night with him—extended of course—explore every part of his gorgeous body until morning—no rules whatsoever."

"Oh mother—please don't bring up that nasty fantasy you had where you and Lance are naked on a deserted island."

Michelle smirks and winks at Eva.

"He's a hot guy—deal with it already—the things I'd let him to do to me if we were alone—and trust me an X rating would be too tame for what I would do over and over to young Mr. Parker—there wouldn't be an inch of his muscular body I wouldn't carefully explore repeatedly with my tongue. I'd ravish him."

Eva seems aghast.

"Oh God—she's actually saying things like this in public."

Clay reacts.

"Right about now I wish I were deaf—and blind too."

He faces at Eva.

"This really isn't me—I don't know if I can do it—prancing around in front of a bunch of seriously creepy strangers."

Eva laughs.

"You'll be fine—it'll just take some getting used to—guys do it all the time—there's just so much money to be had."

Eva glances at Michelle. She notices her mother ogling Clay. She silently walks over to where they are standing.

"I think this is enough for today."

Clay notices Eva looking at her mother curiously as he walks toward the bedroom. Eva seems annoyed.

"Clay is my boyfriend—I'd appreciate it if you didn't look at him like that—it's wrong in so many ways—yuk."

Michelle rolls her eyes.

"Is it my fault Clay has a hot body?"

Eva seems upset.

"Please don't go there again."

Michelle smirks again.

"I still don't know why you're so uptight even now about the innocent question I asked the first time I met Clay."

Eva glances at the hallway.

"It was an inappropriate question to ask your daughter."

Michelle leans close to Eva.

"All I asked was if Clay was good in bed?"

Eva sighs.

"It's none of your business."

"I beg to differ."

"This conversation is over."

At that moment Clay comes back into the room and notices the rigid tension between Michelle and Eva.

"Did I miss something?"

Michelle walks over to Clay and slides her arms around his waist. She hugs him warmly. Eva rolls her eyes knowingly.

"Eva and I were just talking about my daughter being too uptight and moody—and it didn't go over well I guess."

Clay looks at Eva curiously.

"Are you sure everything is alright?"

Eva nods several times.

"Uh-huh—mother just needs to stop trying to push my buttons—especially since she knows it bothers me."

Michelle turns to look at Clay.

"I'm leaving—see if you can relax my daughter—a good bout of lovemaking ought to do the trick—quite nicely."

Clay reacts and blushes.

"Mother—enough OK? I'll call you tomorrow morning so we can have breakfast together. Please change your tune."

Michelle nods.

"I'll think about it."

She walks to the door and slowly turns to look back at Clay and Eva before she reaches for the doorknob. She leaves.

"Mind telling me what that was about?"

Eva shrugs.

"You really want to know?"

Clay nods.

"Uh-huh—I do."

"My mother was commenting repeatedly on how hot your body looked today—and it's not the first time either."

Clay grins.

"Your mom thinks I'm hot?"

Eva wags her finger.

"Is that a look of amusement I see on your face?"

Clay looks at the door and gestures with his hand.

"Maybe—what's it to you?"

Eva points her finger at Clay.

"Should I be worried?"

Clay smiles broadly.

"Uh-huh—might run away with your mother and delve into a life of criminal behavior—might even buy a motorcycle."

Eva kisses Clay.

"Is that so?"

Clay nods again.

"Didn't I tell you I just got sprung from jail recently—killed a whole bunch of people—judge said I was a menace to society and should watch my step or I'd be back in the slammer before I could blink—so I killed him—what other choice did I have? He was mouthing off and it annoyed me—so I shot him with the bailiff's gun and fled three states—been on the lam since that day."

Clay pulls Eva to him and grins.

"I've done things."

She leads him by the hand toward the bedroom.

Mall

"You didn't have to be so rude to Morgan?"

Abby rolls her eyes.

"So what—I don't like her."

Kelly smirks.

"And I bet I know why."

Abby sighs.

"I'm not blind OK—she's after you and I don't like it one bit—deal with it already—I'm the jealous girlfriend type."

Kelly comes from around the kiosk and hugs Abby.

"I guess that means you really like me."

Abby pulls Kelly to her and kisses him twice.

"You think?"

They kiss again.

"I can't help it if someone likes me."

Abby kisses Kelly again.

"But you don't have to be so damn charming."

Kelly winks at Abby.

"I'm a charming guy—like deal already."

She tousles his hair and sighs.

Farm Acres Inn

Mike casually walks toward the sliding door leading to the narrow balcony as he talks on his cell phone. He opens it.

"Call me tomorrow and I'll come meet you—and we can finish off that loose end you mentioned that needs tending."

Mike grins.

"Exactly—leave no traces of my presence."

He laughs.

"Uh-huh—no problem at all with me staying clear of Pete's Cafe and the boardinghouse on Peabody Avenue."

He waves his hand in the air.

"Not that she could ever ID me as the dude who made it possible that she lost both her sweet hubby and her precious daughter at that airport in Bangor since there was never an investigation into what really happened with the Winthrop plane thanks to your good friends at the local police station."

He leans against the railing.

"Did anyone ever tell you that you worry too much?"

He sighs loudly as he continues talking.

Lighthouse Grill

Jennifer watches as Sidney says goodbye to his last customer and prepares to lock up. She taps her fingers on the dashboard nervously as he begins to pulls the drapes down over the windows. She glances at herself in the rearview mirror.

"Revenge is a dish best served cold."

She shakes her fist in the air.

"Come to think of it, that old man slighted me in such a way I don't think I can forgive him anytime soon—but maybe after he's dead and buried I might be able to consider it."

She steps out of her car and looks around. There is an eerie stillness in the air as she faces the deserted street.

Police Station

Will slowly escorts Shirley into the lobby of the police station as she wipes tears from her eyes with a napkin.

"Did anyone see it happen?"

Maxwell looks up from his desk.

"From what we've gathered Jeremy Weissmann seemed distracted right before he plowed into the other vehicle."

Shirley seems confused.

"Distracted?"

Maxwell nods.

Mall

Ashton Markway quickly steps off the elevator and heads over to the kiosk where Kelly and Abby are standing.

"I guess you guys haven't heard?"

They look at him confused. He sighs.

"Jeremy Weissmann is dead."

Abby seems shocked.

"What?"

Ashton sits down at the kiosk.

"He crashed into some huge truck and his car exploded on impact—his body was scorched beyond recognition."

"But Jeremy was a really good driver—he gave me rides all the time—he drove like a little old lady with eyesight issues."

Ashton shakes his head.

"Not according to the driver of the truck—from what he stated to Will McColl earlier, Jeremy was going over 90 in a 35 mile street. The impact was horrific from what I heard."

Kelly shakes his head.

"It's always the quiet ones that end up."

Abby seem bothered by the statement and shrugs.

"Does Shirley know?"

"Uh-huh—bet she's a mess right now."

Ashton lowers his voice.

"People are saying that right before he was seen speeding along Pirate's Cove Road he spoke with Jennifer Parker."

Abby sighs loudly.

"That could only mean one thing."

Ashton nods in agreement.

"I think she told Jeremy about Shirley and Lance."

Kelly and Abby look at each other.

Blankenship Apartment

Eva cries out with joy as Clay continuously penetrates her. He looks at her and grins as her moans begin to echo loudly.

"I told you I was dangerous."

Eva pulls Clay to her and kisses him.

"I like dangerous—especially when it's my boyfriend."

Clay turns away from Eva.

"I don't know about this modeling thing."

Eva tenderly strokes Clay's face.

Lighthouse Grill

Jennifer slips into the back entrance of the tiny diner and waits in the darkness as Sidney walks into the parking lot.

"Hello, old man."

Sidney turns around and looks at Jennifer in shock.

"What—what are you doing here?"

Jennifer grins broadly.

"I came to pay my respects."

Sidney seems confused.

"Huh—what are you babbling about?"

Jennifer walks toward Sidney. He backs away slightly and realizes he has nowhere to run. She edges closer to him.

"There's no place to go old man."

She edges even closer as Sidney seems panicked.

"Terrible thing when someone insults me—makes me do bad things—horrible things—such horrible things—and now it looks like you must pay for how you talked to me earlier."

Sidney looks around the empty enclosed parking lot.

"Sorry old man—it ends here for you—there's no place to run—and like I said, you should have been much nicer to me."

Sidney backs up further against the wall.

"If you leave now I won't tell anyone about this."

Jennifer begins laughing hysterically.

"You're not going to tell anyone regardless. It's really hard to talk when you're lying on the ground with a knife stuck in your chest—unless you believe I'll let you live—oops no."

"Please—don't do this—I'm sorry that I insulted you earlier—but you did try to kill my great niece—just let it go and I'll pretend you were never here Jennifer. What's done is done."

Jennifer edges even closer to Sidney as he notices the gigantic butcher knife clutched tightly in her right hand.

"That bitch ruined my life."

She moves closer to Sidney as she grins broadly.

"Don't worry Sidney dear—you won't be alone very long where you're going—I guarantee it. You'll have friends."

Sidney panics and tries to push past Jennifer but he's no match for her as she plunges the butcher knife into his chest and then repeatedly hacks into his body as he falls backwards.

"I win—you lose old man."

Jennifer smiles with glee as she watches while Sidney's body twitches for a few seconds and then he becomes still.

"Now to make sure this place is no longer."

Several minutes later she casually strikes a match and watches as flames begins to climb up the walls of the diner.

<u>Police Station</u>

Will and Maxwell are about to leave as they hear Will's cell phone beginning to ring nonstop. They both sigh loudly.

"This is a busy little town, isn't it? Seems something is always seconds away from happening. I wonder if Boston ever has these sorts of problems dealing with this much drama."

Maxwell shakes his head knowingly.

Mall

"So, you're saying Gina Bentley is telling the truth for a change and Jennifer Parker—Jennifer killed Tiffany?"

Abby looks at Ashton and nods.

"It all makes sense when you think about it—and Gina said Jennifer admitted to her she killed Tiffany and the others but she—she denied killing Lance Weissmann—which was odd."

Ashton shakes his head several times.

"But why did she do it?"

Abby gestures with her hand.

"Apparently from what Gina said Jennifer got out of Marshland and returned to Marble Hills to seek revenge."

Ashton glances at Kelly.

"But why did she kill the others?"

"To make Gina look like the killer I guess."

Ashton seems confused.

"Why didn't she just kill Gina?"

Abby sighs.

"Her plan was originally to have Gina go to jail for killing Tiffany Johnson and the others and then Jennifer planned to kill her while she was in prison—that way no one would ever know Jennifer was the actual killer—and Gina would always be blamed—which was the whole idea—from what she said."

Ashton shrugs.

"That seems like more trouble than it was worth."

Abby rolls her eyes and smirks.

"Jennifer Parker was always complicated."

Kelly faces Abby.

"Uh-huh—I'll just bet."

He glances at Ashton for a few seconds and sighs.

"It seems like too much work just to get revenge against Gina for sleeping with Jarod—especially given his sleazy rep."

"Jennifer believed him when he told her he wasn't fooling around behind her back with all her friends—but he lied."

Ashton laughs.

"Uh-huh—how dumb is Jennifer Parker anyway? Like seriously Jarod had more one-night stands than anyone else in town—he didn't get the rep he had for being faithful."

He makes a gagging gesture with his hand.

"That dude slept with so many women—even he couldn't remember the exact number when he bragged to his friends about his conquests—disgusting creep if truth be known."

Kelly reacts.

"It seems to me he caused his own death."

Ashton and Abby turn to look at Kelly.

"You have to admit his promiscuous lifestyle led to him being killed by—especially given how he treated Jennifer."

Ashton nods in agreement.

"I hadn't thought about it like that before—but I guess it's true. Jennifer took him out because he lied to her one too many times and thought he'd get away with it without issue—ugh."

Abby sighs loudly.

"But why did she want to hurt Jeremy?"

Ashton turns to look at Abby.

"It wasn't Jeremy—it was Shirley."

"Shirley?"

Ashton shakes his head again.

"Shirley knew that Gina and Jarod had hooked up while Jennifer was looking for Jarod on the night of the prom last year—and she swore revenge on Shirley—told her so too."

Kelly shakes his head in a disbelieving way.

"Oh man—this is one twisted tale—even for Jennifer."

"Yep—tell me about it—and when Jennifer caught them fucking later that night Shirley pretended she didn't know but Jennifer didn't buy her story—made threats to get even."

Abby sighs loudly again.

"And now Jennifer is making good on the threat she made that night before she totally snapped royally and got sent to Marshland for being a basket case—she's out for blood."

Ashton makes a slashing motion with his hand.

"Looks like she's finally gotten her revenge on Shirley Moses—which unfortunately Jeremy Weissmann paid with his life because of what happened previous with Gina and Jarod."

Abby leans against the kiosk and sighs.

"I think I may be in trouble too."

Kelly and Ashton look at Abby curiously.

"Shirley wasn't the only one who knew what happened the night of the prom in the backseat of Jennifer's car."

She notices Kelly and Ashton's reactions.

"I—I knew about Jarod and Gina also—I found them together as I was walking to my car—but I kept quiet."

Abby suddenly seems upset.

"I should have told Jennifer what I knew—knowing how personally she takes everything—but I never did because I was afraid of what she might do to Gina if she found out."

Ashton shakes his head.

"Not good—not good at all—like seriously bad."

"I guess Jennifer never found out that I knew what happened that night between—unless she's been pretending all this time like she didn't know and—and then—I'm screwed."

Kelly and Ashton exchange cautious looks.

"We'll protect you from Jennifer."

Ashton looks at Abby oddly.

"Stupid question—but did Gina know that you knew what happened between her and Jarod the night of the prom?"

Abby seems nervous and nods.

"She knew."

"Let's hope she doesn't tell anyone else—especially not Jennifer—getting on her bad side can be seriously deadly."

"Tell that to Tiffany Johnson."

Ashton glances at his watch. He seems nervous about something. He turns to face the others a few seconds later.

"Do you think we should tell someone about what we know—about Gina possibly being right about Jennifer?"

"Who'd believe us? This is like an episode right out of that old TV series *Paper Dolls*. Too many plot twists to explain."

Abby's cell phone begins to ring suddenly.

Lighthouse Grill

Will and Maxwell look up at the flames surging through the tiny diner as firefighters try to put out the huge blaze.

"Think anyone is inside?"

"I hope not."

They notice a crowd of people gathering at the other end of the street with cell phones. Will rolls his eyes at the scene.

"Oh great—that's all we need at this moment—an audience of a bunch of pathetic attention seekers who suddenly have nothing to do but gawk freakishly as if they were watching an episode of some crappy reality show where people act more stupid than usual hoping it'll lead to an acting career."

Maxwell smirks and turns to look at the burning building again. Seconds later the roof falls creating a huge plume of red smoke. They watch as water is sprayed into the smoke.

"Sidney Stuyvesant is going to have one hell of a mess to clean up when this is all over—hope he has insurance."

Maxwell looks around.

"Is he around here somewhere?"

Will shrugs and begins walking toward the back of the building. They stop suddenly at the enclosed parking lot.

"Think he could still be inside?"

"I thought he was the one who called?"

They look at each other.

"If he didn't—then who did?"

They run toward the gates and pull them apart. From a distance they see what looks like a body sticking out from near the back entrance of the diner. They look up at the flames and then each other before they run toward the diner in a rush.

"If I didn't know any better I'd say this was no accident. It seems staged—like it was planned—right down to the ending."

Blood is everywhere as they stop cold in their tracks and see Sidney lying motionless on the pavement about twenty feet away. His chest is soaked in blood. They notice a large butcher knife sticking out of his chest. They edge closer as their eyes fall on the gaping wound. His mangled chest looks like someone intentionally hacked a hole directly over his heart. They look at each other in confused shock and disgust at the bloody scene.

"Who would want to kill a helpless old man?"

Maxwell looks back at the crowd.

"Do you think one of them saw anything?"

Will turns and looks briefly where Maxwell is looking and shakes his head a few times. He appears to be in a daze.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Look at the 37th Episode

Will and Maxwell begin to suspect Gina may be right about Jennifer—Shirley comes face to face with Jennifer—Hart and Lisa have a falling out—Caroline is faced with another death in her family—Jennifer deals with a problem at the beach—Lindsay and Hart discuss Howard's behavior toward Susan—Albert finalizes plans for Wesley—Ashton and Gina bury the hatchet—Eddie discusses Carmen's plans for revenge on Howard with close friends—Wesley continues to play with fire—a hired killer makes his way to Marble Hills from Denmark—Todd helps Eddie with final adjustments to his plan—Caroline deals with the loss of loved ones—Alden tells Julia about his plans to return to Los Angeles—as Carmen and Denise rehash their sordid pasts.

Episode 37
Vengeance Game

Lighthouse Grill

Will McColl watches as the covered body of Sidney Stuyvesant is placed in the back of a coroner's van. He slowly turns around to look at Maxwell Pendergraft. Maxwell shrugs.

"So, do you think Gina Bentley was right after all—that this Jennifer Parker person could be our mysterious killer?"

Will shakes his head and looks at the coroner's van as it drives away. He seems confused at the statement.

"Even if I wanted to believe Gina's story—there's still no motive I can think of for Jennifer wanting to kill Sidney."

Will slowly wipes sweat from his brow.

"Maybe I can help with a motive."

They turn to see a young man looking at them.

"My name is Evan Chandler—I'm a waiter—*was* a waiter at Lighthouse Grill. Earlier in the evening Sidney and a young woman argued—and it got pretty nasty from what I recall. She was seriously pissed when she left. Sidney seemed worried."

"Do you know what about exactly?"

Evan nervously looks at the charred building.

"Sidney asked her to leave the diner—they argued about something—and like I said—she seemed pretty upset after."

Maxwell looks over at the charred building.

"Think if you saw a photo of her you'd recognize her?"

Evan nods again.

"Uh-huh—I would—yeah."

As Maxwell is about to walk to his car nearby they see Caroline Bentley running toward them in a frenzied panic.

"Oh God—*what happened*—where—where's Sidney?"

Maxwell looks at Will nervously.

Pirate's Cove Road

Jennifer Parker grins broadly as she sees Shirley Moses standing by the side of the road crying. She rolls her eyes.

"You'd think she'd know better."

As Shirley turns around she sees Jennifer pulling up in her car a few feet away. She quickly wipes tears from her eyes.

"What are you doing here?"

Jennifer laughs.

"I told you I'd tell him."

Shirley reacts.

"*It was you*—you killed Jeremy."

Jennifer laughs again.

"No—*you killed Jeremy*—if you hadn't been such a whore he'd be alive right now—it's your fault he's in the morgue."

Shirley turns away.

"Go away."

Jennifer steps out of her car.

"I wish I could—but I'm not through with you yet—I'm the kind of girl that makes good on all her personal promises."

Shirley looks at Jennifer oddly and begins backing away.

"What are you going to do?"

Jennifer waves her hand in the air and laughs as she edges closer to Shirley. Her face wreathed in a triumphant smile.

"How dumb are you—like really?"

Shirley continues to back away until she realizes she's at the edge of a rocky ledge. She looks at the ocean below.

"Please—don't."

Jennifer edges closer and closer to Shirley on the narrow precipice—a broad smile on her face—oozing confidence.

"No one fucks with me and gets away with it."

Shirley looks at the ocean below.

"You killed Tiffany Johnson—didn't you?"

Jennifer smirks.

"She had it coming—how dare she keep what happened between Gina and Jarod from me—especially after how much she knew I adored Jarod Keller—she deserved what I did to her."

She looks at her hands.

"I asked her—*asked her to tell me if it was true*—and she lied to my face—telling me she didn't know anything."

She sighs loudly.

"That's why I killed her—cut the brakes in her car and then watched her drive toward Standish Road to her death."

Shirley looks down at the ocean again.

"I'm sorry for not telling you—I know it was wrong."

Jennifer lazily waves her hand in the air.

"You had your chance cow—and now righteous justice must be dealt in order to make right what was done to me—like all the others before you who betrayed me—death comes."

Shirley tries to back away and realizes there's no more space left on the bluff. Jennifer edges even closer. She winks.

"I blamed the whole thing on Gina Bentley—the plan was working perfectly until that bitch got sprung after someone killed Lance Weissmann—fucked up my plan royally—*damn them*."

Shirley seems confused.

"It wasn't you that killed Lance?"

"No."

"If you didn't kill Lance like you did all the others—then who did—who stabbed him to death at Bradford Beach?"

Jennifer shrugs and gestures with her hand.

Hart Bennington rolls his eyes as Lisa Taylor pushes him away after he tries to kiss her. He seems annoyed at her.

"What the fuck?"

Lisa looks back at her house.

"I told you before—I'm done with you."

Hart laughs.

"Done with me—like that isn't even a possibility until I say we're over—and I haven't said anything—damn whore."

Lisa sighs.

"This conversation is over."

"No—it isn't."

He grabs her by the arm.

"Like what kind of fool do you think you're dealing with Lisa? You and I had a date—and I expect you to put out."

Lisa jerks free of his grip.

"What? Expect to fuck me? Not anymore. I'm done being a trollop in this town. I'm done with the whole damn scene."

Hart laughs loudly.

"Oh-oh—this must be about that old guy you slept with thinking he was into you—oops—check that—from what I heard earlier at Pete's Cafe he has a thing for young gay dudes—and not just one either—uh-huh—seems he's been quite busy lately."

Lisa reacts.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

Hart makes a lewd gesture with his finger and grins.

"People talk in this town."

He laughs.

"Dude has a thing for threesomes."

Lisa seems upset.

"Damon Mayo and I were just good friends—nothing more—ask anyone in town. Besides he's not that old. He's only thirty-two—and he's really hot—better looking than you."

Hart wags his finger at Lisa and begins laughing loudly.

"And he likes fucking dudes—don't forget that part."

Lisa turns to walk away.

"Just go away already—disappear."

Hart runs after her.

"I'll tell."

Lisa stops and faces Hart.

"Tell what?"

Hart grins broadly.

"I'll tell everyone in Marble Hills you were sleeping with a gay guy for months—and he made a complete fool out of you by pretending to be straight while he was screwing endless dudes on the sly—I'll make sure people talk lots of trash about you."

Lisa looks back at her house.

"Go ahead—but remember one thing Hart—my dad has a gun and he's not afraid to use it. He goes hunting a lot—and it would be such a shame if somehow he ended up mistaking you for a stupid deer when you're all alone at Shelby Woods."

"That sounds like a threat to me."

Lisa gives Hart one last look and heads toward the back door of her home. Hart stands there for a few seconds.

Mall

Abby Marshall turns to look at Kelly Nelson. She seems nervous. She glances at the elevator again several times.

"I know I'm on Jennifer Parker's hit list. She knows that I kept what happened the night of the prom from her."

Kelly sighs.

"Why would you think that?"

Abby shrugs.

"Didn't you hear what Ashton said earlier? She's knocking off everyone that wronged her—or who she thinks did."

Kelly reaches out to touch Abby's hand.

"I wouldn't listen to everything Ashton Markway says."

He rolls his eyes knowingly.

"Take everything he says with a grain of salt."

He wraps his arms around Abby.

"I think Ashton Markway spends too much time watching all those true crime stories on CBS. Look—if Jennifer knew that you kept quiet about Gina and Jarod you'd be dead already."

Abby gives Kelly an odd look.

Morgue

Caroline seems in shock as she follows Maxwell and Evan toward the hallway leading to the morgue. Caroline turns to face Evan who stops just outside the metal doors. She sighs loudly.

"Who are you again?"

Evan looks at Caroline curiously.

"Evan Chandler."

Caroline seems confused.

"Do I know you?"

Evan rolls his eyes.

"I'm a waiter at Lighthouse Grill. Oops, I was a waiter. Saw your uncle arguing with someone earlier. She was pissed."

Maxwell turns to face Evan.

"I'll get you that photo as soon as I can."

Evan nods.

"Is the press going to cover this story?"

He waves his hand in the air.

"In case I didn't state it before at the diner I want to remain anonymous. No interviews. The editor of the local paper enjoys slinging dirt and I want none of that. I've never seen an editor recreate reality before—but I guess you guys must already know his deal for fake storytelling—too many tall tales."

Maxwell seems upset.

"I've had a few encounters with Timothy Roskov. The man is a piece of work alright—refused to even talk to Will and I about the stories he was passing off as truth in his sloppy rag when we confronted him. Roskov swore everything he wrote was true."

Maxwell notices Caroline's nervous behavior.

"FOX News is more truthful than Roskov and that's saying a lot since everyone knows FOX News is made-up garbage."

Evan nods and rubs his chin knowingly.

"I bet you wanted to take a swing at him. Heard Brad McKinley's pop threatened him after his son skipped town and Roskov made it look like he was involved somehow."

Evan looks around the room.

"Is that Brad McKinley dude still in South America? People have been talking—saying that he's back in Marble Hills."

Maxwell shakes his head.

"I don't know—his trail went cold after he arrived in Brazil—even the FBI can't seem to figure where he is now."

Evan glances at Caroline.

"Bet Carrie Spaulding's pop isn't too thrilled with that. From what I heard he swore he'd kill McKinley if he ever dared show his face in town again. I heard he bought a gun."

Maxwell sighs loudly.

"It's a little odd that he seems to have lost interest in bringing Brad back for trial—pieces just don't add up."

Evan looks at Maxwell curiously.

Pirate's Cove Road

Shirley nervously glances at Jennifer as she looks down again at the rocks below on the beach. Jennifer smirks.

"Some things never work out the way you thought they would—even after well-laid plans you spent so much time thinking about—only to have someone fuck everything."

Shirley seems about to cry as Jennifer edges closer.

"Please—don't do this—I'm begging you."

Jennifer rolls her eyes.

"Think of it this way—you'll get to see Jeremy."

Jennifer laughs loudly.

"Oh-oh—I forgot—that will be quite a moment—especially given the fact he's dead because of you—oh so awkward."

Jennifer looks down at the rocks again and begins to laugh as she glances at her watch. Shirley begins to cry softly.

"Time's up bitch."

Jennifer lunges at Shirley and they struggle for a few seconds before Shirley loses her footing. Seconds later there's a scream from the beach as Jennifer viciously shoves Shirley off the bluff. At that exact moment notices Diana Bingham looking up at both of them from below. Jennifer seems angry as she looks down at Shirley's broken body between several large boulders. She immediately heads down the trail toward the beach. Diana seems in shock at the sight as she realizes what is happening.

"Oh my God—she's coming after me."

Seconds later she notices Jennifer running toward her.

"It's you—*you* killed them all."

She begins to run down the beach amid crashing waves as Jennifer pursues her. Halfway across the beach Diana trips on a submerged rock and falls face down into the waves. Jennifer is on top of her within seconds and laughs as she begins forcing Diana's head under the water repeatedly. Diana struggles as Jennifer becomes angrier and angrier as she realizes Diana isn't giving up easily. Jennifer angrily punches Diana several times.

"You just had to be in the wrong place at the wrong time just like your sister out at Standish Road—oops—oh well."

Jennifer laughs loudly.

"I hear your sister calling."

Jennifer forcibly shoves Diana's head under the water again—angrily hitting her over and over as she struggles. Two minutes later Diana stops struggling. Jennifer smiles broadly.

"Oh well—what's one more to my list."

She slowly releases her vise-like grip on Diana and watches triumphantly as the body begins floating away.

"I'm certain Marilyn is waiting for her."

She turns away with a smile.

Glass Owl

Lindsay Bennington notices Hart walking toward the pavilion and follows him through the huge doors leading to the garden behind the mansion. Hart turns around to face her.

"Oh great—like I'm being followed by my overprotective mother—not exactly a confidence builder by any means."

Lindsay reacts.

"You and I have to talk."

Hart rolls his eyes.

"I'm not interested in talking about grandpa."

"Susan is going to have a baby."

Hart seems shocked.

"Who's the father?"

Lindsay looks back at the mansion.

"Why would you ask a question like that?"

Hart smirks.

"*Why do you think?*"

"Lance Weissmann is the baby's father."

Hart grins broadly.

"Dead men *do* tell tales."

Lindsay glances nervously at Glass Owl.

"Your grandfather—he's not happy with the news."

Hart seems upset as he looks at the mansion.

"Oh fuck—*he* knows?"

Lindsay nods.

"Yes—unfortunately he does."

They look at each other for a few seconds.

"Of all people to know—him knowing doesn't bode well for Susan—bet he wants her to get rid of it like yesterday?"

Lindsay nods again.

"He does—but you know your sister—she refused."

Hart shrugs.

"Is it too late to move back to Philly?"

Lindsay shakes her head.

<u>London</u>

Albert Wang turns around to face his friend Lloyd Cooper as they flip multiple computer screens as the same time.

"This is gonna wow for sure no doubt."

Albert grins broadly.

"Man, when Wesley Madison turns these on at Glass Owl there'll be no hiding from the fallout afterwards—boom."

Lloyd leans back in his chair.

"Think Wesley will follow through?"

Albert seems confused.

"Sure—why would you think he wouldn't?"

Lloyd shrugs.

"This is Wesley Madison we're talking about—he's known for his flaky behavior—love the guy but let's face it he's never been known for doing the right thing when needed—like ever."

Albert smirks.

"This time he will—you should have seen the look on his face when I let it slip what his grandfather had done."

Lloyd rolls his eyes.

"Howard Madison is going to be out for blood when we out him on a live feed—like totally in bloody killer mode."

"Whatever—I'm not worried."

Lloyd sighs loudly.

"Easy for you to say—but what about Wesley—should he be worried when he exposes his grandfather publicly?"

Albert looks at the screen again.

"I warned him—but he didn't seem to care one way or the other—the ball is in his court now. He knows the risks."

Lloyd wags his finger at Albert.

"Unless something goes wrong of course—and that old man rubs him out—I hope Wesley knows what he's doing—old man Madison is mob connected—and not in a good way."

Albert laughs loudly and jabs Lloyd.

"Enough with the mob references Lloyd—this isn't like that old ABC series *Grand Hotel*—when the crap hits the fan the only one who'll be running for cover is Howard Madison—there won't be a place for him to hide when the truth comes out."

"Yeah—unless he pulls out a gun and starts shooting at everyone he thinks wronged him—starting with Wesley."

Albert rolls his eyes.

"Enough already with the *Falcon Crest* second season cliffhanger references. Old man Madison kept too many secrets and now those same secrets will bury his ass. Case closed."

Lloyd shakes his head.

Blankenship Apartment

Clay Blankenship grabs Eva Harper and laughs as she runs toward the kitchen. She screams as he kisses her twice.

"Didn't I say earlier you should be nervous around me?"

Clay pulls Eva closer.

"I'm trouble with a capitol T."

Eva kisses Clay.

"Uh-huh—and I told you earlier I like trouble."

Clay seems amused as her hand slides between his legs.

"I won't be held responsible."

Eva kisses Clay again.

"Thought you said you were dangerous?"

Clay grins knowingly.

"I lied—I'm a liar—can't stop lying about my fake past."

Eva strokes Clay's exposed penis.

"Guys who lie to their girlfriends pay dearly."

Clay winks at Eva.

"I'm ready to accept my punishment."

Clay and Eva look at each other.

"We'll see."

Eva leads Clay back into the bedroom.

Maple Avenue

Gina Bentley and Ashton Markway walk toward the entrance of the mall across the street. He stops suddenly.

"Anyway I'm sorry about what happened to Corey."

Gina shakes her head.

"I appreciate you saying that Ashton—I know my brother wasn't exactly nice to you—truth be told he was a nasty jerk."

Ashton makes a gesture with his hand.

"Anyway I'm sorry about what happened with Jennifer Parker and the murders—she had everyone totally fooled."

Gina shrugs.

"Maybe I deserved it—I know I've been a bitch for years now—but I'm trying to change after what happened."

Ashton glances at the mall again.

"How about we grab a cappuccino or two upstairs while I tell you about this really cool photographer I met recently."

Gina nods and follows Ashton.

Glass Owl

Howard Madison glances at a photo of Gina Bentley in his hand. He sighs loudly. He drops it into a silver-lined box.

"It won't be long now—before the truth is finally out."

He looks up and sees Hart staring at him.

"Ever heard of knocking boy?"

Hart laughs.

"Question is would you even hear me knocking on account you being old and all—might just be a waste of my time?"

Howard slams his fist on top of the desk.

"Why you little punk—I ought to crush you."

Hart rolls his eyes.

"Like really old man? I'm younger and stronger than you, in case you hadn't noticed because of your failing vision. One hard punch from me and you're flat on your back—for good."

Howard clenches his fist.

"Don't fuck with me boy—I'll burn you badly."

Hart smirks.

"Uh-huh—except for the fact you want to stay on my good side—otherwise I'll be forced to tell my cousin Wesley what I just overheard you say about that frigging killer Gina Bentley."

Howard seems shocked and stands up.

"One word and I'll put an end to your blackmailing ways."

Hart makes a lewd gesture with his finger.

"Uh-huh—wonder how Gina Bentley will take the news if someone told her—oh man—bet she might flip—again."

Hart walks toward the desk.

"Don't you know talking aloud is a sure sign of losing your mind—oh wait—you're like totally ancient anyway—so I guess it wouldn't really matter if anyone thought you were bats?"

Hart circles Howard.

"Imagine how John Bentley would feel if I told him what you're planning? Oh-oh—seems to me he'd be pissed?"

Howard looks at Hart cautiously.

"Exactly what do you want to keep quiet?"

Hart grins broadly.

"I thought you'd see it my way."

Hart looks at the door.

"I want you to leave my sister alone—if you don't, I'll let the Bentleys know your deal—and don't think I wouldn't do what I said I would either—because you'd be wrong old man."

Howard seems annoyed.

"Fine—whatever—I'll let Susan have that bastard's child."

Hart smirks again.

"I have one more card to play."

Howard sighs loudly.

"I'm through making deals."

He gestures with his hand and points.

"Get out of my sight this instant."

Hart looks at the door again and faces Howard.

"Who said you had a choice old man?"

Howard looks at his cell phone nervously as it begins ringing incessantly. Hart notices his grandfather's behavior.

"Aren't you going to pick it up?"

Howard glares at Hart.

"Just tell me what else you want and be gone from my sight—I've got business to attend to—be quick about it."

Hart looks at the cell phone again.

"We'll talk later."

He turns to leave and looks back with a smirk.

"But I'll be back—count on it—this isn't over yet—not even close—this nightmare is just beginning for you old man."

Howard watches Hart leave and picks up his cell phone.

"Why are you still in Copenhagen?"

He pounds his fist onto the desk again.

"You were supposed to be here already—be on the first flight within the hour. I have a new side job for you."

Howard laughs.

"This one is personal—seems my grandson needs to be taught a deadly lesson—and you're just the man for the job."

Howard shakes his head.

"Yes—exactly what I'm implying."

He shrugs and slowly leans back in his chair.

"I'll expect you here by morning—say nine o'clock—come straight to Glass Owl. Not one more excuse—is that clear?"

He looks at the cell phone in his hand.

"Good—I'll see you then."

He shuts off the cell phone and grins.

"Someone who won't play by my rules is useless as far as I'm concerned. Hart has made it clear which side of the fence he's on and it's not mine. It's like Greg all over again. Greg was a thorn in my side for years. I won't make the same mistake again."

Howard looks around the room and smiles slyly as his vision focuses on a framed picture of Hart among a few other family photographs. He picks it up and throws it in the trash in a rage. As the frame shatters he begins laughing loudly.

<u>Pete's Cafe</u>

Alden Washington and Julia Winthrop watch as Eddie Kane walks toward them. Seconds later Alden sees Carmen Pendleton standing behind Eddie. Alden seems confused.

"Carmen? Carmen Pendleton?"

Carmen reaches out to hug Alden warmly.

"It's been a while Alden—never thought I'd ever see you again—not after what happened with Marah Madison."

Julia watches as Alden reacts with a slight uneasiness to the mentioning of the name. They hug for a few seconds.

"The old gang is almost all back together."

Carmen rolls her eyes.

"Except for Kyle Madison—and oh—Daryl Anderson being dead courtesy of old man Madison's trigger happy fingers—but not everything is what is appears—I've got a big secret."

Eddie reaches out to pat Alden on the back.

"Carmen has the goods on Howard Madison. Tomorrow will be the beginning of the end for that miserable wretch."

Alden glances at Carmen.

"Couldn't happen to a nicer guy—especially after what he's done over the years to everyone in Marble Hills."

"My thoughts exactly—justice will finally be served."

Eddie looks at Julia.

"Nothing will ever be the same again for anyone after tomorrow—Carmen's got everything ready to sink Madison's ship once and for all—this is the beginning of the end for him."

Alden and Julia look at Carmen curiously.

Marble Hills Gazette

Timothy Roskov looks up from his desk as the front door opens. He smirks as he sees Wesley Madison entering.

"Madison—quite a long time not seeing you in the local news wrecking havoc every chance you get. What gives?"

Wesley closes the door behind him.

"I've got something for you."

Timothy leans back in his chair.

"Is that so?"

Wesley pulls out a thick blue folder from his jacket.

"Trust me it'll make news."

They look at each other for a few seconds.

"This is like none other."

He cautiously hands it to Timothy and shoots him a sharp look as Timothy is about to open the folder. Wesley sighs.

"It comes with conditions in case you were wondering why I chose you Roskov. But I think you'll play ball nevertheless."

Wesley watches as Timothy opens the folder and sees words in bold lettering that catches his attention instantly.

"Where did you get this info?"

Timothy glances at the folder again.

"What's going on between you and your grandfather?"

Wesley gestures with his hand and smiles.

"Are you game or not Roskov?"

Timothy leans forward.

"Of course I'm game. But if I'm going to slit my own throat I need to know the deal—all of it. Nothing left out."

Wesley shrugs.

"Tomorrow—the drama begins unfolding tomorrow."

He glances at the folder on top of the desk.

"I've known for years you've been after my family—but you've never been able to get real dirt on my grandfather's unholy business dealings—that'll change tomorrow no doubt."

Timothy seems confused.

"How do I know you're not playing me for a fool? It certainly wouldn't be the first time I was fed fake news by your family. Your dad certainly has done his share to mislead me with made-up stories about events that were proven untrue."

Wesley walks to the door.

"This time is different. It's a whole new ballgame."

Timothy looks at the folder again.

<u>Copenhagen</u>

Dirk Waldau shuts the door behind him as he heads down the hallway. He seems nervous as he reaches the elevator.

"Madison isn't serious—he can't be?"

He stops.

"Is he serious about wanting his grandson dead by my hand? I have no problem with killing a kid for money if truth be known—as long as I get paid handsomely I'm game."

He steps into the elevator.

"But I'll play it by ear just in case."

He sighs loudly.

Pete's Cafe

Todd Spencer seems confused as he looks at Carmen once again. She glances at Alden and Eddie with a broad smirk.

"So, you're taking down old man Madison tomorrow with the info you have on him—exactly how can I help you?"

Carmen smirks and winks at Todd.

"Are you still friends with Andrew Bancroft?"

Todd nods. He still seems confused.

"He lives in Boston."

Carmen gestures with her hand.

"Do you think he'll help us with additional info?"

Todd nods as Alden seems confused.

"Who's Andrew Bancroft?"

Eddie and Todd look at each other and laugh.

"A year or so after you left old man Madison ran afoul of a guy named Clinton Bancroft—fucked him royally by buying his business on the sly, courtesy of Bancroft's new trophy wife."

Eddie looks at Alden and sighs.

"Slept with the new Mrs. Bancroft and then forced her to give him complete access to her husband's entire company."

Julia seems upset at the news.

"Madison then bought up all Bancroft's company stock and viciously forced him out. Bancroft was so distraught at what happened he took his own life less than two months later."

Todd leans over to Aden.

"Andrew still hates old man Madison because of what happened—threatened to kill him actually at one point."

Alden runs his fingers through his hair.

"And here I was—foolishly thinking the creative writing team on *Larkspur Lane* made up unbelievable stories."

Todd makes a gesture with his hand.

"The second Mrs. Bancroft became Madison's mistress immediately following her husband's speedy burial—apparently they were seen by several people doing the deed in a shed behind the crypts at a cemetery in Boston the day of the funeral."

He glances at Carmen.

"Andrew went into a tailspin when he found out and tried to make good on his threat to take out Howard Madison."

Alden shrugs.

"How did that go?"

"Old man Madison let the whole thing slide on account Andrew's stepmother revealed that she was pregnant with his child. It was the talk of the town for a few weeks following."

"Howard Madison has another kid?"

Todd shakes his head.

"Not exactly—it seems Andrew's stepmother was playing around a lot—ended having a mobster's baby—which she tried to pass off as a Madison until the real daddy showed up and threw her off the balcony of the Sanford Arms Hotel in Back Bay."

Alden leans against the counter.

"I remember hearing something about a woman being thrown off a balcony in Boston. I guess I should've paid attention to the story than I did—things are never what they seem."

Todd and Eddie nod in agreement.

Marble Hills Gazette

Timothy watches Wesley leave and sighs loudly as he looks at the thick folder in his hands. He smiles broadly.

"Young Madison is definitely threading water if he crosses his grandfather—but regardless I can't ignore the possibility I could have a powerful hand in bringing down the mighty Howard Madison—if only my brother were alive to see it unfold."

He sighs again.

"Uh-huh—twenty years have gone by but never a day goes by that Scott isn't on my mind—oh sweet revenge."

He reaches for his cell phone.

Boston

Andrew Bancroft looks at his wife as his cell phone rings again. He sighs loudly. Sandra Bancroft glances at her husband for a few seconds. He finally reaches out and picks up his cell phone. He turns to look at Sandra curiously seconds later.

"I know—it's been quite some time."

He seems slightly confused.

"Carmen Pendleton? Yeah—I remember her."

Andrew grins broadly.

"Count me in as a player."

He nods.

"Talk to you later."

He shuts off his cell phone.

"What's going on?"

Andrew turns to face Sandra.

"Seems Howard Madison's past has finally come back to bite him royally in the ass—by Carmen Pendleton no less."

Sandra reacts and walks over to Andrew.

Bentley Mansion

Caroline looks at a photo of Corey as a tear comes to her eye. She places it back on the mantle. Another photo nearby has a group picture with Sidney. She slowly wipes a tear away.

"Why is this happening to me?"

She sighs loudly.

"If it wasn't for that cheap whore my sweet son would be alive right now—it isn't fair—he had so much promise."

She turns around and sees John Bentley looking at her with a cold stare. He seems annoyed at her behavior.

"That whore killed our precious baby."

John sits down on the sofa.

"Yeah yeah—when I'm through with the Van Pelts they'll wish they never had a daughter—I'll destroy them."

Caroline looks at John curiously.

"I want them to pay dearly."

John smirks.

"Oh, they will—believe me. Howard assures me what he's planning with his lawyer will be the death of them all."

Caroline seems upset.

"It would serve them right if that queen son of theirs had some sort of accident and ended up tragically dead also."

John turns to look at Caroline.

"Exactly what do you have in mind?"

Caroline smiles slyly.

"I'm not sure—something unpleasant—like a messy traffic accident—lots of blood and guts spilled everywhere."

She grins broadly.

"It would be so easy to do—cut the brakes and let him take a death leap off the bluff at Standish Road like that classmate of his—Tiffany Johnson I think was her name."

John sits up on the sofa.

"They've lost Genie already."

Caroline points her finger at him.

"I don't care—that whore killed my son—so killing their only remaining child would be such wonderful revenge."

John looks at Caroline oddly.

"And then what—Milton comes over here and shoots me at point blank range when he finds out we offed his kid to get even with what happened between Genie and Corey?"

Caroline wags her finger at John.

"He wouldn't dare try such a stunt—besides Van Pelt is much too weak-willed to do anything after the fact—always was a crybaby—even when we were in school—had no backbone."

John shoots her a cautious look.

"If I recall that's exactly what some people initially said about **Barack Obama**—and look how he made a laughingstock of all those hypocritical dumbass Republicans back in the day."

Caroline walks over to where John is sitting and gives him a harsh stare which he notices but immediately ignores.

"For the record I hate it when you play history lessons to make a point—which in this case you didn't succeed if you were wondering. I think killing their freak son will make our grief abundantly clear to them that we've had the last word and have crushed them without a bit of remorse—an eye for an eye."

John leans back on the sofa.

"Taking all their money is punishment enough."

Caroline points her finger at John.

"I want that gay kid dead."

John seems bothered by Caroline's outburst.

"How about we play out this perfect idea of yours for a moment shall we—and then think about the terrible fallout."

He gives Caroline a knowing look.

"And wait—what about what happened to Sidney and the restaurant? What shall we do about that since it's obvious it wasn't an accident? Want to hire a hit man to start whacking people just because they may be guilty of something?"

Caroline seems confused and shrugs.

Pete's Cafe

Julia closes the door and faces Alden. She seems upset as she slowly walks toward the counter and stops. He notices.

"I need to go back to work—it's been a lot of fun here in Marble Hills—but I have to face reality sooner than later."

Julia sighs.

"Promise me you'll visit?"

Alden grins broadly and winks.

"I can do more than that Julia—how about you visit me in Los Angeles for a few weeks? Hang with the stars a bit?"

Julia looks at the front door.

"I don't know if I can."

Alden smirks.

"Of course you can—I'll be your personal tour guide."

Julia grins broadly.

"I'd really get to hobnob with celebrities?"

Alden rolls his eyes.

"Uh-huh—if that's what you really want to do when you visit me out on the coast—sure—why not? I know people."

Julia leans against the counter.

"I don't know—I've never been anywhere."

"There's always a first time for everything—especially for someone who's never been outside the New England area."

Julia smiles broadly.

"Is this for real?"

"I don't lie to my friends."

He looks at the front door.

"Tomorrow will be quite a day at Glass Owl—might be funny to sit back and watch Madison squirm for a change?"

Julia looks at Alden nervously.

"I hope Carmen Pendleton and Eddie Kane know what they're doing—I'd hate to think what else could go wrong."

Alden laughs.

"Eddie is determined to bring that old man to his knees on account of what happened to his parents—and if Carmen has evidence tying Madison to their deaths—Eddie will kill Howard with his bare hands. At school he was not one to mess with in the playground—he bullied the bullies—and made them cry."

Julia grins broadly again.

"I could see Eddie doing stuff like that after what I saw him do to a couple of jerks that came into the diner the day after Pete and I opened—he busted them good with his bare fists."

She makes a gesture with her hand.

"After that day he and Pete always hung out together in Marble Hills—thick as thieves—sometimes getting into trouble with their late night bar brawls in Portland and Bangor also."

Alden gestures wildly with his hand.

"Maybe I should buy popcorn."

Julia seems confused.

"Why?"

Alden makes another gesture with his hand.

"For the real-life movie that's set to play tomorrow."

Julia pretends to take a swipe at Alden.

"Eddie made a point to tell me that I should come to Glass Owl tomorrow also—but he wouldn't say exactly why."

Alden suddenly seems worried.

"Knowing Eddie the way I did back in the day I'm sure he got a peak at Carmen's info when she wasn't looking."

He looks at his watch.

"Question is—how far is Carmen Pendleton willing to go to get even with Howard Madison for a long-ago slight?"

Julia shrugs.

"She seems intent on totally destroying him."

Alden nods.

"I know—that's what worries me."

They look at each other.

Tolling Bell Inn

Eddie takes a swig of beer as he glances at Carmen. She notices and gives him an odd look as he winks at her.

"Well?"

"I'm not telling you my plans Kane."

Eddie rolls his eyes.

"I know that old man did something really bad to piss you off royally—spill the goods already—before tomorrow."

Carmen smirks and snaps her fingers.

"Nice try—but no—when what I have on Howard Madison comes out tomorrow I want everyone to be shocked."

Eddie takes another swig of beer.

"It can't be that bad?"

Carmen rolls her eyes.

"Oh, it is—and then some—it's quite a story."

"That bastard may have killed my parents—how can it be worse than that—ruined my childhood as part of the deal?"

Carmen looks at Eddie curiously.

"Like I said earlier today—tomorrow is going to change everything for everyone in Marble Hills—you included."

She glances at Eddie nervously.

"It's just not my secret—it's the other secrets that will shake this town to its core—one of which is yours."

"And Kyle—exactly how does he figure into this mess?"

Carmen makes a gesture with her hand.

"Everything he thinks is real has been a lie—so much so that once I make what I know public he'll probably freak."

"Make what public?"

Eddie and Carmen turn to see Denise Madison looking at them. She has a drink in her hand and seems drunk.

"I asked you a question?"

Carmen gives Denise a harsh glare.

"Shouldn't you be asking someone who works here to give you a ride home before you hurt yourself and others?"

Denise reaches out to grab Carmen.

"*What are you doing here after all these years*?"

Carmen pushes Denise away.

"It's none of your business bitch."

Denise tries to slap Carmen but her hand is knocked away suddenly. Eddie watches in amusement as they glare at each other for a few seconds. Eddie faces Denise as she takes another swig of her drink and coughs. She seems about to fall over.

"I think it's time I call you a cab Denise."

Denise turns to look at Eddie.

"Was I talking to you?"

She throws her drink in Eddie's face.

"Jerk—always hated you. Total nobody you are."

Carmen slaps Denise across her face.

"Be gone from our sights before this gets any uglier."

Denise rubs her face with her hand as she glances at Carmen coldly. She turns to look at Eddie and grins maliciously.

"I wonder how your wife will feel when she finds out that her Prince Charming is playing around with Peabody Avenue's biggest slut—bet she won't be happy when I tell her later."

Eddie angrily grabs Denise by the arm and shoves her toward the entrance. She looks back at Carmen briefly.

"I think you've said enough."

He shoves her again.

"I hate you—I wish you were dead."

"And I should care what you think—why?"

He watches her stagger out of the bar toward the parking lot. Eddie pulls out his cell phone and begins dialing.

"Just let her wrap her frigging car around a pole."

Eddie turns to look at Carmen curiously.

"I'm actually more concerned she could kill someone else while she tries to redecorate Marble Hills with her car."

Carmen waves her hand in the air.

"Too bad she's not drunk enough to drive out to Standish Road—I heard that's been quite the adventure lately."

Eddie sighs.

"I wouldn't say that exactly."

Carmen rolls her eyes again in dismay as Eddie hastily begins giving directions to someone on his cell phone.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Look at the 38th Episode

Eddie tries to help Denise before she endangers her life and others also—Denise meets up with Mike and decides to spend the night with him—Timothy makes plans with Laird—Michelle hooks up with Maxwell—Tiffany interrupts Jennifer's sinister plans for Gina—Joan and Morgan talk about Clay's future—Howard and Denise have an unpleasant encounter—Will deals with the deaths of Shirley Moses and Diana Bingham while being harassed by a reporter—Drew breaks bad news to Hart about Diana—Dirk arrives in town to complete his assignment—Calvin vows to make Howard suffer for the tragic loss of his brother—Denise threatens to get even with Howard—Serena arrives in town to even old scores—Donna feels guilty about Diana's death—Kyle gets an unexpected visitor at Glass Owl—Eva catches her mother with Maxwell in a compromising situation—Denise and Robert talk about Howard's behavior—Patrick arrives in Boston—Jennifer stalks Donna—a hit is placed on another member of the Madison family—as a young life ends unexpectedly at Pirate's Cove.

Episode 38
Shattered Images

Tolling Bell Inn

Carmen Pendleton seems annoyed as Eddie Kane talks on his cell phone—trying to help Denise. At the bar a man glances at a photo of Denise and smiles broadly as he realizes the photo and Denise are one in the same. He nods several times and then carelessly slips the photo into the pocket of his jacket. He stands up and quickly walks toward the door without looking back.

"How much longer before someone comes?"

Eddie seems worried as he glances at his watch.

"OK—OK—I get it—just send someone."

Eddie turns to face Carmen.

"Maybe I should go check on Denise?"

Carmen grabs Eddie's arm.

"Like hell you will—that bitch brought her miserable life all on herself—have you forgotten what she did to you?"

"I haven't forgotten."

Carmen pulls Eddie close to her.

"She destroys everything she touches Kane."

She makes a gesture with her hand.

"That incident where she made you think you got her pregnant was very telling. She is a black hole of despair."

Eddie rolls his eyes.

"I'm over it—in the end I ended up with a happy marriage and she ended up with Kyle—enough said on bad blood."

Carmen smiles broadly.

"If she hits someone it'll be her funeral."

Eddie gives Carmen a strange look which she ignores.

Parking Lot

"Do you need some help?"

Denise Madison turns around to see the man who was at the bar standing a few feet away from her. She grins broadly as he confidently struts over to her. Denise lets her eye slide down to his pants. She seems pleased as he takes a step forward.

"It depends—on whether you fuck as good as you look. I expect a lot from a guy that looks like he can score easily."

Mike Wycliffe laughs.

"Then I'm your guy—definitely know my way around a woman's vagina—had plenty of practice over the years."

Denise looks at Mike curiously.

"Don't I know you from somewhere? For some reason I think we've met before—maybe at a bar in Boston possibly?"

Mike shakes his head.

"I doubt it—I'm not from around here."

Denise shrugs and looks at his pants again.

"Denise—Denise Madison—uh Denise Barlow—and as you can see I'm extremely bored at the moment—need action."

Mike reacts slightly to the mentioning of the Madison name as he aggressively pulls Denise toward him. He grins.

"How about you and me head back to my hotel room so we can get to know each other much better? Are you game?"

Denise nods in agreement.

"Go easy on me—I've had a hard day."

Mike laughs loudly.

"Nope—don't think I can—I'm an intense guy—and I like intense sex—besides I bet you can handle me regardless."

Denise gives Mike a sly look.

Marble Hills Gazette

Timothy Roskov leans back in his chair as he watches Laird Randolph adjusts his digital camera several times.

"I hope I didn't make a mistake?"

Laird looks up at Timothy with a sarcastic grin from where he's adjusting a tripod. He makes a motion with his hand.

"No Timmy—you're not making a mistake. I'm just getting the bugs out before tomorrow—got everything set to go."

Timothy leans forward.

"No one calls me Timmy anymore—that was perfectly fine when we were kids Laird—but not now—understood?"

Laird smirks.

"I see I touched a nerve—again."

Timothy seems a bit irritated as he stands up.

"Do you always have to be such a jerk?"

Laird grins slyly.

"Nope—but I aspire when I see the need—and right about now I know you're in a mood for whatever reasons."

They look at each other.

"Look—I need you to be focused tomorrow with this situation involving Howard Madison. According to his grandson there's something going down at Glass Owl tomorrow—and I want you to be ready with your camera taping everything from the outside just in case the drama gets overly explosive."

Laird rolls his eyes.

"I said I'd do it and I will. I came all the way from Paradise Point to help you out didn't I? I'll be out on the street across from Glass Owl by eight—waiting for whatever drama happens."

Timothy seems annoyed.

"I need you on top of your game."

He glances at the front door and sighs.

"I gather from what Wesley Madison hinted at earlier that we can assume that his grandfather isn't aware his grandson is out to get him—fallout could be quite explosive tomorrow."

He sighs loudly.

"Madison is willing to kill anyone he has to in order to keep all his secrets hidden forever—the big question in my mind is which ones will be made public by young Madison?"

Laird looks at his camera and smirks.

"I'll begin taping from the moment I get there and within the hour I'll start streaming live to the Internet guaranteed."

Timothy seems pleased.

Police Station

Michelle Riley opens the front door just as Maxwell Pendergraft is about to leave. He seems surprised to see her standing there in person. He sighs as she smiles broadly.

"It's been a long time Maxwell."

Maxwell shrugs.

"Been busy—crime doesn't sleep."

Michelle smirks.

"I'll bet."

She slides her arms around his waist.

"I see you've made sure that your gorgeous body still looks like you just stepped out of college—still really hot."

Maxwell gives Michelle a knowing look.

"I try my best."

She suddenly pulls him over to her and they kiss.

"How about I cook you dinner?"

He nods.

"I'm down with that—but just the two of us—like to keep things quiet between us—makes for better relationships."

Michelle rolls her eyes.

"No worries—Eva's busy with Clay."

She glances at the belt buckle on his jeans.

"I hope you've been dating?"

He grins.

"I haven't been a saint by any means."

She kisses Maxwell again.

"No girlfriend?"

He laughs.

"No girlfriend—I'm still single—free and clear—but yeah I've played—we can hook-up after dinner—until morning."

Michelle gives him a knowing look.

"Don't worry—Eva has no idea that you and I have been sleeping together since she and Clay became a couple."

Maxwell laughs again.

The Next Day

Blankenship Apartment

Eva Harper smiles as Clay Blankenship slowly awakens. She slides her fingers across his chest. She kisses him lightly.

"Good morning."

Clay grins.

"How long have you been watching me sleep?"

Eva smirks.

"Ten minutes."

She laughs.

"But in defense of myself—you just looked so incredibly handsome I couldn't stop watching. It's actually all your fault."

Clay sits up in bed and gives her a knowing look.

"How is it my fault?"

Eva strokes his cheek.

"You stole my heart—deal already."

Clay pulls Eva toward him.

"You're playing with fire and not in a good way."

Eva runs her fingers through Clay's hair.

"Should I be worried?"

He kisses her.

"Uh-huh—I think you should."

He winks slyly.

"I'm a morning man."

He pulls Eva underneath him and kisses her several more times. They look at each other. Eva smiles broadly.

"Is that so?"

Clay kisses Eva again.

"We've got ten plus minutes before I have to get ready."

Eva slides her fingers through Clay's hair again.

"I'm down for a quickie."

They begin kissing passionately.

Bentley Driveway

Gina Bentley is walking toward her car as she notices another car parked a few yards away on the street. Gina hastily opens the door to her car and begins to gun the engine as she sees Jennifer Parker coming toward her. She seems panicked.

"There's no place to run bitch."

Gina reacts as Jennifer points a gun at her—only to see a flash pass in front of her. Jennifer is thrown to the pavement by Tiffany Johnson. Gina and Tiffany look at each other.

"Like I said—Jennifer and I have some unfinished business to deal with—question is—what am I going to do about it?"

Gina glances at Jennifer briefly and drives away without looking back as she hears Jennifer scream several times.

"Some things never go as planned—especially when you think I'm just a figment of your very, very sick imagination."

Jennifer stands up and makes a run for her car.

"You're dead—I killed you."

Tiffany suddenly appears in front of Jennifer.

"Funny you should mention that little tidbit—maybe I'm dead—maybe I'm not. But that still leaves a huge question."

Jennifer opens the door to her car.

"I'm not playing your game—so go back wherever dead people go—I've got a lot on my plate today—starting with killing that damn whore—and then I'll deal with my lousy father."

Tiffany smirks knowingly.

"Oh, I know all about your sick plans—but I wouldn't count on everything you have planned working out Jennifer dear—so many things can go wrong—so horribly wrong—especially if I have anything to say about it—oh—and actually I do."

Jennifer makes a lewd gesture with her finger at Tiffany.

"Fuck off—I'm sick of you."

Tiffany watches as Jennifer drives off.

"Oh-oh—then she'll really hate what's going to happen."

She turns to look at the Bentley driveway.

Farm Acres Inn

Mike awakens and looks over at Denise. He shakes her several times. She awakens and looks at him. He grins.

"Time to go babe—got a big day planned."

Denise seems annoyed.

"You could at least say thanks."

Mike watches as Denise quickly grabs her clothes and begins dressing. He climbs out of bed and grabs his Levi's.

"Oh, I see where this is going babe—but just so you know even though I'm not paying, I really appreciate your services."

Denise angrily turns to look at Mike.

"You think I'm a hooker?"

Mike laughs.

"Well yeah—aren't you?"

Denise walks over to Mike and slaps him.

"How dare you."

She tries to slap him again but he stops her.

"I'm not a hooker."

Mike seems confused as Denise heads to the door and leaves in a huff—clutching her shoes in one of her hands.

"Certainly acts like a hooker."

He laughs again.

"Maybe I should've offered money for her services?"

He whistles as he walks toward the bathroom.

Martinelli Office

Joan Martinelli smiles as she looks at the photographs lying on the desk in front of her. She looks up to see Morgan Richards staring at her. Joan motions her to come over to look at the large photo collection. Morgan nods at Joan a few times.

"You're right—he's a definite winner."

Joan leans against the desk.

"I've been sending these images to all my contacts in advertising—and they like what I've sent them so far."

Morgan sighs.

"Definitely an improvement after Hardy Darrington—and what happened at the Governor's Ball in New York."

Joan rolls her eyes.

"He's dead to me—I did so much to help him and he goes and pulls a stunt like that—nasty headlines—sickening."

Morgan glances at Joan.

"It wasn't your fault that he viciously raped the governor's daughter—how could you know he was so whacked?"

Joan sits down.

"I don't blame myself but I should've known he was no good from the moment he tried to seduce you a year ago."

Morgan sighs again.

"He was a charming guy—maybe too much."

Joan gestures with her hand.

"I'll second that."

Morgan sits down opposite Joan and looks at the photos again. She points at one of the glossy photographs.

"I'm sure Clay Blankenship is nothing like Hardy."

"Michelle said he's a really nice guy."

Joan leans back in her chair.

"She couldn't stop raving about how absolutely wonderful a boyfriend he's been to her daughter—said he was perfect."

"Have you met Prince Charming yet?"

Joan shakes her head.

Howard Madison waits until Denise closes the front door behind her before he makes his presence known. He sighs.

"I assume you can explain why you're coming home at this hour in the morning—getting quite sloppy aren't you?"

Denise spins around to face Howard.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Save it bitch—I know where you've been—shacking up with yet another loser while Kyle thinks you've changed."

"Kyle doesn't care one way or the other?"

Howard grabs Denise and shoves her toward the library.

"Let go of me this instant."

Howard laughs as he forces the door to the library open and roughly shoves Denise toward a bookshelf and closes it.

"Enough with the lies—I'm aware of all your indiscretions since you married Kyle—I know all—no use to pretend."

Howard makes a lewd gesture with his hand.

"Yeah—that's right—I know everything—you've been quite a whore in the last few weeks—shaming the Madison name every chance you get the chance—well—it all ends today."

He slaps Denise and grins.

"You've reached the end of the road."

Denise backs away from Howard nervously.

"Kyle doesn't care what I do anymore."

Howard grabs Denise by the throat and begins twisting his hands around her neck. She seems panicked and reacts.

"But I do, *bitch*—you have disgraced the Madison name endlessly—and I think a lesson must be learned the hard way."

He forces her down on the sofa.

"Since you like giving it up to every stud in town I think it's time I get a piece too—just like I did when you were in high school and you and I used to hook-up at your father's cabin out by Miller's Pond. Oh—those were the days—fucking my idiotic son's girlfriend right under his nose—such sweet memories."

Denise panics as Howard angrily rips open her blouse.

"Get off me you creep."

Howard slaps Denise again across the face again.

"Shut up whore."

Howards rips her panty off and unzips his pants. Seconds later he brutally penetrates her. His rage is evident as he repeatedly rapes Denise over and over again as she begs him to stop. Her cries are ignored as Howard shows her no mercy.

Pirate's Cove

Will McColl reacts in shock as both the bodies of Shirley Moses and Diana Bingham are brought toward the coroner's van covered with a black tarp. He sighs loudly at the sight.

"What is happening in this town?"

He turns around and throws up at the side of the road.

"This isn't real—it can't be."

From behind him he sees Evelyn Jones and Daniel Truman coming toward him with a video camera. He turns away.

"Is this the work of the alleged Marble Hills Serial Killer that has terrified the good people of this town? Do tell."

Will turns around to face Evelyn.

"No comment."

Evelyn rolls her eyes.

"The Internet is buzzing with all sorts of lurid stories."

Will glares at her.

"I'm done. There's no story here."

Daniel jams his video camera in Will's face.

"There's a dangerous serial killer loose in Marble Hills at the moment—and you have nothing to say on the subject?"

Will raises his hand in the air.

"Get lost vultures."

He walks away as they share a glance.

"Maybe we should see what the coroner has to say?"

Evelyn turns to look at Daniel and nods.

Mall

Drew Brockmeyer looks at his cell phone as images showing two covered bodies near a coroner's van are shown.

"Oh man—this killing spree isn't over yet."

Drew seems in shock as he leans against the railing by the balcony. Seconds later he notices Hart Bennington stepping off the elevator. Hart walks over to where Drew is standing.

"You haven't heard—have you?"

Hart looks at Drew curiously.

"Heard what?"

Drew shows him the images on his cell phone. Hart seems in shock. Before Drew can say anything Hart runs toward the elevator. Drew turns his attention back to his cell phone.

Standish Road

Dirk Waldau drives toward Marble Hills in a rush. In the seat beside him are several photos of Hart Bennington.

"Killing children isn't my deal—but for two million I'll do anything that is asked of me—goodnight sweet prince."

He laughs as he glances at the photos again.

Boston

"Very soon your unjust death will finally be avenged dear brother—Howard Madison will breathe his last shortly."

Calvin Whitney sighs as he looks at a framed picture of Eldon Whitney. He turns around to face his hotel room.

"I'll make him pay."

He gestures with his hand.

"That worm will know what it's like to suffer unbearable pain for the terrible trauma he caused Eldon to endure."

He grits his teeth and sighs.

"His death will make clear my standing in society."

He looks at his watch and seems annoyed.

Maple Avenue

Donna Markway slams the door to her car as a coroner's van zips by. She notices Will pulling up at the police station across the street. Someone approaches Will and begins talking.

"Is someone else dead?"

Donna shakes her head as she recognizes John Bentley when he begins yelling loudly. He seems quite agitated.

"Must be about Corey?"

Seconds later a news van pulls up and a man and woman jump out—immediately besieging Will with questions. Donna makes out the words "serial killer" being said several times by the woman. She pauses briefly to listen as a small noisy crowd begins to gather around. Donna shakes her head in dismay.

Blankenship Apartment

Clay grabs a pair of boxer briefs as Eva suddenly comes up behind him and slips her hand between his legs. He laughs.

"Do you think your mother will be pissed that we're late?"

Eva gives Clay a knowing look.

"She won't mind if I tell her we were having sex."

Clay pulls on his Levi's.

"She did encourage me to tend to you."

Eva pulls Clay to her and kisses him.

"I'll tell her the truth—making it clear I couldn't keep my hands off such a cute stud—had to have my way with him."

Clay smirks and laughs.

"So, is that's how you remember it—you just had to have me—I think it was the other way around if I recall correctly."

Eva gives Clay a sly look.

"It shall forever remain a mystery."

Eva slides her hand between Clay's legs again.

"You better watch your step sweetie."

Clay watches as Eva walks away. He grins broadly.

Denise looks at Howard as he zips his pants up. She looks at her vagina covered with semen. He grins broadly.

"This has been a long time coming between us."

He watches her reaction and smirks.

"Bet you didn't think I could still get it up—well—as you can see I'm still quite the intense lover you remember."

Denise grabs her cell phone.

"I'm calling Will McColl."

Howard grabs the cell phone from her and throws it against the wall. He leans over to whisper in her ear.

"You'll do no such thing—what just happened between us is never going to see the light of day—or else I'll ruin you."

He angrily slaps her in the face.

"I'll be forced to bring out each and every one of your indiscretions—as well as that issue with Glen Bradstreet."

Denise reacts.

"I don't know anyone named Glen Bradstreet."

Howard laughs loudly.

"Still think you're in charge—don't you? Does the name Marc Ryerson ring a bell? I think we both know it does. He sent me lots of photographs—photographs of you and Bradstreet."

He grabs her by the neck in a rage.

"I'm not a dumbass idiot like Kyle. Like I said, I know everything that happens in this town especially where my family is concerned—and if you dare tell anyone about our tryst—I'll be forced to expose your sordid sex life of recent to everyone in Marble Hills. How do you think Wesley will feel when he finds out his friends were banging his mother on the sly? What about criminal charges to add to the mix concerning the fact Wesley's friends were not legal at the time you seduced them? I'll personally see to it you're charged with rape Denise dear."

He lets go of her. Denise watches as Howard walks to the door. He turns to face her and laughs again in triumph.

"Besides—who'll believe a whore like you anyway—I'm a respected businessman in New England—and you're just a cheap social climbing trollop from the wrong side of the tracks."

He leaves and slams the door shut.

"I'll kill him—I swear I will."

She begins crying.

Maple Avenue

Will shakes his head again as Evelyn asks another question about Jennifer Parker. He glances at Daniel pointing the camera directly at him. He seems annoyed and finally turns away.

"Enough OK—like I told you before I can't divulge any info at the moment. Now will you guys please leave me alone?"

Evelyn glances at Daniel briefly.

"What's the word on Jennifer Parker?"

"No comment."

"Do you know where she is at the moment?"

"No comment."

"Is she a threat to the community?"

"No comment."

"Is Gina Bentley under protective custody?"

"No comment."

Will pushes past Evelyn and Daniel. They watch him walk away and seem irritated at his behavior. Evelyn sighs.

"Can you believe his nerve?"

Evelyn notices Donna standing about ten feet away watching the scene unfold. She rushes over to Donna.

"Do you know Jennifer Parker?"

Donna shrugs.

"No."

"Think she could be the serial killer?"

"I don't know."

Evelyn smirks.

"I heard she just killed two more people?"

Donna reacts. Evelyn and Daniel notice her reaction.

"Who did she kill?"

"Two locals named Shirley Moses and Diana Bingham."

Donna shakes her head.

"Threw Shirley off the bluff at Pirate's Cove and drowned Diana at the beach below—for reasons still not clear."

Donna turns away.

"I assume you knew them both?"

Donna doesn't turn around as she crosses the street in a panic and enters the mall. Evelyn glances at Daniel curiously.

"I bet there's a story there—saw how she reacted when I mentioned Diana Bingham's name? She knew the deceased."

Daniel nods in agreement and sighs loudly.

Blankenship Apartment

Clay is about to open the door when Eva shuts the door without warning. She reaches out to hug him once more.

"If I want to hug my boyfriend—I will."

"Think you have the right to?"

Eva pulls Clay to her and kisses him passionately.

"I do—girlfriends have right to hug their boyfriends if they choose to. And I choose to. Want to make something of it?"

He watches as Eva strokes his cheek.

"Nope—I'm good."

He kisses her.

"Next stop your mother's hotel room."

Eva nods in agreement.

Glass Owl

Denise carefully wraps a towel around her body and looks at the mirror. She seems about to cry. She turns around.

"He'll pay for this—I swear he'll pay dearly."

She walks closer to the mirror.

"This time that bastard has gone too far over the edge."

She turns and walks toward the door.

Farmington Villa

Serena Glick opens the door to her hotel room and smiles broadly. She closes the door behind her and looks around.

"Today is not going to be a good day for my dear sweet brother—first up—pay a visit to Kyle—and right a wrong."

She glances at her watch nervously.

Peabody Avenue

Dirk watches as Hart drives past him. He grins broadly and glances at the photograph pinned to his dashboard.

"Easiest two million I ever made."

He reaches for his gun.

"One bullet in his head is what his grandfather demands of my efforts—and I aim to deliver—oh two million—sweet."

He watches in amusement as Hart heads out toward Pirate's Cove Road driving faster than the legal speed limit.

"The stupid punk will probably kill himself before I can do the honors if he keeps driving like that—damn teenagers."

He shakes his fist in the air.

"Doesn't that punk realize I only get paid if I kill him—two million could slip through my fingers because he has a reckless streak for moronic stupidity—got to catch up quickly."

He continues pursuing Hart.

Mall

Donna sits down at one of the small cafes situated in the mall near a kiosk as Drew comes over to her seconds later.

"Hi. Need a friend?"

Donna looks up and shakes her head.

"There's a reporter outside asking all sorts of questions about Jennifer Parker—probably works for some tacky rag."

Drew nods as he sits down.

"Uh-huh—there's a blurb on the local news about Jennifer possibly being the Marble Hills serial killer—major topic."

Donna shakes her head knowingly.

"She's responsible for everything that's happened."

She seems agitated.

"Shirley Moses and Diana Bingham are dead."

"I know—that's what I heard earlier concerning Jennifer's whereabouts—it's fast becoming the hot topic at the mall."

Donna seems confused.

"Will McColl was acting really odd earlier."

"He's in over his head on this deal."

He leans closer to Donna and whispers.

"I heard someone hacked into Will's computer."

He looks around nervously.

"Lifted all the relevant files pertaining to the Marble Hills murders—it was probably those reporters you mentioned."

Donna seems shocked.

"I thought the police computers were hack proof?"

Drew gestures with his hand.

"Nothing is hack proof. Just ask the government about how many times they've been hacked by tech geeks."

Donna shrugs.

"I said some awful things to Diana."

Drew rolls his eyes.

"She probably deserved it."

Donna wipes a tear from her eye.

"I feel so guilty. I'm not the type to stick it to anyone especially if they just lost someone they love—but I just couldn't help myself with Diana Bingham. She is such a horrible person and always has been. The stories I could tell you about things she did to me just because she thought it made her look cool."

Drew sighs loudly.

"I was quite mean to Corey also—but he deserved what I said to him—he was a creep and being dead doesn't change anything as far as I'm concerned—just let it go already."

Donna looks at Drew curiously.

Kyle Madison walks to the front door and opens it. He stands there in shocked silence as he sees Serena staring back at him. He sighs and seems unable to speak as Serena smiles.

"Hello Kyle."

Kyle seems unable to move.

"Serena?"

Serena nods.

"But Gary said?"

Serena shrugs.

"Said I was dead?"

Kyle wipes his brow.

"He said you passed away."

Serena rolls her eyes.

"Gary is a liar."

Serena watches as Kyle steps outside.

"My dear brother is up to no good—as usual."

Kyle sits down on one of the patio chairs nearby still in shock at seeing Serena. He seems somewhat agitated.

"But it—it all seemed so real."

Serena nods.

"It was supposed to look real—Gary put a lot of work into his scheme—to the point of having me locked up at a loony bin called Lockerton in Sydney. Would've gotten away with it too if I hadn't outsmarted him a few days ago and escaped."

Kyle wipes his brow again.

"What about Patrick—is he a part of Gary's scheme?"

Serena sits down next to Kyle.

"My brother Malcolm has been pretending to be Patrick. The real Patrick is missing—thanks to Gary's scheming."

Kyle seems confused.

"Is Patrick my son?"

Serena looks at Kyle curiously.

"Yes."

Kyle seems upset.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

Serena glances at the front door.

"Your father—he threatened to destroy my entire family if we didn't leave town immediately—I had no choice—none."

Serena reaches out to touch Kyle's hand.

"He swore he'd take my baby the moment it was born if we didn't move far away—he paid for my entire family and me to start over in Sydney six months before Patrick was born."

Kyle clenches his fist.

"Bastard—I'll kill him with my bare hands."

Serena suddenly grabs Kyle's hand.

"I've got a better idea."

Kyle looks at Serena curiously.

"But first I've got to deal with Gary and Malcolm."

Kyle stands up.

"I agree."

Serena watches as Kyle walks toward the driveway. She slowly follows him reluctantly to where his car is parked.

Farmington Villa

Eva knocks on the door as Clay kisses her neck. Seconds later Michelle opens the door and seems surprised to see them standing there. Eva and Clay notice Michelle's reaction.

"Eva?"

Eva glances at Clay as she stifles a smile.

"I told you I'd be by shortly."

"Who's at the door?"

As Maxwell emerges from the bedroom wearing only boxer briefs both Eva and Clay are shocked at the scene.

"Oh my God is this for real?"

Michelle gives Maxwell a knowing look.

"We spent the night together."

Eva looks at Maxwell who seems embarrassed to be caught in an odd moment. Michelle shrugs and sighs.

"It happened OK—there's nothing more to see here."

Clay glances at Maxwell and smirks.

"I agree—there's no story here."

Eva angrily jabs Clay in the chest. He laughs.

"Hey—they're both adults—if your mother wants to spend some time with Maxwell—it's her business—not ours."

Michelle smiles broadly.

"Thank you Clay."

Clay nods.

"Like seriously—Maxwell is a nice guy—and yeah—he has bedded a lot of women—but so what—he's totally single."

"That's the not the point."

Maxwell glances at Michelle and then Eva.

"If you must know we've been hooking up for years—from the time we met at the birthday party you guys threw for me."

Eva seems horrified.

"I just can't deal with this right now."

Eva turns and leaves. Clay faces Michelle again.

"I'll talk to her—it'll be OK."

He leaves.

Bradford Beach

"I want him dead—he can't get away with what he did to me—I'm going to kill him today. He has gone too far."

Robert Bennington looks at Denise.

"And then what—end up in a jail for twenty years?"

Denise sighs.

"I don't care—as long as he's dead."

Robert looks at his watch.

"Suit yourself—but don't say I didn't warn you—my time is up—I've got to get going before Chandra begins to wonder."

Denise rolls her eyes and sighs loudly.

"That two-faced bitch has you on a tight leash."

Robert gives Denise a knowing look.

"Enough already about Chandra—let it go."

Denise smirks.

"One quick push down a flight of stairs and you're free of that conniving whore once and for all—clean and easy."

"I told you to stop talking like that."

Denise makes a gesture with her hand.

"Be gone."

Robert shakes his head.

"We'll talk later."

He looks at Denise once more and walks to where his car is parked a few feet away. Denise pulls out her cell phone.

"Maybe Juan will help me with Howard?"

She begins dialing.

Boston

Patrick Glick looks around the huge terminal and smiles broadly. He spots a fleet of taxi cabs off the main entrance about forty feet away and quickly begins walking toward them.

Stanley Pier

"It still looks exactly the same."

Kyle turns to look at Serena.

"Nothing ever changes in Marble Hills."

She smiles broadly.

"This was our place—we'd come here and talk about the future—it all seemed so perfect back then—no drama."

Kyle reaches out to take Serena's hand.

"I remember."

He looks out at the ocean.

"He took everything from me—destroyed my life and never once showed one ounce of remorse for what he did."

He angrily slams his fist against the railing.

"He destroys everything he touches—and he likes doing it too—making people miserable makes him joyously happy."

Serena reaches out to touch Kyle.

"We'll deal with your father and punish him for what he did—but first we need to stop Gary—and find our son."

Kyle turns to face Serena.

"But Patrick—the real Patrick—what happened to him?"

Serena shoots Kyle a cautious look which causes him to look at her curiously. She reaches out to touch his hand.

"I'm not exactly sure."

Kyle reacts and sighs loudly.

Pirate's Cove

"Oh yeah—this one will be easy."

Dirk watches as Hart slams the door to his car shut and begins walking down the beach. Dirk grins broadly.

"Two fucking million for offing a snarky teenager—I'll be long gone when his death is discovered. Oh well—so *sad*."

He laughs.

"Long gone and two million richer."

He steps out of his car.

"Uh-huh—young guy with a bullet in his head."

He pulls his gun out and cocks it. He shrugs and heads toward the deserted beach as he begins stalking Hart.

Pete's Cafe

Clay watches as Eva sips coffee from a mug. He reaches out to touch her hand. She pulls away and gives him a strange look. Eva seems really upset as she looks at the mug.

"You have to deal with it sometime."

Eva sighs loudly.

"You must think I'm a bitch."

He reaches out to touch her hand and smirks.

"Actually I was thinking you might be a bit insecure over the fact you mother is still a vibrant woman with a penchant for having a thing for healthy young men—namely Maxwell."

Eva rolls her eyes knowingly.

"OK—OK—so it bothers me that she hooked up with Maxwell and kept it quiet—quiet for so long—never told me."

"I'm the one who should be pissed if you must know—he's my best friend and he never mentioned it to me—like ever."

"I guess they've really played us good."

Clay reaches out to touch Eva's hand again.

"In reality it's none of our business—if your mother wants to sleep with my best friend on the sly—then it's up to her."

"Think we should clear the air?"

Clay gestures with his hand and laughs.

Maple Avenue

Jennifer watches as Donna walks to her car. She waits until Donna drives away and begins to slowly follow her.

"I bet that damn bitch knows where Gina is hiding out."

She seems angry.

"Damn busybody knows everyone's business."

She adjusts her rearview mirror.

"If she won't tell me where I can find that whore—I'll break her fucking neck—what's one more added to my list?"

She begins laughing hysterically.

Glass Owl

Howard walks back and forth in the library. He seems upset. He stops and sighs loudly. He shakes his fist angrily.

"Is my grandson dead yet?"

He angrily shakes his fist in the air.

"Yes—yes—kill my grandson as ordered and then I want you to take out my daughter-in-law. I want them both dead."

He shakes his fist again.

"Of course—I'm paying you extra—just do it already and stop giving me grief. Kill them both like ordered and I'll throw in an extra 2 million. Make it as painful as is humanly possible."

He slams the cell phone down on the desk nearby.

"Damn it—good help is so hard to find nowadays."

He looks around as his anger builds.

"I can't have that bitch going around telling people lies about me—bad for business if people start to listen—got to get her out of the way to keep the lid shut on this situation."

He picks up the cell phone again.

"Kyle certainly won't shed a tear when he realizes he's a single guy—that whore has caused him so much drama."

He laughs as he glances at the window.

"I wish I could be there to see the look on her face when she's staring down the barrel of a gun—and then is shot."

He begins laughing louder.

"Only one stumbling block left in my way—that wretched Anderson punk—no one threatens me and gets away with it."

He glances at a gun case a few feet away.

"Might do that one personally myself—I took out both his grandfather and father—it's only fair I take him out too."

He walks toward the door.

"But first things first—clean up existing messes."

He turns to look back at the library.

Pirate's Cove

Dirk grins as he shuts off his cell phone and looks at Hart halfway down the beach walking aimlessly by the surf.

"An extra 2 million—oh such a sweet deal."

He glances at the gun in his hand.

"Bet his mother will cry buckets when they find the body sometime later today—dead by a single gunshot wound."

He laughs and kisses the gun in his hand.

"Definitely a closed coffin sort of funeral—bullets can be so messy when fired at close range into someone's skull."

"Hey, what's the big idea following me?"

Dirk looks up to see Hart angrily walking toward him seemingly still unaware of the gun in Dirk's hand. Hart stops.

"I asked you a question creep."

Dirk suddenly grabs Hart by the neck and spins him around. He laughs loudly as he sees Hart's reaction.

"Time's up—sweet prince."

Hart struggles to free himself from Dirk's grip.

"Do you know who I am?"

Dirk nods.

"Duh—why do you think I'm here?"

"Let go or me this instant or my grandfather will have your ass—serious jail time for kidnapping his precious grandson."

"Nope I don't think so—never going to happen."

Dirk brings his gun against Hart's temple.

"Bet you wish you hadn't talked to your grandfather the way you did a while ago—especially with him being the type to seriously take things personally. Oh well, stuff happens."

"What the fuck are you talking about?"

He leans closer to Hart—and as the rebellious teenager struggles in vain to free himself Dirk whispers in his ear.

"Your grandfather ordered your hit."

Dirk laughs loudly and pulls the trigger.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Look at the 39th Episode

Dirk coldly completes his first mission and sets forth with the second—Jennifer's diabolical plans for Donna is interrupted by Kyle and Serena—Howard dances a jig upon learning of Hart's death—Eddie and Carmen plots their final gameplay concerning Howard's demise—Juan refuses to help Denise in her quest to get even with Howard—Tiffany torments Jennifer—Evelyn and Daniel makes plans to apprehend a murderer—friends meet at the mall to discuss their future—Patrick heads toward Marble Hills—Calvin finalizes his plans for revenge over his brother's death—Gary wonders what happened to Silas in Australia—Kyle comes to a scary realization about Jennifer's true identity—secrets about Carmen's past with Howard creates intense curiosity from others—Tiffany thwarts yet another of Jennifer's plans but which leads to tragic consequences for two others—Malcolm realizes Gary isn't telling him everything about their plan concerning Kyle—Howard becomes impatient over delays to his newest plans—Will deals with multiple tragedies in Marble Hills—as yet another grim tragedy looms for someone at Standish Road.

Episode 39
Once Upon a Nightmare

Pirate's Cove

Dirk Waldau grins broadly as he wipes the blood splatters off his jacket. He looks down at Hart Bennington lying at his feet on the sand. One side of his head is mangled where a bullet entered only minutes before. Dirk briefly stifles a smile.

"Sorry kid—but it was two million dollars."

He smirks and walks away.

Stanley Pier

Jennifer Parker steps out of her car and slams the door shut. Out of the corner of her eye she sees Donna Markway walking toward the far end of the pier. She grins broadly.

"Perfect."

She circles around the pier and as Donna turns the curb she realizes Jennifer is only a few yards away from her.

"Jennifer—what are you doing here?"

"You and I have some serious talking to do."

Donna begins backing away slowly.

"What about exactly, Jennifer?"

Jennifer edges closer.

"Gina Bentley."

Donna shrugs.

"I haven't spoken to Gina recently."

Jennifer rolls her eyes.

"Where is she?"

Donna shakes her head.

"I don't know."

Jennifer clenches her fists.

"Don't fuck with me nerd girl—or I swear I'll kill—kill you like I did the others—tell me where that bitch is hiding."

Donna glances at the stairwell nearby.

"I told you I don't know."

Jennifer edges even closer.

"Is everything all right over there?"

Jennifer turns to see Kyle Madison running toward her in a rush. She bolts and begins running toward the parking lot. Kyle stops and looks at Donna. Serena Glick is right behind him.

Glass Owl

"Thanks for the update."

Howard Madison dances a joyful jig as he's told Hart is dead. He smiles as he leans against his desk seconds later.

"I assume you told that selfish punk before you shot him that I was behind his demise—that I ordered his hit?"

He laughs.

"Worthless punk deserved to die."

He grins broadly.

"Up next—my whore of a daughter-in-law. I want her to suffer plenty before you put a bullet in her empty skull."

He glances at his watch.

"Find her and kill her—and make sure you make it as painful as possible—I want the gory details afterwards."

He grins and shuts off his cell phone.

"Once Denise is silenced within the hour I'll deal with Carmen Pendleton and her schemes once and for all—then I'll crucify John Bentley—and last—but not least—that wretched Jason Anderson will suffer my wrath. Once I put a bullet in his head I'll finally be rid of those damn Andersons forever."

He looks at his cell phone again.

"I almost forgot the last two pieces of the puzzle."

He gestures with his hand.

"Chandra Stevenson—no one threatens me and gets away with it—one swift shove from me off the balcony at Tolling Bell Inn should finish off her conniving ways once and for all—and finally I'll deal with Jennifer as only a father can when it comes to an ungrateful excuse of a child that she turned out to be."

He begins dialing.

"That bastard better pick up the line."

He taps his fingers on the desk.

Maple Avenue

Eva Harper smiles as she looks at Clay Blankenship and slides her arm around his waist as they walk down the street.

"You're just lucky I'm so sweet on you."

Clay laughs and looks at Eva.

"Uh-huh—you know I'm right that your mother hooking up with Maxwell is none of our business whatsoever."

Eva kisses Clay.

"You're enjoying this—aren't you?"

Clay grins.

"I had no idea Maxwell could keep a secret this juicy. He's never been able to zip his mouth about his conquests."

Eva jabs Clay.

"Uh-huh—to think they've been meeting on the sly for years now and neither of us had any idea of their deal."

Eva seems upset.

"I just wish they'd told us."

Clay stops and looks at Eva for a few seconds.

"I'm glad they didn't."

Eva shrugs as Clay hugs her warmly.

Pete's Cafe

"I think that miserable excuse will pull a fast one when we least expect. I hope you're ready for his sneaky gameplay."

Eddie Kane seems nervous as he glances at Carmen Pendleton. She looks at the thick folder in front of her.

"Let him play his game—when you guys see what I have that freak of nature will be lucky to escape with his life."

Eddie reaches out to touch the folder. Carmen slaps his hand away gently. Eddie seems amused at her behavior.

"No one sees this file until I blow that wretched creep out of the water for all the miserable things he's done to us."

Eddie clenches his fist.

"I want him dead for what he did to my parents."

"You'll have to get in line."

Eddie glances at the folder again.

"Tell that to Jason Anderson."

Eddie turns to see Todd Spencer suddenly hovering over his shoulder. He grins broadly as he looks at Carmen.

"Apparently Jason is telling everyone he plans to kill old man Madison before the day is out—seems intent to do it."

Carmen sighs.

"Anyone knows where Daryl's kid is right now?"

Todd shakes his head.

"Nope—Simon has been trying to reach him for about an hour now but there's no answer—Jason has vanished."

Eddie looks at his watch.

"Think we should go look for him?"

Carmen looks at the folder.

"If he gets to Madison before we do—everything in this folder will be useless—can't blackmail a bloody corpse."

Eddie and Todd look at each other as they see Julia Winthrop walking toward them from the supply room.

"Did I miss something?"

Todd shrugs.

"Not yet."

He makes a slashing motion with his hand.

"But the day is still young."

They hear the front door open and slam—then see Wesley Madison coming toward them in a panic. He seems upset.

Stanley Pier

Kyle and Serena look at Donna. She seems visibly shaken as he looks at Jennifer running toward her car nearby.

"Are you all right?"

Donna shakes her head.

"She's the killer."

Kyle and Serena look at Donna curiously. He pulls out his cell phone and begins dialing as Serena seems confused.

"Will McColl is really slipping."

He sighs.

"Yeah—this is Kyle Madison. Jennifer Parker just took off from Stanley Pier. She apparently was intent on hurting Donna Markway. She's on Maple heading toward Peabody."

He rolls his eyes.

"Yeah—that's right Will—she's the serial killer not Gina Bentley—but I assume you already know that don't you?"

He seems annoyed.

"If I knew that would I be calling you?"

He nods again.

"Don't worry I'm not letting Donna out of my sight."

He shuts off his cell phone and turns to face Donna once more. She seems tense. Serena and Kyle share a glance.

"He's going after her."

Donna seems relieved as she glances at Serena.

"Donna Markway—meet an old friend of mine from high school—Serena Glick—back in the day we were quite tight."

Donna and Serena acknowledge each other.

"Do I look like a killer?"

Juan Sabrillo turns to face Denise Madison.

"I didn't say that—but I need help."

Juan sighs.

"I've heard a lot of bad things about that man."

Denise smirks.

"He's a monster no doubt."

Juan rolls his eyes.

"Uh-huh—women always say that when a man dumps them after a casual encounter—threatens his life endlessly."

"He raped me."

Juan gives Denise an odd look.

"Raped you—how? He's like a thousand years old?"

Denise wipes a tear from her eye.

"I couldn't stop him."

Juan walks toward the balcony.

"This sort of thing could get quite messy."

Denise walks over to Juan.

"I want him dead."

She seems about to cry.

"I want to watch him die as you shoot the bastard in the head—he'll never see it coming—won't have a way to flee."

Juan turns to face Denise nervously.

"What about the cops?"

Denise laughs.

"The cops in this town couldn't find their own asses if it was staring them right in the face—sorriest bunch ever."

He rolls his eyes knowingly.

"This is just so much to absorb."

Denise seems about to cry.

"There's been a serial killer on the loose in Marble Hills for a while now—and as you can see there's been no arrest—much less a viable suspect—local cops here are complete idiots."

"What about that Bentley girl?"

Denise slides her arms around Juan's waist.

"She was cleared."

Juan glances at his watch.

"Let me think about it?"

Denise pulls away from Juan.

"Fuck you."

She heads to the door in a rage.

"We're done."

She turns to face him.

"I should have known you were a loser—fucking pathetic loser with no game to speak of at the moment—not good at anything—including fucking—such a sad dick for a man."

He makes a lewd gesture with his hand.

"I didn't hear you complaining earlier when my dick was wedged deep inside your vagina—in fact I recall you begging me to fuck without mercy for the better part of an hour or two."

"I hate you. Die already."

Juan watches as the door slams behind her. He begins laughing loudly as he glances toward the wall safe nearby.

"Won't she be surprised when I show up at Glass Owl later with Calvin Whitney to finish off her entire family?"

He continues laughing.

Peabody Avenue

Simon Spencer quickly pulls over to the side of the street as he notices Will McColl driving past him in a frenzied rush.

"Wonder what that's all about?"

He pulls out his cell phone and begins dialing.

Brewster Highway

Jennifer is driving recklessly along the highway just outside of Marble Hills—looking back behind her shoulder every few seconds as if she's being followed. She sighs loudly.

"*Damn bitch*—if I'd just gotten to her a second earlier."

She sighs loudly and clenches her fist.

"Oh boo hoo hoo—cry me a river."

Jennifer turns to see Tiffany Johnson sitting beside her in the car. She seems shocked at seeing Tiffany and sighs.

"Be gone from my sight creature."

Tiffany laughs.

"You and I still have unfinished business between us."

"There's nothing more for us to talk about."

Tiffany grabs Jennifer's arm.

"I say differently."

They look at each other. Jennifer smirks.

"I'm glad I killed you."

Tiffany smirks.

"How sad—still in denial. Oh well—life is short."

Without warning Tiffany aggressively grabs hold of the steering wheel. Jennifer seems panicked as the car swerves.

"What the fuck are you doing?"

Tiffany smirks.

"It should be obvious—even for an idiot like you."

The car instantly begins swerving erratically across the deserted landscape—veering every now and then toward the precipice bordering the outer edges of the highway.

"Stop it."

Jennifer tries to push Tiffany away.

"Let's go meet your maker."

Tiffany forces the car further toward the precipice.

"I won't let you kill me."

"Who said you had a choice?"

"Stop freak. Go away."

Jennifer wrenches Tiffany's hands from the steering wheel and swerves toward the side of the road. She brings the car to a complete top. She turns to look at Tiffany and grins broadly.

"You lose—again."

Tiffany stares at Jennifer coldly.

"This isn't over yet."

Jennifer watches as Tiffany vanishes in an instant.

"I've got to avoid her no doubt."

She sighs loudly again.

"It'll take a lot more than the likes of that fucking ghoul to get rid of me—uh-huh—definitely a lot more indeed."

She starts the engine up again.

"Nothing will stop me today."

She glances at the gun next to her.

"Got to find Gina and kill her ASAP—and once I silence her forever I think my dear father is owed a *pleasant* visit."

Jennifer begins slowly driving along the highway until she comes toward Standish Road—and pauses briefly.

Police Station

Evelyn Jones and Daniel Truman glance at the entrance of the police station. They seem annoyed at empty office.

"We're not going to get anything out of McColl today."

Daniel sighs and seems annoyed.

"Think **Mike Watkiss** or **Drew Griffin** would waste time playing games with inept law officials types—I think not."

Evelyn rolls her eyes.

"But McColl isn't going to talk to us."

Daniel shrugs.

"Who said he had to?"

Daniel gestures with his hand.

"That Parker girl is lurking somewhere in this town. This is our deal—we find her and broke the story of her capture."

Evelyn seems nervous.

"Jennifer Parker is dangerous."

Daniel shakes his head.

"Of course—but *we*—not the cops will bring her to justice and then broke the news to the world. CNN will freak."

Evelyn looks at the police station again.

"Think we can swing it?"

Daniel nods in agreement and grins.

"I do. Besides, how hard could it actually be?"

He looks at the video camera in his hand and smirks.

Stanley Pier

"You don't have to watch over me?"

Kyle looks at Donna curiously.

"That whack job is out there somewhere."

Donna sighs.

"I know—but she wanted Gina Bentley—not me."

Kyle shakes his head several times.

"Jennifer Parker has killed everyone so far she considered a threat—she doesn't leave breathing witnesses behind."

Serena looks at Kyle curiously.

"Is Thomas Parker the father of this Jennifer person?"

Kyle looks at Serena curiously and nods.

"That's odd—from what I remember Thomas Parker got badly hurt in junior high—some riding accident or other."

She sighs again and looks at Kyle.

"I remember him telling me he wouldn't be able to have children because of his accident—wasn't happy about it."

Donna reacts.

"But if he's not? Who's Jennifer Parker's real father?"

Serena seems upset.

"Right before I left town I heard a rumor that your dad and Jennifer's mother were more than friends—lovers possibly."

Kyle looks at Serena curiously.

"You're not saying?"

Serena wrings her hands.

"Maybe I shouldn't have said anything about Jennifer?"

Kyle nervously wipes sweat from his brow.

Mall

Simon casually walks over to Ashton Markway sitting at the kiosk with Kelly Nelson and Abby Marshall. He smirks.

"Hey—thought you'd be over at that lady's office taking photos or something—pretending you were really cool?"

Ashton grins broadly.

"I have an hour before I have to be over there—so I thought I'd hang with you guys—and shoot the breeze."

He winks at Simon.

"If that's OK with you—or do I need permission?"

Simon shoves Ashton.

"Look at this guy—he's barely got his foot in the door as a model and he's slinging funny quips at his friends already."

Kelly and Abby nods.

"Think us common folks will ever hear from you once you make it big—hanging out in Paris and Milan with hipsters?"

Ashton smiles broadly.

"You won't get rid of me that easily."

Simon laughs.

"Is that a threat?"

Ashton ignores the dig and looks around.

"Corey Bentley's funeral has been announced."

Simon rolls his eyes.

"Sweet—let me know when he's six feet under—I'll pay Crestview a visit—and pee on his grave like he deserves."

He notices Abby's reaction.

"Oops—sorry Abby—I forgot you dated that creep."

Abby gestures with her hand.

"It's OK—I knew there was no love lost between you and Corey—especially after how badly he always treated you."

Simon leans against the kiosk.

"Any word when Genie Van Pelt will be buried?"

Abby looks at Simon and seems confused.

"I thought you knew?"

"Know what?"

"Genie was buried earlier this morning."

Abby lowers her voice.

"The Van Pelts buried her in Augusta to avoid drama."

Simon looks at Kelly and Ashton.

"I guess that makes sense—knowing how the Bentleys feel about Genie—wouldn't put it past them to dig up her body after the funeral and parade it around town out of spite."

"Corey's dad may be a slug—but I don't think even he would go that far when it comes to something so gross."

Ashton rolls his eyes.

"Uh-huh—I bet he *would* stoop that low. Genie's dad is suing the Bentleys—saying that Corey raped Genie and caused her to snap royally and kill him—then take her own life."

Kelly laughs.

"Sounds like a plot right out of my grandmother's favorite old soap *One Life to Live*—except this is totally possible given the kind of people the Bentleys are and always have been."

"It's true—the Van Pelts hired a snooty lawyer already."

"How can they afford to sue?"

Ashton shrugs.

Standish Road

Patrick Glick checks the foldout map lying on the dashboard again as he reaches the outskirts of Marble Hills.

Boston

"You better hope your wife don't find out what happened between you and that hooker you picked up last night."

Calvin Whitney seems annoyed as Vance Hershey winks slyly at Hugh Baldwin while Joel Slade makes a lewd gesture.

"Who's gonna tell her?"

Calvin rolls his eyes.

"How much did you pay that whore?"

Vance laughs.

"Enough."

He laughs again.

"Carly and I have a clear understanding from the day we tied the knot—I can play but she has to remain true."

Hugh gestures with his hand.

"That doesn't sound like something Carly would agree too—especially given the fact what happened with her ex."

Vance laughs again.

"Someday I plan to tell her how this deal works."

Joel smirks and jabs Vance.

"Uh-huh—and you call *me* a dog?"

Vance rolls his eyes.

"Woof—woof."

Calvin seems irritated and sighs loudly.

"Enough with the mindless chatter you two—in case it slipped anyone's mind in less than an hour we move on Howard Madison and his precious family—my brother's death will finally be avenged—quenched with the blood of his brood."

Joel looks around.

"Where's Juan?"

"He probably found another whore to bang."

Calvin clenches his fists.

"I swear that man has let his dick take complete control of his mind—and it'll be the death of him soon enough."

Joel gives Calvin an odd look.

"Rumor has it that Madison's granddaughter is pregnant and he's on the warpath about the bastard bundle of joy."

Calvin slams his fist on his desk.

"Maybe I didn't make myself very clear earlier—not one Madison is to survive—pregnant or not the bitch dies."

Joel leans back on the sofa and seems to enjoy the conflict brewing in the room. He glances at Calvin and winks slyly.

"I was just stating what I heard through the grapevine from the locals. Madison isn't loved in Marble Hills by the way. It seems he's crossed many of the townspeople over the years."

Calvin walks toward the window.

"Oh, big surprise there, isn't it?"

He angrily clasps his hands together.

"There will be no survivors from his brood whatsoever."

Calvin looks at his watch and at the door.

Tolling Bell Inn

Gary Glick glances at the computer screen again. He seems upset as the video image on his Skype account remains blank. He angrily shuts off the computer and sighs loudly.

"Where the hell are you Silas?"

He stands up and walks to the balcony just as Malcolm Glick enters the room. They look at each other briefly.

"What's the matter?"

Gary shrugs.

"Nothing's the matter."

He sighs loudly again.

"Has Silas called?"

Gary shakes his head.

"No."

He wrings his hands several times.

"Where the hell is he?"

They look at each other.

Stanley Pier

"There's no way Jennifer Parker is my sister."

Kyle turns to face Serena.

"It just isn't possible."

Serena shrugs.

"It would make sense nevertheless."

Kyle seems upset and sighs.

"It never occurred to me that I might have other siblings."

He turns to look at the pier.

"If my father knew the truth all along—and kept it quiet from Lindsay and me all these years—the simple question that needs to be asked is why? What could be so bad that my father never wanted the truth to come out about Jennifer Parker?"

"I can think of only one thing."

Kyle turns to face Serena and seems panicked.

"This is seriously fucked up."

Eddie closes the folder and looks at Wesley.

"Can your friend in London can be trusted with info like this? Is this for real? I mean this stuff reeks like really bad."

Wesley gestures with his hand.

"This is legit—Albert and I go way back. He broke into the main computer at the Pentagon last year and—*and* no one found out—he just did it to see if he could—not too hard actually."

"Dude sounds like a regular **Edward Snowden** minus the social issues bent. I wonder if in the end it'll be worth it."

Todd sighs and wrings his hands.

"According to your friend's file old man Madison certainly has done really awful things—caused endless pain for many."

Julia smirks.

"And this surprises you?"

Wesley shrugs.

"I don't think my dad has any idea."

Todd rolls his eyes.

"I agree—even Kyle with all his many faults would never do something like this—or go along with such evil behavior."

Carmen sighs loudly.

"I think I need a breath of fresh air."

She stands up and notices everyone's reaction as she turns to look at the front door. They notice the files in her hands.

"I'll be back in a few minutes."

They watch her go.

"I wonder what else she isn't telling us."

"What do you mean?"

Todd glances at Wesley.

"Carmen didn't even flinch when she saw what was in your folder, Wesley—it was as if she already knew it to be true."

Eddie turns to look at Julia.

"Think she knows more than she told us earlier?"

Julia waves her hand in the air.

"I think there's more to her story with Madison—possibly something personal—fueling her quest for revenge."

Todd laughs knowingly.

"You've been watching too many soap operas."

Julia reaches out and pretends to slap Todd.

"Think whatever you like smart guy—but I think she and Howard Madison have a history—bet you they had a *thing*."

Eddie seems upset.

"Carmen and old man Madison—ugh—gross."

Wesley glances at the front door.

"Hey—my grandfather hasn't made it a secret that he's had a lot of relationships with young women—been around."

Eddie looks at the folder in Wesley's hand.

"But that would mean he and Carmen had a thing when she was still in high school? Could that be her secret?"

Julia sighs again.

"Much older man and a younger woman—it happens all the time—even if the woman happens to still be a girl."

Eddie wipes his brow.

"Sick pervert."

He looks at his watch.

"Old man Madison and I are going to have a lot more stuff to talk about—this just keeps getting worse and worse."

Todd's cell phone rings. He quickly opens it. His facial expression changes within a few seconds. He shrugs.

Stanley Pier

"Are you sure you'll be OK—if Jennifer is still out there?"

Donna nods as she looks at Kyle and Serena.

"I'm going straight home—I promise."

"Call me when you close the front door behind you."

Donna nods. Kyle and Serena watches as she slowly drives away. Serena glances at her watch nervously and shrugs.

"What if it's true?"

Kyle gestures with his hand.

"I don't want to think about the possibility of having Jennifer Parker as my long-lost half-sister—especially one as deranged as she appears to be from what I've heard recently."

Serena reaches out to touch Kyle's hand.

Vine Street

Jennifer grins broadly as she sees Donna driving past her. She grabs a handgun from inside the glove compartment.

"This time that bitch and I will have it out."

She begins following Donna.

"One clear shot—that's all I need."

She grins broadly.

"And then my dear brother and I have a date—seems he doesn't know what I'm capable of yet—but oh wait."

She begins laughing loudly.

"Those exact words could describe me."

Jennifer turns to see Tiffany.

"Not again."

Tiffany smirks.

"Like I said earlier you and I aren't finished yet."

"Get away from me ghoul."

Tiffany grabs the steering wheel away from Jennifer causing the car to suddenly veer off toward a concrete wall about ten feet away at a street corner. Jennifer screams in panic.

Peabody Avenue

"*It's her*—its Jennifer Parker."

Evelyn turns to look at Daniel in shock.

"Pull over—right now."

Daniel pulls to a stop and watches as Evelyn jumps out of the car—running wildly toward where Jennifer's car is wedged against an electrical pole and a broken concrete barrier nearby.

"Evelyn—please stop—wait. She's dangerous."

Daniel shakes his head as he realizes Evelyn is already standing where Jennifer's car is wedged. He sighs loudly.

"Why do I think this isn't going to end well?"

He walks over to where Evelyn is standing as Jennifer steps out of the car with her gun pointed at both of them.

"Got a car?"

Evelyn and Daniel look at each other.

"I called the cops already—they're on their way."

Jennifer looks at Daniel curiously.

"That was a mistake."

She points her gun at his head.

"Give me the keys to your car or I'll kill you."

Daniel hesitates.

"*Give me the fucking keys*."

Daniel reaches into his pocket of his corduroy jeans and pulls out a set of keys and slowly hands them to Jennifer.

"Why are you two following me?"

Evelyn and Daniel look at each other.

"I—I—we were just—*the news*."

Jennifer smiles broadly and casually shoots Daniel in the head while Evelyn looks at her in shock as he collapses.

"End of the road **Jessica Savitch**."

Before Evelyn can react Jennifer shoots her.

"Oops—bye bye *bitch*."

Evelyn seems unaware she is dying.

"I've got to find that busybody Donna Markway."

Jennifer grimaces.

"Find her before she blabs to everyone."

She laughs as she glances at the bodies lying a few feet away from her. The sidewalk is soaked with blood.

<u>Pirate's Cove</u>

Will looks at Hart's body as it is loaded into a coroner's van. He sighs loudly as he glances at the beach again.

Tolling Bell Inn

Gary leans on the balcony railing. Malcolm nervously comes over with a beer. They look at each other silently.

"Something must have happened to Silas."

Malcolm sighs.

"Think the Australian authorities got him?"

Gary nods.

"I told him to lie low—to cool his activities until after we got back—but maybe he didn't listen to anything I said."

Malcolm takes a swig of beer.

"Maybe we should call this thing off with Kyle?"

Gary looks at Malcolm in disgust. Without warning he grabs him by the throat and shoves him toward the railing.

"No way—I've come too fucking far to turn back now Malcolm—Kyle has no idea what's happening and he won't until the end when I get what I rightly deserve from that dummy."

He lets go of Malcolm.

"If you try and back out now I'll kill you."

Gary slams his fist against the wall.

"Goddamn Silas—I swear when I get back to Sydney I'll wring his frigging neck for daring to jeopardizing my plan."

Malcolm looks at Gary curiously.

"Don't you mean *our* plan?"

Gary angrily turns to look at Malcolm.

Mall

"Yes—everything is ready."

Juan sighs as he looks at his cell phone.

"Of course not—I'm on board."

Juan rolls his eyes.

"I haven't forgotten about Lindsay Bennington."

He nods knowingly and laughs.

"Seriously, I understand your deal—but everything is under control—no problems in sight from my end. Chill OK."

He smirks.

"I'm ready to follow through with your plans."

He looks at his watch.

"I'll be there in an hour."

He rolls his eyes.

"Yes—yes—with my gun."

He grimaces.

"Got it—I'll meet you there as planned."

He shuts off his cell phone.

"Seriously—how much trouble can one family cause for a bunch of professional hit men—trained to kill—especially with guns pointed at them from every possible fucking angle?"

He laughs again.

Boardinghouse

Dirk watches as Denise slowly exits the front entrance of the boardinghouse. She seems upset. Dirk rolls his eyes.

"I guess she isn't having a good day."

He laughs.

"But things can always get worse—especially when you're staring down the barrel of a gun—and the gun is mine."

He smiles broadly.

"Being a few million richer when I get back to Copenhagen will definitely be worth the annoying hassle I endured."

He looks at his cell phone as it begins flashing and rolls his eyes again. He seems frustrated and shakes his fist in anger.

"That man is so impatient."

He reaches for the cell phone.

Glass Owl

Howard angrily slams his cell phone down on the desk nearby. He turns to look outside at a tiny rose garden.

"What the fuck is he waiting for?"

He clenches his fist.

"I should've killed that bitch when I had the chance."

He slams his fist down on the desk.

"What the fuck is taking that man so long?"

He looks at the cell phone again.

Stanley Pier

"Don't go anywhere until you get a call from me that Jennifer Parker is in custody and no harm can come to you."

Kyle shrugs as he turns to look at Serena.

"Yes—yes—that unmarked car with the green star on the hood is one of my guys. He's not going anywhere."

Kyle shuts off his cell phone and sighs.

Peabody Avenue

"My God—not another crime scene to face today—I don't know how much more of this gruesome drama I can take."

Will shuts off his cell phone and slows down. Up ahead he sees a large crowd gathered at the corner. He shrugs.

"This town can't handle anymore drama from that Parker girl—time to rein her in before she kills yet another person."

He pulls to a stop and steps out.

Shelby Park

Jennifer slams the door to Daniel's car shut and heads toward one of the wooded paths. She seems confused.

"Got to think—clear my mind."

She glances at some deserted park benches nearby.

"How sad—seems you're running out of options."

Jennifer spins around to see Tiffany looking at her with a cruel smile on her face. Jennifer blinks a few times.

"You're not real."

Tiffany rolls her eyes.

"Time is running out Jennifer dear."

Jennifer turns away and begins walking toward a grove of manicured shrubs nearby. Tiffany follows taunting her.

"How many is it now?"

Jennifer stops and faces Tiffany.

"What?"

Tiffany smiles broadly.

"You heard me—or can't you remember?"

Jennifer seems annoyed.

"Fuck off."

Tiffany grabs Jennifer's arm.

"I asked you a question?"

Jennifer wrenches her arm free of Tiffany's grip.

"What does it matter?"

Tiffany glares at Jennifer.

"I want to know—*they* want to know."

Jennifer laughs.

"Like I care what you want or *them* for that matter?"

Tiffany grabs Jennifer by the arm again and slams her against a large boulder nearby. Jennifer seems dazed.

"Uh-huh—like I said I play dirty."

Jennifer turns around as Tiffany grabs her again. She manages to free herself and runs back toward her car.

<u>Pete's Cafe</u>

"Carmen has been gone a long time."

Eddie turns to look at Julia.

"Isn't she outside?"

Todd and Wesley turns to look at the front door. They turn to face the others and shake their heads in unison.

"Is she?"

Eddie sighs.

"Maybe she went to her car?"

Todd shrugs.

"Or maybe she decided to pay old man Madison a surprise visit without us in tow in order to really screw him hard?"

Eddie quickly grabs his cell phone and dials. He listens while Wesley, Todd and Julia all hover around him nervously. Seconds tick by as he waits. He finally shuts off his cell phone after a few seconds. He slowly turns around to face the others.

"She's not picking up."

They look toward the front door again.

Mall

"How is Gina Bentley holding up?"

Abby shrugs.

"I saw her earlier—she seemed to be adjusting with what happened to Corey—she knew her brother was no saint."

Simon rolls his eyes.

"I certainly won't miss the bastard."

He smirks as his comment raises a few eyebrows.

"Why pretend?"

He leans against the kiosk.

"I hated the guy—I admit it."

He makes a gesture with his hand.

"I heard the Bentleys are up in arms about the Van Pelts suing them for everything they have. I hope they lose big."

Simon makes a lewd gesture with his finger.

"There goes their annual vacation to Greece."

Kelly wags his finger.

"Should we take up a donation?"

Simon cracks a smile as Abby seems upset.

"It isn't that funny."

Simon rolls his eyes at Abby.

"Uh-huh, it's really funny alright—serves them right for everything they've done to us poor folks in Marble Hills."

He makes several gestures with his fingers.

"Corey was a toad. No redeeming value whatsoever."

He glances at the escalator nearby.

"Trust me—no one in Marble Hills feels one shred of grief that he's gone. Genie Van Pelt did us all a huge favor."

He winks at Kelly and Abby.

"Talking about freaks on the loose in Marble Hills—anyone heard anything about Jennifer Parker's whereabouts lately?"

Abby shakes her head and sighs.

Farm Acres Inn

Mike Wycliffe seems annoyed as he drops his keys on the table and walks over to the small bar. He grabs his cell phone as he dials and waits for a few seconds. He seems a bit upset.

"It's me. I made contact with Denise Madison as you asked and bedded her. She was royally pissed when I suggested she was a hooker. She was fit to be tied. It was a hoot. Uh-huh."

He looks around the room.

Standish Road

Jennifer is driving like a madwoman as Tiffany sits in the passenger seat continuing to torment her gleefully.

"Face it—it's over."

Jennifer turns to look at Tiffany.

"Why are you even here?"

Tiffany rolls her eyes in a mocking way.

"Like *duh*—what else—to kill you and avenge my death."

Jennifer glances at her watch and seems upset.

"I'm come too far to turn back now."

Tiffany shakes her head.

"Seems after everything you've done and everyone you've killed—including those two innocent people on Peabody Avenue earlier—you'll still end up the loser as usual—Gina Bentley still lives for another day—oh, how sad is it to be you right now?"

Jennifer lashes out at Tiffany with her fist.

"Get away from me this instant."

Tiffany smiles triumphantly as she suddenly grabs hold of the steering wheel and laughs loudly. Jennifer reacts.

"I don't think I can—at least not until I even the score."

She begins laughing and points at Jennifer.

"Be careful what you wish for Jennifer—you just might get your wish and then some—like in a repeat performance."

Jennifer tries desperately to wrest control from Tiffany as her car continues to swerve along the road in a zigzag fashion. It hits the guardrail hard several times as control for the car becomes a concern for Jennifer. She turns to look at Tiffany again and at that moment she sees a skeletal figure staring back at her grinning broadly. She screams in fright. Tiffany's skeletal features laughs loudly with glee as Jennifer's hand slips from the steering wheel. The car quickly skids toward the guardrail once more.

"Time's up Jennifer."

Jennifer's car spins out of control at the exact spot where Tiffany's car skidded off the bluff not long before. As Jennifer tries to control the brakes the car flies off the bluff. Seconds later it lazily falls onto jagged rocks and explodes upon impact.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Look at the 40th Episode

Tiffany finally gets her revenge and revels in the immediate aftermath—Howard seems indifferent to bad news—Donna is visited by an unexpected ally—Alden questions Clay about Faye's death—news spreads across Marble Hills about the incident at Standish Road—Carmen plots her strategy against Howard—Gina is visited by a former rival—Miles surprises Dirk with deadly results—Calvin lays down the law with Juan—more bad news forces Malcolm and Gary to deal with reality of future troubles ahead—Lindsay and Robert deal with bad news involving someone they both love—Howard is surprised by family and foes alike—Patrick has a rude awakening in Marble Hills—Calvin keeps a secret from Chandra—as Juan brutally evens an old score.

Episode 40
If Tomorrow Comes

Standish Road

Tiffany Johnson looks down at the fiery wreck and smiles broadly. She hears a car pull up and turns around to see Drew Brockmeyer and Jason Anderson running toward the guardrail seconds later. They both look over the edge in shock at the massive fireball below as red glowing flames shoot upwards.

"Oh man she's a goner."

They hear laughter.

"Oh well."

As they watch in shocked disbelief Tiffany materializes in front of them. They look at each other and then at Tiffany.

"Tiffany?"

Tiffany rolls her eyes.

"Do you see anyone else standing here?"

"But you're dead?"

Jason blinks several times.

"I attended your funeral."

Tiffany smirks. As she takes a step toward them they both back away. She rolls her eyes again and sighs loudly.

"Yes. Yes. But no, not really—and yes Gina Bentley did see me. She wasn't lying this time—at least not about seeing me."

"How come you came back?"

Tiffany glances toward the broken guardrail.

"Had some unfinished business to take care of—couldn't let my murderer go free—had to pay her back royally."

Drew and Jason exchange glances.

"Sounds exactly like Tiffany."

They turn to face her again but she's gone. They look around and then look at the fireball below again. Jason pulls out his cell phone and begins furiously dialing as Drew shrugs.

"Who are you calling?"

Jason gives Drew a dirty look.

"Who else—that dummy that replaced my dad."

Drew looks at the guardrail again.

Glass Owl

Howard Madison looks coldly at Will McColl and seems oddly disinterested listening to news of Hart's murder.

"Did you hear what I just said?"

Howard seems annoyed.

"Do I look deaf to you?"

Will seems confused by Howard's reaction.

"Your grandson's body was just found on the beach at Pirate's Cove about ten minutes ago—shot at close range."

"What the fuck are you waiting for? Do your job already."

He slams the door in Will's face.

Markway Home

Donna Markway looks at her cell phone again and seems nervous as she looks out the window. She sighs loudly.

"*Where is she*? Where could she be?"

She looks at the cell phone once more.

"She's not going to bother you *anymore*—it's over."

Donna spins around to see Tiffany standing a few feet away from her. She seems frightened and begins to back away slowly. Tiffany rolls her eyes and seems visibly annoyed.

"Jennifer Parker is dead."

Donna reacts.

"Gina said she saw you but we didn't believe her."

Tiffany rolls her eyes again.

"Yeah yeah—same old story—but hey, she was telling the truth—maybe for the first time—better late than never."

Tiffany glances at Donna's cell phone.

"Anyway like I said before—Jennifer can't hurt you ever again—seems she had the most unfortunate accident out by Standish Road. Somehow she lost control of her car and flew off the bluff—no way for her to walk away from that joyride."

Tiffany begins laughing.

"And yeah—she had a little extra help from yours truly."

Donna looks at Tiffany oddly.

"You caused her accident?"

Tiffany nods and takes a step toward Donna.

"Payback is a bitch isn't it?"

She looks around the room and smiles.

"Nice digs—never thought you had much of a flare for fashion to talk about with my friends—guess I was wrong?"

Donna watches as Tiffany comes closer.

"By the way Donna, I thought you'd like to know that Brad McKinley is dead too—got quite a sendoff—paid dearly."

Donna seems shocked at the comment.

"Brad is dead?"

Tiffany seems irritated.

"Like do I need to repeat myself?"

"How did he die?"

Tiffany sighs and looks around the room again.

"Can't tell you that—not allowed—too many loose ends in *that* deal—but take my word for it—he got what he deserved."

Donna's cell phone begins to buzz suddenly.

"Tell everyone I said hi."

Donna nods.

"If only things has been different?"

Tiffany nods. Seconds later she's gone. Donna sighs loudly and looks at her cell phone again as it continues to ring.

Peabody Avenue

Eva Harper and Clay Blankenship are coming out of a small boutique as Alden Washington bumps into them on the sidewalk. He looks at them curiously and faces Clay.

"Any word on what happened to my ex?"

Clay shrugs.

"Not yet."

Alden seems upset.

"She wasn't the nicest person but didn't deserve to end up the way she did—I want whoever is responsible caught."

Clay nods as he looks at Eva.

Mall

"Are you freaking kidding me with such a story?"

Simon Spencer glances at Abby Marshall and Kelly Nelson as they both watch his expression change rapidly. He sighs.

"OK—whatever—I got the deal. Talk to you later."

He shuts off his cell phone and shrugs.

"Fuck reality television—not even *they* could top this."

Abby and Kelly give Simon a strange look.

"What did Donna say?"

Simon looks around nervously and lowers his voice.

"Jennifer Parker is DOA."

Abby reacts.

"What? How? Who told Donna?"

Simon looks at his cell phone as it begins to buzz again.

"Tiffany Johnson just paid Donna a visit."

He gestures with his hand.

"Said Tiffany told her she killed Jennifer."

Abby and Kelly both react in shocked disbelief as Simon answers his phone and the color quickly drains from his face.

Standish Road

Will stands at the edge of the bluff looking at the broken guardrail as Maxwell Pendergraft pulls up. He jumps out of his car and runs over to where Will is standing a few feet away.

"Is the Parker girl dead?"

Will nods and looks over the bluff.

"Fried to a crisp like a piece of burnt chicken actually."

Maxwell glances at the broken guardrail.

"Is it possible it was a suicide leap?"

Will shrugs as he looks at the skid marks nearby.

"Hardly—she fought hard to avoid the mishap she got from this dramatic ending—not sure from what I was told what caused the car to go airborne at such an accelerated speed."

Will glances over at where Jason and Drew are standing.

"Apparently they saw the whole thing unfold from down the way—said the car had a mind of its own—quite unreal."

Maxwell gives Will and curious look.

"Isn't that Anderson's kid?"

Will nods and turns to look at the guardrail again.

"Think they were involved somehow?"

Will shrugs and looks over at where another car is parked nearby. He points at two women who seem visibly upset.

"No—they saw the accident also—they were behind Anderson's kid and his friend—visiting here from Jersey."

Maxwell walks toward the edge.

"I guess we can close the book on the murders. If the Parker girl did it—and judging that she bought the farm."

Will shoots Maxwell a strange look.

"Not a sure thing just yet."

Maxwell seems confused at the statement and sighs.

"Did I miss something?"

Will wipes sweat from his brow.

Gun Shop

Carmen Pendleton smiles as she pulls out a small caliber handgun from her purse and looks back at the gun shop.

"Love how easy it is to buy a gun in this country—makes for quicker results when you need to kill someone. And oh, yeah, Howard Madison deserves to be shot—several times if the need presents itself—as long as the end results are the same and he stops breathing. I should've done this long ago—should have taken the bastard out when I had the chance that night after I saw what he'd done—no one would've blamed me for doing it."

She gently strokes the gun.

"I'm still not sure how I'll explain my actions to Eddie—but I think he'll understand when he knows the whole story."

She turns to look at Glass Owl in a distance.

Mall

Gina Bentley steps into the elevator and is about to press one of the buttons when she hears a noise. She turns around to see Tiffany staring at her with a blank look. She seems happy.

"She'd dead."

Gina seems nervous.

"Who's dead?"

Tiffany rolls her eyes in mock frustration.

"Like *duh*—who else?"

Gina sighs loudly.

"You killed Jennifer Parker?"

Tiffany nods several times and grins broadly with pride.

"Gave her the same sendoff she gave me."

She laughs.

"All's well that ends well."

Gina seems shocked.

"Does anyone else know?"

Tiffany nods.

"Talk is spreading across Marble Hills as we speak."

Gina rolls her eyes.

"I'll just bet."

They look at each other for a few seconds.

"She caused a lot of pain—but it's over now—she can't hurt anyone else—I just got a few loose ends to tie up."

Gina gives Tiffany a strange look.

"I'll never see you again?"

Tiffany smirks.

"Well, don't look so sad Gina dear—truth is, in a very short time you'll figure something out about yourself—and from there everything will make sense—give you lots of perspective."

"Huh? What are you talking about?"

Tiffany winks at Gina.

"Be ready when the moment presents itself to you."

Seconds later Tiffany is gone.

Parking Lot

Dirk Waldau grins broadly as Denise Madison steps out of her car and looks around. He parks nearby and waits.

"Madison was right—this bitch is a cheap whore—must be looking for yet another one of her male admirers to fuck."

He glances down at his swelling erection.

"I know it's not part of the deal but I think I'm owed a spin from my latest. It's not like it'll matter later when I put a bullet into her head and leave town a few million dollars richer."

He looks at Denise again.

"Madison said to kill her—never said I couldn't fuck the bitch before I complete the mission we agreed upon—and a guy's got to enjoy himself once in a while—especially if he has a frigid wife that thinks fucking every day is a damn hardship."

He sighs loudly and steps out of his car.

"I hope she likes surprises."

He grins broadly as he looks around.

"I've got a few planned—bloody and violent."

He begins walking toward her. Denise hears footsteps and seems frightened at first when she sees Dirk approaching her in the deserted parking lot. As he comes closer she notices his erection straining under his jeans and she grins broadly.

"Did Miles Dandridge send you?"

Dirk seems confused.

"Miles? I don't know anyone named Miles."

Denise looks at Dirk oddly as she seems fixated on his erection. He turns around to look at the empty parking lot.

"I think you and me should play."

At that second she sees Miles Dandridge walking toward her from a nearby stairwell. He appears to be quite angry.

"I thought you said you wanted to talk? Instead you're with some grandpa dude who wants a piece. What's the deal with you and old men? Like seriously—I'm *so* out of here—*ugh*."

Before Denise can react to his outburst Dirk pulls out a gun and shoots Miles point blank in the head. As Denise watches in horror half of his skull falls on the pavement. She screams as Dirk grabs her arm. He seems enraged and twists her arm.

"Who's he calling old? I'm only thirty-six."

Denise seems in shock.

"Oh my God—you just killed Miles."

Dirk laughs.

"*So what*—your punk boyfriend had a smart mouth—had to teach him a lesson—now let's see him call me old again."

He laughs loudly.

"Seems you've been a thorn in the side of a lot of people lately—been causing trouble with your antics. Not good."

Denise tries to jerk free of Dirk's grip.

"Kyle—I should've known—I'll double what he's paying you—I'll make him pay for what just happened. I swear."

Dirk laughs as he forces Denise to walk toward his car.

"Kyle has nothing to do with this—like I said your antics have caused quite a stir lately—made a lot of enemies."

He forces Denise against his car.

"It's time to end everyone's misery."

Denise tries to jerk free of Dirk's grip.

"Caroline Bentley—*that bitch*—she killed Glen Bradstreet and now she wants to shut me up royally before I spill."

Dirk rolls his eyes.

"I hate women who talk too much."

Without warning he slams his fist into her jaw.

"A guy likes a woman who shuts up every once and a while—and in your case likes it when she's hardly breathing."

He opens the door and shoves her limp body into the backseat. He slams the door shut and looks around.

"Love deserted parking lots—so much can happen."

He glances at where Miles lies in a pool of blood. Dirk shrugs and gets into his car. He immediately starts the engine.

Bradford Beach

Calvin Whitney steps out of his limousine and gives Juan Sabrillo a strange look as they shake hands. Juan shrugs.

"OK—what gives with the secret meeting."

Calvin glances out at the ocean.

"You've been distracted lately."

Calvin makes a lewd gesture with his hands.

"Damn whores kept you from doing your job—a job you were paid to do—my brother's memory was cast aside while you dallied around this godforsaken town with your damn dick."

Juan sighs loudly and seems annoyed.

"I'm aware of my failings—but it's over and done with as far as I'm concerned—I'm back on duty—I know I have a job to do later today concerning the Madisons. I won't fail you."

"See that you don't—it would be most unfortunate if you did—I'm not the forgiving type in case it slipped your mind."

Juan grimaces.

"I haven't forgotten."

Calvin looks directly at Juan.

"My brother thought very highly of you—he liked you a lot—but I'm *not* my brother. I hope I made myself clear."

Juan seems stung by Calvin's words and nods as he looks at the older man. Calvin continues to look at Juan harshly.

"Do we understand each other?"

Juan nods again.

Tolling Bell Inn

Malcolm Glick watches as his brother paces back and forth seemingly getting angrier and angrier. Without warning the cell phone on the table nearby begins to ring. Gary Glick picks it up with a frenzied look on his face. He sighs loudly and yells.

"Fuck you asshole."

He slams the cell phone down on the sofa and looks at Malcolm who seems confused by the sudden outburst.

"Fucking telemarketers—hate those fucking bastards."

He looks at his watch again.

"That motherfucker played me royally."

Malcolm leans against the wall.

"What happens now?"

Gary shoots his brother a dirty look.

"Do I look like I have all the answers today?"

Gary paces around the room several times as he seems ready to explode. He turns back to look at Malcolm.

"I bet that fool got busted for driving drunk again."

As Malcolm looks at the cell phone lying on the sofa Gary slams his fist into the nearby bookcase sending books tumbling onto the floor. He slams the bookcase again and sighs.

"I've come too fucking far to let this slide into a garbage pile—there's no turning back now—got to reverse things."

Gary walks to the balcony and looks out at Marble Hills.

"I had to pull so many frigging strings."

He nervously looks at his watch once more.

"Damn him if he's on one of his benders again—I swear when I get back to Sydney I'll teach him a lesson for daring to fail me—one he won't forget for a very long time—if ever."

He angrily turns to face Malcolm.

Morgue

Lindsay Bennington is led down the hallway and then into the plain-looking room. She stands in the doorway for a few seconds and then walks toward the sheet-covered body.

"This can't be real?"

Footsteps are heard behind her.

"It is."

She turns to see Robert Bennington looking like he's just seen a ghost. He leads her into the windowless room.

"Got a call from McColl a few minutes ago—he's dealing with some accident out by Standish Road—so I called you."

Lindsay inches toward the sheet-covered body.

"It just can't be—who would do something like this?"

She begins to cry as Robert comes toward her.

"He barely knew anyone in Marble Hills—what enemies could he have—who could do such a thing to a teenager?"

Robert shrugs as he looks around the room.

"McColl said he was shot at close range—made quite a large impact to his temple—really bloody—be warned."

He reaches out to touch her shoulder. She slowly turned to look at him. He sighs loudly. Lindsay seems about to cry.

"I'm so sorry."

Lindsay turns around briefly and gives Robert a curious look as she slowly reaches out to pull the bloody sheet away.

Mall

Abby and Kelly look up as they see Gina walking slowly toward them. Simon gives her a cautious look. She notices.

"I guess it's over."

Simon rolls his eyes knowingly.

"Jennifer Parker sure had everyone fooled. Threw us all for a loop with how she pulled it all off and blamed you."

Gina sits down at the kiosk.

"I'm not sure I'll ever forget what she did to me just to get revenge for Jarod. I'm just glad it's over and she's dead."

Simon and Kelly exchange glances.

"Brad McKinley is dead too."

Everyone turns to see Donna standing nearby.

Glass Owl

Howard grins broadly as he shuts off his cell phone. He instantly dances a jig for several seconds. He stops briefly.

"Oh yeah, sweet—this day is turning out better than I'd hoped. I thought explaining away all those murders would be difficult—now it'll all just go away like it never happened."

He laughs loudly.

"That worthless daughter of mine certainly made things easier by dying in a fireball out by Standish Road. At least I won't have to explain how she came to be. Lindsay might have let it go—but not Kyle—damn fool would demand the truth about his half-sister—would keep probing for answers—*damn him*."

"So, I guess you won't be a bit surprised when I ask?"

Howard spins around to see Kyle Madison looking at him from the doorway. He doesn't seem to be in a good mood.

"Imagine how shocked I was to find out about Jennifer Parker—and who her mother is—and how you kept what you did a secret from everyone for almost two decades—including your own children—all of them—yeah, that's right father—I've been quite busy the last hour digging into the past—finding out all sorts of things you thought would never be exposed—but you of all people should know how secrets, no matter how well-kept do come out at some point—all in their awful glory—and in your case better now than when you're dead and can't face the wrath of your precious children for being such a lousy human being."

Howard remains motionless for a few seconds in the doorway as he notices Kyle staring at him with cold unfeeling eyes and a cruel smile on his face. Kyle turns around and sighs.

"Oh and I forget—how rude of me father?"

Kyle slowly steps away from the doorway and from behind him Howard sees Carmen looking triumphant as she glances at the thick folder in her hand and blows him a kiss.

"I know we had a deal Howard dear—but you and I both know you can't be trusted—so I got myself some insurance."

Howard becomes enraged and reaches for something hidden in one of the pockets of his jacket. Carmen laughs loudly as she quickly steps past Kyle and pulls out a small handgun.

"Not so fast old man. Give me a reason and I'll shoot you without even thinking twice—make it easy—I dare you."

Howard seems shocked. He turns to look at Carmen and Kyle with a look of hate and utter disgust. Carmen smirks.

"Terrible when you get outplayed by someone whose life you ruined—oh well—you should've known you were not going to get away with *this* round of events *this* time. Like Kyle said earlier—secrets always come out—especially the ones you thought no one else knew about. Shall we start with Alden Washington and your daughter—and what really happened the night he found Marah dead from a ghastly blow to her head?"

Carmen looks for a reaction from Howard. But there is none as she waves the gun in front of him several times.

"Or should we start with what you did to me? How about your wife and that *accident* out by the pavilion that put her in a coma for weeks—and my personal favorite of all these sweet gems—exactly what did you do to keep Serena Glick and her family from telling Kyle the truth about his unborn son? Do you want to tell Kyle or should I? Inquiring minds want to know."

At that moment Serena Glick makes her presence known as Howard seems confused at the scene playing out. Carmen looks at the small gun in her hand and eyes Howard slyly.

"And not to throw gasoline on this raging fire but what do you think Eddie Kane will do when he finds out the truth—the whole truth about what you did to his parents—*and* why?"

Kyle takes a step forward.

"I'd pay to hear your answer father."

Howard glares at Kyle.

"You ungrateful piece of trash—after everything I did for you—this is how you repay me—believing these liars?"

Kyle laughs as he looks at both Serena and Carmen.

"Even now he refuses to admit guilt."

Carmen glances at the thick folder in her hand.

"It would be such a pity if this juicy report is printed in every trashy newspaper across the country. It'll make that old TV series *Pasadena* look tame by comparison. I think this report would be perfect for Netflix. What do you think Howard?"

Howard regains his composure.

"How much do you want?"

Carmen grins broadly as she looks at Kyle.

"I told you he had a price."

Carmen glances at the folder in her hand.

"But this price is going to be steep."

"Give me a goddamned number already?"

She turns to look at Howard again with a malicious glint in her eye as she opens the folder slowly and feigns shock.

"I know you're old and your mind is slipping but I clearly remember telling you how much it would cost to keep the lid on all your sins quiet. Not a penny more and not a penny less to close the deal on this sordid mess. Unless of course you want to test my patience with the outcome—but I must warn you it'll be most unpleasant. Right about now one of my more computer savvy employees is working wonders with this folder and with one click it'll be sent to every news outlet for media and print in the United States and Europe. And oh—the best part is that it's being given away for free. Nothing says *print this* faster than scandalous free trash that will cause the Internet to crash more than a few times as people do what people do best when it comes to a really salacious page turner about one of the richest families in America—and the talk will be a nightmare I assure you—I'll make sure of it personally—but it's your choice—your money or your freedom old man. You pick the poison for the ending."

Howard glances at Kyle. He turns away.

"I'm waiting old man—what's your answer?"

Howard turns to look at Carmen again as she waves the gun at him. He seems locked in a sad statue-like position as both Kyle and Serena stand to the right of Carmen and smile.

"There's no way out of this mess father—no way at all from where we stand. You've lost this round to Carmen."

Howard continues to stand without saying a word as Carmen edges closer pointing her gun at him. He sighs.

"I'm calling your bluff *bitch*."

Carmen becomes enraged at his indifferent behavior and carelessly presses the gun against his cheek as he reacts.

"I'm not afraid to kill you old man. Won't have any qualms after what you did to Daryl—you *killed* him in cold blood."

She watches as his expression changes.

"Think you'd survive if I shot you right now?"

"How about we test that theory?"

Carmen turns around to see Eddie Kane standing in the doorway with Todd Spencer. Wesley Madison is right behind them. They seem confused as they look at the scene playing out between Carmen and Howard. Carmen gives Howard a knowing look and throws the folder to Eddie with a wink. She laughs.

"It's all in there—including what this louse did to your parents—but be warned Eddie—there's also something else you didn't know about that he kept secret all these years—and it'll change everything and not for the better I assure you."

Eddie glances at Howard and Carmen once more.

<u>Maple Avenue</u>

Patrick Glick looks at the map in his hand again and sighs loudly. He turns around at a nearby sidewalk and notices an outstretched bloodstained hand near a parked car. He nervously inches closer and as he turns the corner he sees a trail of blood in front of him. He gags as he sees a man's body lying on its side. Patrick backs away and pulls out his cell phone and begins dialing as he tries not to throw up while he looks at the gory scene.

Standish Road

Will watches as the smoldering wreckage of what was Jennifer's car is loaded into a flat-bed truck. He sighs loudly.

"At least she spared us a frigging trial."

As Maxwell nods in agreement his cell phone begins to ring. He picks it up and listens as he turns to face Will again.

"We'll be right there."

He shuts off his cell phone.

"Seems you spoke too soon Will—there's been another murder—some kid just found a dead body by Maple Avenue."

Will reacts in shock at the news as he glances for a few seconds at the flat-bed truck heading away from them.

"But I thought?"

"Seems Jennifer Parker wasn't our only serial killer after all—this town sure has secrets—too many if you ask me."

Maxwell looks at the broken guardrail again.

Warehouse

Loud screams are heard echoing as Dirk repeatedly rapes Denise. As she tries to push him away he angrily hits her across the face with his fist several times as he forces himself on her.

"Please—no more. Please stop."

Dirk laughs as he whacks her across the face again.

"Bet this is the first time you've ever told a man to stop."

He hits her again as her cries echo loudly.

"Well, guess what *bitch*—I don't take orders from the likes of you—especially someone with your tawdry reputation."

Denise screams as he hits her once more.

"Why are you doing this to me?"

Dirk lands his fist directly at Denise's jaw.

"Because I can *bitch*—because I can."

"Who ordered you to do this? I want to know."

As he continues to ram into her she looks around the empty warehouse floor. He notices and laughs loudly.

"Still haven't figured it out—have you?"

Denise seems confused.

"Please let me go."

Dirk hits Denise again and laughs.

"Your dear father-in-law ordered your hit. Seems even he has had enough of the reality show you call your marriage."

Denise looks at Dirk in shock.

"I'll pay four times over what he's paying you."

Dirk laughs mockingly at Denise.

"With what *bitch*—you have no money?"

Denise rolls her eyes.

"Are you sure about that?"

Dirk gives Denise an odd look.

"Enough of this dribble—I'm going to finish what I started here and then it's back to Copenhagen to my wife and son."

"You're married?"

Dirk angrily plows into Denise once more.

"Yep—got a problem with that?"

Denise suddenly sticks her finger into Dirk's eye and as he reacts, she quickly frees herself from his grip and runs toward the doorway a few feet away. He jumps up and fires off a few rounds at her. She slips through the open door seconds later.

Mall

"You actually talked with Tiffany?"

Simon glances at Donna with look of curiosity.

"Uh-huh—she told me Jennifer was dead and wanted me to know I was safe. She also told me that Brad McKinley was no longer alive—that he was dead. Then she just vanished."

Simon rolls his eyes.

"Did she look different?"

Donna shakes her head and looks at Gina.

"No. Should she?"

Gina reaches out to hold Donna's hand and sighs.

"I'm sorry for how I treated you."

Gina looks back at the others and sighs loudly.

"I'm so very sorry for the kind of person I was before."

She glances at Donna again.

"If I could change the past I would."

Kelly and Abby look at each other.

"I guess we all have some learning to do."

Simon turns to look at the others and smirks.

"Not me—I'm good."

Kelly winks at Gina and Abby.

"I'll just bet."

Simon rolls his eyes.

"Hey, I told you guys long ago that Jennifer Parker was a sick freak—shouted it actually—told everyone in town there was some serious issues with Jennifer long before she tried to kill Gina twice on the night of the prom—but none of you listened."

Kelly looks at Abby who shrugs as she notices his stare.

"I recall him saying something to that effect."

Simon grins broadly.

"Enough said."

At that moment they notice Tyler Van Pelt slowly walking toward them from the elevator. He seems strung out.

Farmington Villa

Chandra Stevenson hugs Calvin warmly for a few minutes. They look at each other. Calvin smiles broadly and winks.

"So pretty—just like your mother."

Chandra seems uneasy.

"I can't believe she was so rude to you."

Calvin shrugs.

"Your mother was always an independent thinker."

Chandra rolls her eyes.

"Tell me about it."

They hug again for a few seconds.

"I'm just glad you're here."

Calvin smirks.

"Uh-huh—and not a moment too soon from what I've been hearing from my associates—seems Madison has dodged a bullet with the sudden death of his bastard daughter."

He grins slyly.

"She was on my list if you must know—taking herself out like that was the best of both worlds—for her and for us."

Calvin looks at the door.

"Where's that boyfriend of yours?"

Chandra shrugs.

"I don't know."

Calvin gives Chandra a knowing look.

Morgue

Grant Monroe looks down at the charred body lying under a sheet. He sighs loudly. Lying nearby on other tables are several other bloodstained sheet-covered bodies. He shakes his head.

"One person certainly can cause a lot of havoc."

He is about to walk to the door when the doors burst open and he sees Will and Maxwell following a body bag.

"Got another one—sorry."

Grant shrugs.

"I thought we had this wrapped up?"

Maxwell looks at the bodies lying nearby.

Bentley Enterprises

John Bentley looks at the thick folder in front of him and seems enraged as he flips through the light yellow pages.

"So, Madison has been playing me for a fool all these years while trying to cleverly undermine my business?"

Kelvin Archer nods.

"Twenty years to be exact."

John sits back in his chair and slams the folder down on his desk with a loud thud. Kelvin seems confused at the outburst.

"What do you want me to do sir?"

John leans forward and grins.

"You're the best hacker money can buy Archer—do what you do best—get me access to Madison and his business."

"I'll have results in 24 hours."

John looks at the folder again and grins broadly.

"Don't leave even one stone unturned."

Kelvin nods again and leaves. John stands up and walks to a large picture window a few feet away. He sighs loudly.

Warehouse Parking Lot

Denise runs through a covered parking lot in a panic as she looks for a hiding place. Behind her she hears shots as Dirk follows in mad pursuit. He stops and looks around briefly as he glances at the gun in his hand. He hears footsteps and grins.

"Give up *slut*—you're done."

He listens to the eerie silence around him.

"I'm going to kill you—accept it."

He grins as he sees Denise at the far end of the lot.

"No place left to hide."

He fires off a few rounds. As bullets hit several parked cars the sounds vibrate for a few seconds before more bullets smash into windshields and windows. Dirk runs through the lot as he hears Denise's footsteps up ahead. He grins broadly.

"You've got nowhere to run—time's up."

Without warning he observes several garbage cans toppling over a few hundred feet away—and sees Denise pick up something from the parking lot. He fires at her but misses and fires again. He hears her scream. He begins laughing.

"Like I said, I win you lose."

Suddenly a piece of metal whizzes by his head and hits a car parked nearby. He cocks his gun and moves closer.

"Nothing's worse than a pathetic victim unwilling to admit defeat before they're slaughtered like the cattle they are."

He laughs again as he edges closer.

"I'm gonna enjoy putting a bullet in your head."

As he turns the corner he is hit with a bucket and then sprayed with bug spray. He reacts and fires blindly as Denise whacks him with the end of a broken baseball bat. He falls backwards as she hits him again. He struggles for a few seconds and knocks her to the ground with a kick. They begin struggling for the gun in his hand. Denise seems enraged as she angrily rakes her fingernails across Dirk's face. He cries out in pain as she gouges him several times. They continue struggling for the gun as he struggles to focus despite having been sprayed with a large dose of bug spray. Denise finally managed to get the gun away from Dirk. She looks at him for a few seconds and then in a display of hatred shoots him at close range twice. The first bullet tears into his neck as blood sprays outward in a huge red gush. Seconds later a second bullet penetrates his left temple. He twitches briefly and then becomes still. Denise looks at the gun in her hand and then at the body of her attacker. She smiles.

"Not as hard as I thought it might be."

She sighs loudly.

"I think Howard and I need to have a talk."

She looks at the bloody scene in front of her once more and turns to walk away. She stops and looks at the gun again for a few seconds as tears come rolling down her cheeks.

"Won't he be really surprised to see me when I show up at Glass Owl alive and with a gun to boot—but oh, it won't be pleasant—not for him anyway—he and I have so much to talk about—starting with what he tried to do today—but my new best friend should make it really easy for him to answer questions that he never thought he'd have to—like ever. Oh, I love guns."

She wipes tears from her eyes and shrugs.

"He went too far this time—no turning back now even if I wanted to. He's going to pay dearly for what he did."

She slides her hand across the barrel of the gun.

"And if he isn't on his best behavior when we talk—I might have to take it upon myself to teach him some manners."

She kisses the gun and smirks.

Glass Owl

As Eddie flips through the folder in his hands the color drains from his face. He seems in shock as he looks up.

"*It can't be true*."

Carmen grins broadly.

"I told you it would be a shocker."

Eddie turns to look at Howard as the others continue looking at Eddie and Carmen still confused. He sighs.

"*You're my father*?"

Silence permeates the room as everyone reacts.

"All these years and you never told me?"

Shocked looks appear on everyone's face as Kyle takes a step toward Howard. He turns back to look at Eddie.

"First Jennifer—and now Eddie—who is next father—who else in Marble Hills am I and Lindsay related to because you couldn't keep your pants on long enough? This just getting better and better—feels like a crummy soap opera with a bad script."

Howard glares at Kyle.

"Last time I checked you were in no position to judge me given the fact your wife is a whore who's made a fool of you for the past eighteen years—while sucking us dry of money."

Wesley seems about to explode.

"If my mother is a whore what does that make you?"

At that moment Jason slowly enters through the door and shrugs. He notices the stares from everyone and smirks.

"Didn't think there would be a show?"

He turns to look at Howard directly. His eyes seem on fire as he takes a step forward. His rage is clearly evident.

Mall

Drew steps out of the elevator and takes a step forward only to notice odd looks from Kelly and Abby. He shrugs.

"I guess everyone heard about Jennifer?"

Kelly and Abby nod.

"Gina was just here filling us in about the latest. She and Tyler just left together. She's mending bridges today."

Drew rolls his eyes knowingly.

"Better late than never is what I always say."

He notices Donna and Simon huddled together about twenty yards away. Drew shakes his head and grins broadly.

"I see Simon finally got the nerve to make his move on Donna—sure took him long enough—bet he's nervous."

Kelly laughs.

"Leave the dude alone already."

Drew makes a gesture with his finger at Kelly.

"Only saying what everyone was thinking for weeks now."

He turns to look at Simon and Donna again.

Morgue

Grant and Maxwell close the door to the morgue and begin walking down the hallway. Maxwell stops suddenly.

"I think it would be most helpful if you could prepare every autopsy result you have for the Parker murders—got to see if there's something that doesn't match up perfectly."

Grant shrugs.

"I'll have the reports ready in 48 hours."

Maxwell nods.

"Thanks, I really appreciate it."

He walks toward the swinging doors and stops suddenly.

"Also include the autopsy reports for Faye Washington and Sabrina Keller as well—might as well check those also."

Grant seems confused but nods.

"What about the murder-suicide couple and the teenage girl who drowned at Miller's Pond several weeks ago?"

"No—those cases are closed. Genie Van Pelt killed Corey Bentley and Carrie Spaulding was killed by Brad McKinley."

Maxwell looks back at the door to the morgue.

"This has been quite the ride."

Grant nods in agreement and sighs.

Jason moves through the little crowd slowly as he clenches his fists over and over. Eddie notices how angry Jason appears and reaches out to him—grabbing him by the shoulder gently. Jason pushes Eddie away. He turns to face Howard.

"You've caused enough grief for everyone in Marble Hills—it's time you pay—pay for my grandfather's and father's murder—time you finally own up to what you did—and die."

Without warning he pulls out a small handgun from the back pocket of his Levi's. Everyone seems in shock.

"Like I said, I wasn't expecting an audience today for your death—but what the fuck old man—the more people present at your execution the better—works for me—dead is dead."

Howard backs away slowly from Jason.

"Time's up old man."

Jason dangles his gun in Howard's face.

"I've been taking lessons."

He laughs.

"I promised you I'd kill you and I will."

Suddenly there's a scream from the hallway and everyone turns to see Lindsay looking at the strange scene playing out.

"What's going on?"

Kyle turns to look at Howard.

"Should you tell her or should I have the honor?"

Lindsay seems confused as she faces Howard who appears to be in shock at the moment. Lindsay takes a step forward.

"Tell me what daddy?"

Eddie steps forward and smirks.

"It seems that not everything is what it appeared to be in this town. It seems certain people have been living a lie."

He glances at Howard.

"I bet you didn't think this day would come."

He looks at Kyle and then at Lindsay. He turns to look at Jason briefly as he shoots Carmen a knowing look. He sighs.

"Well, it seems that nutjob Jennifer Parker wasn't your only half sibling as previously thought Lindsay—it has come to light that lots more people in Marble Hills have bastard Madison blood running through their veins—starting with yours truly."

Lindsay seems shocked at the news.

Boardinghouse

Juan looks at the gun in his hand and smirks as he crouches in the pitch blackness of the empty room. He listens to his soft breathing as he glances at his watch. He sighs.

"One bullet is all it'll take."

He laughs softly.

"One right between the eyes and your lights will go out forever—but not before you realize it was me that took you down for what you did to Faye and Sabrina. Their deaths must be avenged before I can complete my other task later today."

He sighs again.

"Then I'll deal with Whitney."

There is a shuffling noise outside the door.

"Here's to you Slade."

Sounds of a key turning the latch on a deadbolt can be heard briefly—and then a few seconds later the door creaks open slightly and then much wider as light from the hallway streams into the room. As a figure comes into view, gunshots ring out in quick succession. A body slumps to the floor with a loud thud.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Look at the 41st Episode

Senseless violence occurs unexpectedly leaving more questions than answers—Denise dallies with Maxwell—Robert meets a sly stranger with motives that only benefits one of them—Calvin plays on Chandra's fragile emotions—John embarks on a sneaky play against Caroline with Pierce's help—Patrick circles in on Gary—Eva focuses on free time with Clay—Alden encounters tragedy and a strange appearance from a friend—Caroline's past behavior comes back to haunt her—Gary and Malcolm realize their gameplay is falling apart despite their best efforts—Caroline deals with more fallout from her past—Elizabeth questions what befell Lance—Maxwell handles yet another murder as suspicion grows on another possible serial killer—Timothy happily plans for a headline-making event at Glass Owl—Chandra realizes her future is in dire jeopardy—as Alden receives a curious text.

Episode 41
Black Widow

Boardinghouse

Juan Sabrillo laughs loudly in triumph and stands up. He flips on the light and sees a woman lying on the floor in a bloody mess. Julia Winthrop is dead. Juan looks around confused.

"What the fuck?"

At that moment he hears footsteps.

"Second time is the charm."

As Joel Slade comes down the hallway he notices the door to his room is open. He stops. Less than a second later several gunshots pierce his neck and chest. He falls with a thud.

"Revenge is sweet indeed."

Juan walks toward Joel with a huge grin on his face as he sees him reaching for his gun. They look at each other.

"I dare you."

Juan grins broadly when he sees Joel wince in pain as he makes an attempt to reach into his jacket. He stops.

"Uh-huh—you're going to die—*no doubt about it*."

He begins to laugh as he walks closer.

"I know what you did."

He watches as Joel winces in pain again.

"I think you know there is only one way this can end."

Joel seems confused and sighs loudly.

"I only did what I was told to do."

"Tell it to someone who gives a fuck."

Juan aims his gun at Joel's head and fires point blank.

Morgue

Grant Monroe flips through the files in front of him and sighs. He shakes his head several times before he closes the folder on top of a stack lying in the center of his small desk.

"If I didn't know any better I'd think Marble Hills had more people die because of violent crimes than New York City."

He stands up and walks to the door. As he reaches out to push the steel doors forward he sees Will McColl coming toward him. Grant glances back at the morgue slightly confused.

"Got some of the files—they're almost ready to go."

"Actually I'm here about another matter entirely."

Grant digs his hands into the front pockets of his white smock as Will points toward the metal door a few feet away.

Maple Avenue

Denise Madison is driving like a madwoman through several red lights as Maxwell Pendergraft takes notice.

"Just my frigging luck today—a speeder."

He immediately takes chase behind Denise. Seconds later she stops. She looks at the car behind her and sighs loudly.

"Fucking loser cop has nothing better to do."

She shrugs as Maxwell steps out of his car and walks toward her car. He seems annoyed. She rolls her eyes.

"Might as well play his game—and see what happens."

Maxwell gives Denise an odd look as he notices her blouse seems to have spots of some kind of liquid on the sleeves.

"Does this town look like a giant racetrack?"

Denise gives him the usual once over as her eyes center between his legs. She licks her lips and smirks knowingly.

"You're kind of cute for a cop?"

Maxwell ignores the comment and shrugs.

"Making a pass at law enforcement is not a good idea."

Denise grins slyly and licks her lips.

"Are you sure about that? I'm sure you're quite the man about town with the ladies—or are you into guys? *Ugh*—that would be quite a waste on how much of a looker you are."

Maxwell rolls his eyes.

"This isn't a bar—and for the record I'm here because you were going past the normal speed—of which you know."

Denise glances at her watch.

"OK—fine whatever—can I go now?"

"What's with the stains on your sleeves?"

Denise turns away.

"I popped a pimple—it bled—satisfied already."

He glances at Denise curiously.

"You never answered me why you were in such a rush earlier? Seems you should have a good reason as to why?"

Denise seems annoyed.

"For a cute guy you're no fun at all."

Maxwell leans against the car.

"I'm still waiting for an answer to my question."

Denise glances at her watch again.

"I was on my way to a family reunion—and I'm late."

Maxwell turns to look around at the area.

"I'll be nice this time around but don't let me catch you practicing for the Grand Prix again—today or otherwise."

Denise jots down her phone number on a scrap of paper and hands it to Maxwell. She grins broadly as he seems shocked at her boldness and then hands it back to her seconds later.

"No thanks."

Denise seems upset and sighs.

"I can do things to you."

"I'll just bet—but no thanks just the same."

He turns away. Denise watches as he walks to his car.

"*So gay*—such a waste of a good body—*ugh*."

She looks at her watch once more.

"*Oh well*—got to focus on Howard—got to teach him a lesson he won't forget—one that might cost him his life."

She turns the keys in the ignition.

Bradford Beach

A few feet away from the surf Vance Hershey grins broadly as he watches Robert Bennington approaching him cautiously. Robert stops and looks around nervously.

"I don't see why we just couldn't meet in town?"

Vance seems annoyed.

"I thought I made myself clear. I had some info on your father-in-law—info that could put him in jail for decades."

Robert rolls his eyes.

"Yeah, yeah—whatever dude—but I still don't see why we couldn't meet somewhere more public—Portland maybe?"

Vance flexes his muscles.

"What the hell did Chandra ever see in you?"

Without warning he swings at Robert. As Robert falls backwards into the surf Vance falls on top of him pushing his head into the water. As he gasps for air, Robert is unable to push Vance off him. As they struggle Vance laughs and forces Robert's head under the water again. Robert yells loudly in panic.

"No one is going to save you—you're done."

Robert continues to struggle for air as his head is forced under the water several more times. Vance grins broadly.

"This is just the way it has to be—Whitney doesn't want someone like you with his daughter. She deserves better."

Robert's head is forced under again.

"That's just the deal with his daughter. You're worth more to Whitney if you're a stiff in a morgue. But hey—I might make a sly play for dear Chandra in a week or so—and yeah I certainly got more experience in the sack than the pathetic likes of you."

As Robert continues to struggle, Vance slams his fist into his face and then dunks him again. Several seconds slip by and as Robert stops struggling Vance stands up. He looks down at Robert's body and viciously kicks him several times. There is no movement. Vance then jams his right foot atop Robert's head and grins as he forces his head under the waves once more.

"Got to make damn sure you're worm food."

His cell phone begins to ring.

Farmington Villa

"OK—wait a few more minutes to be sure. Then come back. So much more to do today—pieces are all falling into place nicely. Eldon would've been so proud. He loved revenge."

Calvin Whitney shuts off his cell phone and winks at Juan sitting a few feet away on the sofa. Juan grins knowingly.

"I take it Vance got Chandra's guy?"

Calvin walks over to the mini bar and turns around.

"Bennington is dead. Poor soul—*he drowned*. Swimming can be such a dangerous situation for a middle-aged man."

He begins laughing.

"Son-in-law material he wasn't."

He pours himself a drink.

"Chandra will be upset at first—for a day probably."

He takes a swig of his drink.

"Then I'll find a guy for her that knows how to treat a woman with respect—*someone* who knows their place."

He gives Juan a knowing look.

Bentley Enterprises

"So, you want me to start divorce proceedings against your wife? Might seem like odd timing with the tragic death of your son and all—not exactly a Hallmark card moment?"

John Bentley looks at Piece Colby coldly.

"If I wanted your advice I would've asked for it."

"Caroline will go on the warpath the minute I serve her with divorce papers—your secrets will come out in droves."

John sighs loudly.

"I've been planning this moment for months now. There's nothing my hag of a wife can do. Secrets are only talking points if there's a paper trail—and there's zero out there thanks to the work my cleanup guys have done on my behalf. I'm good."

Pierce gives John a cautious look.

"And Gina—how do you think she'll take it?"

John winces and leans back in his chair.

"It's not like she deludes herself that her mother and I had a real marriage. She knows the deal—perhaps too much given their recent meltdown with what happened over the last few weeks concerning that dangerously troubled Parker girl and the slew of murders she perpetuated. She'll get over it quickly."

Pierce rolls his eyes. John notices.

"Facts are facts. Caroline Stuyvesant has been a drag on my life and finances. Time to start over before things really hit the skids if they haven't already. Besides, I'm thinking she'll be relieved to be rid of me—and my endless indiscretions."

Pierce watches as John stands up and grins.

"Once I deal with Howard Madison in the next week or so I'm thinking of moving Bentley Enterprises to New York City."

He walks over to where Pierce is sitting.

"I'd like you to come too."

Pierce seems confused at John's comment.

"Commuting from Boston to New York City doesn't seem like much fun to me—not a fan of commuting—not at all."

"Who said anything about commuting? I'll pay for you and Charlotte to move into my new luxury condo located near Battery Park—wonderful scenic view of the Statue of Liberty."

Pierce shakes his head. He notices John looking at him sharply and sighs. He seems uneasy as John glares at him.

"Let me think about it a while."

John pours himself a drink.

Tolling Bell Inn

Patrick Glick nervously watches the elevator from the lobby as he looks at his watch again. He sighs loudly.

"Where is he?"

He looks at his watch again.

"He and I have a lot to talk about—starting with Malcolm and that creep Silas. Bet they didn't think I'd get out alive."

He glances at the elevator again.

Police Station

"You promised you'd only be here two minutes?"

Eva Harper slowly walks over to where Clay Blankenship is standing with a stack of folders in his arms. He grins broadly.

"I lied."

She grabs his arm.

"Lying can be hazardous to a boyfriend's health."

Clay laughs and winks at Eva.

"Says who?"

"Says the girlfriend of the boyfriend in peril because he lied—though he promised her otherwise ten minutes ago."

Clay puts the folders down on top of the desk.

"Is that a threat I hear?"

Eva leans over and kisses Clay lightly. She smirks.

"Is that a twinge of nervousness I detect in your voice?"

Clay looks at the stack of folders and shrugs.

"Is my life was being threatened by my girlfriend?"

Eva gives him a knowing look.

"What do you think?"

Eva kisses Clay again. He closes the folder.

"OK—I'm done—I like living."

Eva tugs at the buttons on his Levi's.

"With any luck tonight you'll teach me a lesson for threatening your life. Especially knowing I'm not sorry."

Clay nods and gives Eva a curious look.

Boardinghouse

Alden Washington walks through the tiny lobby of the boardinghouse and looks around—he shakes his head.

"Julia?"

He listens to the eerie silence in the building.

"Julia?"

There is no answer.

"Julia? Hello?"

He walks slowly toward the spiral staircase and stops.

"Oh-oh—this can't be good."

A bloody shoeprint of a man's sneaker can be seen at the foot of the staircase. Alden runs up the stairs in a rush and stops suddenly as he reaches the hallway. Several hundred feet ahead of him he sees a young man lying in pool of blood and at one of the doorways a few feet away he sees Julia lying on her back—her eyes open. He rushes over to her but realizes she's no longer alive. He slowly kneels down to take a closer look at her.

"My God—Julia—who—why—who did this?"

He pulls out his cell phone seconds later and begins dialing as he continues staring at Julia—a look of pain spreads across his face as he pulls a strand of hair from across her forehead.

Police Station

Eva and Clay are about to leave when his cell phone begins to ring. He looks at her and grabs the cell phone.

"Sorry, I have to—could be important?"

Eva nods and watches the reaction on his face change suddenly as he answers his cell phone. He seems in shock.

"Are you sure?"

He sighs loudly seemingly upset.

"Don't touch anything. I'm on my way."

He looks at Eva.

Tolling Bell Inn

Patrick watches as more people come and go from the lobby—but no Gary. He sighs loudly and seems annoyed.

"Fuck him."

He heads for the entrance.

"Next stop—Glass Owl."

He exits the hotel and walks down the sidewalk.

Portland

Caroline Bentley seems angry as she rolls her eyes at Colin Hartley. He looks at the dark green folder in front of him.

"I asked you a question. I expect an answer."

Caroline leans forward.

"I have no idea whatsoever how my fingerprints got inside Glen Bradstreet's studio apartment. I wasn't in Portland on the day he was killed and you can't prove anything otherwise."

Colin smirks and looks at the folder again.

"Want to place bets on that idea?"

Caroline gives Colin an odd look and grins.

"Like I said, I had nothing to do with Glen's murder."

Colin gestures with his hand.

"I'm sure you're aware that the building Glen lived at had video surveillance running twenty-four seven. Don't you just like modern technology—so many cool gadgets to choose from when it comes to busting a murderer? We both know you were there that fateful day—the same day you killed him in cold blood."

Colin leans over to whisper in Caroline's ear.

"If you think you're not in enough trouble already—keep lying and things will get worse. I'm not like other cops out there who play to politicians. I will bring you down hard and no one and nothing will stop me—do I make myself crystal clear?"

Caroline glares harshly at Colin.

"You've got nothing dweeb—not a damn thing. And when I get through with you, your job will just be a memory."

Colin snaps his fingers gleefully.

"You are so terribly wrong on that level of thinking. But oh well—if you insist on playing stupid I'll happily oblige you."

Colin grins broadly.

"Better call your lawyer."

As Caroline watches, Colin winks at her and then turns on a video monitor a few feet away. A second later footage of the front of an apartment building is seen as Colin looks back at Caroline with a triumphant look on his face. He laughs.

"Gotcha—case closed—you lose."

As Caroline continues to watch she sees herself entering the building and afterwards leaving the building much later. A few reels of footage also show her going into Glen's apartment and then leaving. Colin shuts the monitor off and grins.

"Like I said before **Lori Loughlin**—time to call a lawyer."

Caroline grabs her cell phone in a panic.

<u>Boardinghouse</u>

Alden reacts in shock and seems to be unsure of what to do next. He stands up and turns to look at the hallway. He hears a sound and turns back toward where Julia's body is lying. He watches in shock as she materializes a few feet away. He blinks several times not sure what he's seeing. He looks again at Julia's bloodied body and then at where she's standing presently.

"Don't be frightened Alden."

He sighs.

"Julia?"

She nods.

"I'm fine. I passed really quickly."

She takes another step forward—then another. He seems unable to move from where he's standing. She smiles.

"I came back to tell you who killed me."

He seems confused as he continues looking at the strange scene. As he looks at Julia's body once more she speaks.

"My killer is Faye's boyfriend."

Alden reacts.

"But why—why you—you didn't know him."

Julia looks at Joel's body.

"He was trying to kill *this* guy—who killed both Faye and Sabrina—seeking to get revenge for what happened to them. I guess I happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time."

Alden looks at Julia's body again.

"I'm so sorry."

Julia waves her hand.

"Don't be—I'm with my husband and daughter now—I just thought you should know what happened before I leave."

"What's Faye's boyfriend's name?"

Before Julia can answer Alden hears footsteps and turns to see Clay coming up the stairs—followed by Eva right behind. Alden turns to look at Julia again and realizes she's no longer there. He shakes his head and slowly faces Clay and Eva.

<u>Stanley Pier</u>

Gary Glick looks at his watch again and sighs as he paces back on forth. He slowly turns around as a car pulls up.

"Took you long enough?"

As Malcolm Glick steps out of his rental car he grimaces and shuts the door. Gary comes toward him suddenly.

"The whole plan is totally fucked to hell."

"What are you talking about?"

"Patrick is alive—and here in Marble Hills."

"What?"

Malcolm looks around.

"How is that possible—you said Silas had it under control—took Patrick to Ayers Rock and left him there alone. Said he'd be dead in a day or two—wouldn't come back alive."

"Silas clearly fucked up. He must have been busted."

Malcolm glances at the ocean.

"What now?"

Gary turns to look at Malcolm with contempt.

"I'm not leaving without our money."

"If Patrick gets to Kyle he'll tell."

Gary grins slyly.

"We've got to make sure that fool doesn't make contact with Kyle Madison today for any reason before we do."

Malcolm nods in agreement.

Portland

"What do you mean you can't represent me?"

Caroline looks at her cell phone and then at Colin who seems to be amused at her ongoing frustration. She sighs.

"What? John did what?"

She grimaces.

"Tell that sneaky fucker he'll be sorry in ways he can only imagine—starting with a particular night in question."

Caroline seems about to explode.

"Yeah, you heard me right."

She shuts her cell phone off.

"I'm going to make him pay dearly."

She turns to look at Colin.

"How about we make a deal?"

"What sort of deal?"

Caroline grins broadly.

Boardinghouse

"So, before he died he told you who killed him?"

Alden nods as Clay turns to look at Eva.

"Uh-huh—said his killer also took out my ex and Sabrina Keller—said something about a vendetta of some kind."

Clay shakes his head and seems confused. He looks at Alden curiously for a few seconds. He glances at Eva briefly.

"What sort of vendetta?"

Alden shrugs.

"He didn't have a chance to say."

Clay glances at the covered bodies being loaded into a coroner's van and then turns back to face Alden with a curious stare. He shuffles his feet on the pavement a few seconds.

"You never met this guy before today?"

"No."

Alden glances at Eva.

"But I did meet the other guy—met him once when my ex stopped by Pete's Cafe while I was there visiting Julia."

He sighs loudly.

"At that time I jokingly nicknamed him "gorilla" because he seemed to do all his talking with his fists—a total charmer of a guy if you know what I mean—not much on pleasantries."

Clay rolls his eyes at Alden.

"But why kill Julia Winthrop?"

Alden seems annoyed.

"She was in the wrong place at the wrong time. After he took out his target I guess Julia must have happened along."

Alden runs his fingers through his hair.

"Can I go now?"

He runs his fingers through his hair again as Clay seems to notice. They look at each for a few seconds. Clay sighs.

"OK—but I'll need to ask you more questions later."

Alden nods in agreement and walks away.

"Odd."

Eva looks at Clay.

"What's odd?"

Clay shrugs.

"Alden Washington strokes his hair exactly the same way Wesley Madison does—right down to the pinky finger."

Eva seems confused.

"So? It's just a guy thing?"

Clay looks at his right hand for a few seconds and shrugs.

"It's more like a genetic thing."

Eva looks at Clay again and sighs loudly.

"What does that mean?"

Clay shakes his head and shrugs.

"Is not like him not to call?"

Chandra Stevenson checks her cell phone again as Calvin looks at her curiously. She turns around to face him.

"Something must be wrong?"

Calvin walks over to Chandra.

"Let it go for now—we have much to talk about."

Chandra looks at Calvin curiously.

"Like what?"

Calvin glances at a folder on the coffee table.

"Well, for starters when we get back to Miami I'll set you up in one of my condos. View will be perfect—superb."

Chandra seems upset.

"Don't you mean you'll set Robert and me up in a condo?"

Calvin gestures with his hand nervously.

"Yeah—my bad—that's what I meant dear—you and your man will have the best of everything—everything and more."

At that moment Vance steps off the elevator and watches from afar as Calvin waves him off. He stops suddenly.

"I have that info you asked for earlier?"

Calvin and Chandra look at each other.

"I have to talk important business with Vance. Give me ten minutes and we'll talk more about the condo in Miami."

Chandra nods and walks away but not before noticing that Vance's jeans are wet up to the knees. Calvin watches her go and angrily turns to face Vance. He doesn't seem happy.

"How about next time you change pants before coming over here? Do you really want to create thoughts where there shouldn't be any? Last thing we need now is suspicion."

Vance seems annoyed at Calvin.

"Sorry, I wasn't thinking."

He smirks.

"Anyway, that situation is taken care of permanently—left the "problem" lying face down in the water. No life left."

Vance begins laughing joyfully.

"He surrendered so easily."

As he begins laughing louder Calvin angrily shoves him toward the elevator door. Vance seems upset and sighs.

"Think Chandra will want to go next Saturday night to my friend's party in South Beach? Lots of stupid high rollers will be there spending their money—could be our first date?"

"Stay away from my daughter."

Calvin sighs loudly.

"I won't say it twice."

"But I thought?"

Calvin grabs Vance by the collar.

"Bennington is dead because he wasn't good enough for my daughter. Where do you think you place on that list?"

The elevator closes.

Los Angeles

Alvin Melendez turns around as the door to his office opens. He smiles broadly as he sees Steve Addington holding a single piece of paper in his hand. They share a glance.

"We're in business. That girl in Maine—the Bentley kid has agreed to meet with us—seems totally into the idea I pitched to turn her life story into a two-part TV miniseries for cable."

"What are her terms?"

Steve rolls his eyes and waves his hand in the air.

"She wants executive producer credit."

"That's all?"

Steve nods.

"OK—give it to her. It's not like she'll really be doing anything on the film. Nothing more than bragging rights."

Alvin turns to look out at the city of Burbank.

"Book us on the next flight to Portland—got to get her under contract before one of my rivals decides to hightail it east with a better deal than the one we're willing to offer."

Steve nods in agreement.

"No prob—the Bentley girl is ours."

"Sweet deal—of course when Gina Bentley finds out we're just doing a movie about the killings in Marble Hills she might not be so pleased with us or the deal—oh well, that's life."

He glances at a copy of a newspaper lying on his desk.

Mall

Elizabeth Pendleton steps off the elevator and notices Kelly Nelson alone at the ice cream kiosk. She walks over.

"Slow day?"

Kelly grins as Elizabeth sits at one of the stools.

"How are you doing?"

Elizabeth seems uneasy.

"I'm handling each day with caution. Marble Hills has been quite the media scene lately for drama and none of it good."

He sighs.

"At least Jennifer Parker is dead."

Elizabeth nods.

"I'm glad this mess is finally over—and good for Gina especially. She and I weren't the best of friends but I would never have wished on her what happened—so terribly awful."

Elizabeth seems nervous about something.

"But with that said I still think someone else killed Lance. Ever since I found out Jennifer Parker was the killer I've had the feeling that what happened to Lance was not connected to her at all. And yeah, I know I sound nuts—but I really think Lance's death was caused by someone else—someone in town."

Kelly looks at Elizabeth suspiciously.

"Got any suspects?"

Elizabeth shakes her head.

"Not yet."

She leans closer to Kelly.

"I know Lance had a bad rep—he slept with just about every girl in Marble Hills—but he was still a decent guy."

Kelly shakes his head.

"Maybe it was Genie Van Pelt?"

Elizabeth sighs loudly.

"I've thought about that possibility."

Kelly hands her a can of soda.

Bradford Beach

Maxwell looks down at Robert's body as Grant and an assistant lifts him from the surf onto a stretcher nearby.

"This was no accident by any means."

Maxwell seems confused.

"Are you saying what I think you're saying?"

Grant turns Robert's head gently to reveal small bits of rocks embedded deep into his cheek on one side of his face.

"It looks like someone held his head under water a while on purpose—looks like there was a struggle between them."

Maxwell looks closer at the wounds on Robert's cheek and watches as Grant points to black and blue marks throughout the temple area. He slowly covers the body with a white sheet.

"Well, at least Lindsay Bennington won't have to worry about her soon-to-be ex asking for too much money now?"

"Think it's possible her father had something to do with it? I heard there was no love lost between Bennington and Madison especially with a pending financial divorce settlement."

Grant shakes his head.

"If it was anyone else in the mix I'd have to say no but with his father-in-law being Howard Madison I wouldn't rule out the possibility. I bet that freak of nature did his daughter's husband in to keep him from getting a penny of his precious billions."

Maxwell winces at Grant's comment.

"I gather you're no fan of Howard Madison?"

Grant laughs.

"If you must know I hate the bastard—hate him with a passion after what he did to me and Lindsay right out of high school—fucked us up really badly for no good reason at all."

Maxwell looks at Grant oddly.

"You and Lindsay Bennington had a thing?"

Grant nods several times.

"We were tight in high school and before we headed off for college I asked her to marry me—but her old man had other plans and made it quite clear he didn't think I was husband material and threatened to destroy my father if I didn't stop seeing Lindsay. Seemed to relish joy when it came to causing pain to my family—went as far as to say he'd have my little sister kidnapped and raped to make a point if I didn't play ball."

Maxwell leans against the coroner's van.

"That's really fucked up."

Maxwell watches as Grant wipes sweat from his brow.

"No matter how many nasty stories I hear about Howard Madison I'm always surprised at how vile he truly is as a human being. I'm surprised someone hasn't tried to kill him yet."

Grant begins to laugh loudly.

"Actually many have tried to take him out of the picture."

He slams the door to the coroner's van shut after sliding Robert's body between two empty stretchers. He sighs.

"But somehow that slug has always managed to outplay whoever placed a bounty on his head—sought terrible revenge after the fact against anyone and everyone involved."

Grant walks to the front of the van.

"Madison is evil—pure evil—even the devil doesn't want him in hell—doesn't want the competition if he can help it."

Maxwell laughs.

"That's definitely a statement for the ages."

Grant grins broadly.

Martinelli Office

Ashton Markway slowly flips through a folder containing hundreds of photographs of male fitness models. He sighs.

"I'll never look like these guys."

Joan Martinelli looks up from her desk.

"It's all in how you see it—smoke and mirrors."

Ashton watches as Joan pulls out a few photos of several young men. She hands him the images. He seems confused.

"Who are these guys?"

Joan looks at Ashton curiously.

"Those guys are the same ones in the folder—before they got the *treatment* from my people—like I said, smoke and mirrors Ashton—no one looks that good without lots of work."

Joan laughs.

"They are just regular guys—like you are—and then they are packaged and suddenly they look like real perfection."

Ashton gives Joan back the photos.

"I've never thought I was anything special."

He sighs knowingly.

"I was always average."

Joan quickly stands up and walks around her desk to where Ashton is sitting. She motions for him to stand up.

"Just believe in yourself and anything is possible in life."

They look at each other.

Marble Hills Gazette

Timothy Roskov looks at his watch as he stands up. He sighs loudly and heads to the door. Suddenly the door opens and he sees Laird Randolph standing before him with a sly grin.

"Is the show ready to begin production?"

Timothy gives Laird an angry stare. Laird ignores him.

"I'm ready to start filming episode one and two—followed by three and four—which leads to five and six—and seven."

Timothy grabs Laird by the arm and shuts the door.

"This isn't some game you can reset after the fact. Lots of moving parts happening all at once and I don't want any drama from you today of all days. This story is *big*—according to Wesley Madison his hateful grandpa is about to be brought to his frigging knees—and trust me we want to be there—to see it happen as that sleazy piece of filth gets what he rightly deserves."

Laird seems confused as Timothy lets go of his arm.

"Exactly why are you placing so much trust in Madison's grandson? What if he's lying to you—yanking your chain?"

Timothy rolls his eyes.

"What he said was backed up by Carmen Pendleton. She and I go way back—ever since high school everyone knew not to mess with her unless you wanted to go to war. That chick plays really dirty and old man Madison is about to find that fact out in the worst way possible—I almost feel sorry for the bastard."

Laird rolls his eyes and checks his watch.

"Fine—whatever—just hope you're right—but I'm just here for the ride—to score some sweet credits for my resume."

Timothy gives Laird a dirty look.

"Tell that to my sister."

Laird gives Timothy a cautious look.

"Your sister and I are cool—she knows my deal."

"Uh-huh—if you say so but don't say I didn't warn you ahead of time when the "truth" hits the fan. My sister can be brutal when she thinks she's been played for a prized fool."

Timothy heads toward the door.

Los Angeles

Alvin watches as Steve comes toward him with a young woman. He throws his hands up in the air and grimaces.

"What the fuck Steve?"

Steve grins.

"I've been busy."

Alvin seems annoyed.

"Why is your latest girlfriend here?"

Steve grins.

"She's here to audition for the role of Gina Bentley."

Alvin grabs Steve by the collar.

"How many times have you fucked her already?"

Steve laughs.

"I lost count actually."

They look at each other.

"How old is she Steve? Do you want to get busted?"

He seems upset.

"You and your high school girlfriends—bad news—really bad Steve—are you trying to secure a cell at San Quentin?"

Steve winks slyly. Alvin rolls his eyes.

"I'm not casting your latest flavor—no way."

Steve leans closer to Alvin.

"Please?"

Alvin looks over his shoulder at Cassie Windsor.

"I said no and I meant it."

He walks toward the window and shrugs. Steve turns to face Cassie. He grins broadly and leans over to kiss her.

"He's thinking about it."

Cassie looks at Steve suspiciously.

"Just so you know if I don't get to play Gina Bentley my father will find out about what we did at his house on Sunset last night. By the way he hates you if you weren't sure—thinks you're too old for me—told me endlessly you were a sick pervert."

Steve has a weird expression on his face as he watches Cassie walk away. He shakes his head and sighs loudly.

Farmington Villa

Chandra dials Robert's number again and waits. There's no answer. She's about to shut off her cell phone when the line is picked up. A look of joy spreads across her face briefly.

"Robert?"

There is a pause.

"Robert? Where are you?"

There is another pause and seconds later she begins to scream. She drops the cell phone as Calvin suddenly comes into the room. He sees her reaction and slowly walks over to her.

"Chandra? What's wrong?"

As he reaches out she pushes him away.

"Robert's dead."

She seems lost in a fog.

"It can't be. It just can't be true."

She begins to cry.

"I'm so sorry."

Chandra stops crying to look at her father.

"*She* killed Robert."

Calvin looks at Chandra curiously.

"Who are you talking about? Who killed Robert?"

"Lindsay."

Calvin stifles a smirk and sighs.

"I agree."

"I want to be there later when you kill her father. I want to watch her die. Watch her drown in her own vile blood."

"That can certainly be arranged."

Chandra turns to leave. Calvin calls out to her.

"Where are you going?"

She stops.

"I want to see Robert's body."

Calvin seems nervous as he watches Chandra go.

Pete's Cafe

Alden is standing in front of the diner as his cell phone begins to ring. He looks at it and sighs loudly as he sees a text from Wesley telling him he should get to Glass Owl as fast as possible. He looks at the closed sign on the diner again.

Portland

Hugh Baldwin slowly opens the front door of a walk-up apartment. Graffiti is scattered all over the stained walls.

"Who could live in a dump like this?"

He walks down the hallway.

"Bet he won't see this coming?"

He pulls out a handgun from his jacket.

"Oh man, Whitney is definitely not someone to be trifled with when it comes to revenge. Man is a cold fish for sure."

Hugh smirks knowingly and laughs.

"Uh-huh—but he certainly pays his people well."

He stops at one of the doors in the hallway and knocks lightly twice. From the other side of the door comes a muffled voice asking who is knocking. Hugh glances at the hall and with a sudden burst of energy kicks the door down. Aldo Morelli runs to the window thinking he's being robbed as Hugh follows him in quick pursuit firing off several gunshots with a silencer.

"I got no money."

Hugh laughs loudly.

"Not a smart move for a tough guy like you Morelli."

Aldo stops and turns around. Hugh grins.

"You should've known you'd have to pay one day."

Seconds later two bullets pierce Aldo's skull and he falls on the floor a few feet away from where Hugh is standing.

"No good deed goes unpunished."

He looks at the bloody scene on the floor and turns to walk away leaving the broken door where he left it earlier. As he casually walks down the hallway he begins whistling loudly.

Stanley Pier

Tyler Van Pelt stands at the edge of the pier and tosses a rock into the ocean below. He looks back at Marble Hills.

Boston

Jeremy Winterfield leans back in his chair and watches as Pierce pulls out a folder from his briefcase. He looks at it briefly and then hands it to Jeremy. Jeremy flips through the folder and then faces Pierce again. He shrugs. He leans forward.

"Does Bentley suspect anything?"

Pierce sighs loudly.

"No. He doesn't have a clue what we've got planned for him. He thinks I'm on his side—thinks he owns the world."

Pierce gestures with his hand.

"Your plan to take Bentley down is working perfectly. He'll be fit to be tied when the bottom falls out of his world."

Jeremy looks at the paperwork on his desk and begins laughing. He stands and gleefully looks at the window.

"Uh-huh—*sweet*—first John Bentley—and then Howard Madison—shredding the lives of corrupt corporate types is so worth every ounce of trouble it causes—I'm gonna love watching their reactions when they find out they've been bested."

Pierce grins broadly as he stands up.

Paris

"The photographs you sent earlier are quite intriguing. I look forward to meeting your young client. I hope he's as good as you say. His photographs certainly have a lot of promise."

Kyle Grimaldi looks at the photographs again.

"I'll clear my schedule immediately."

He seems pleased.

"I can always count on you to find the next big thing."

He looks out the window at the Eiffel Tower.

Morgue

Grant tries to stop Chandra as she pushes past him toward the steel doors of the morgue. He calls out to her. Seconds later she stops and slowly faces him. Tears stream down her face.

"He's the father of my child."

Grant seems confused and shakes his head.

"Who are you again?"

Chandra looks at the door again.

"Chandra Stevenson."

She nervously wrings her hands.

"We were supposed to get married—he promised."

Grant shrugs.

"I'm sorry. But you still can't see him."

Chandra seems annoyed.

"Please?"

Grant shakes his head.

"I'm sorry but you're not family."

Chandra reacts.

"But I'm carrying his child?"

Grant cautiously takes a step toward Chandra.

"Do you want me to involve the police in this matter?"

Chandra reaches out to push the door forward again and notices Grant reaching for his cell phone. She stops suddenly.

"I just want to see him one last time?"

Grant shakes his head.

"I'm sorry."

Chandra looks at Grant curiously and turns away from the door. He watches as she comes toward him. He backs away as she walks past him. She stops and circles him cautiously.

"It won't matter tomorrow anyway."

Grant watches Chandra walk away and seems somewhat confused by her strange statement then flips the lights off.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Look at the 42nd Episode

Tyler has a moment of discovery—Timothy and Laird make plans for a big story—Chandra vows revenge for a slight—Colin and Caroline plot strategy—Michelle and Maxwell rekindle past connections—Lindsay deals with the aftermath of shocking news—Caroline faces an unbending foe—unexpected visitors show up at Glass Owl—Calvin schemes to destroy those who wronged him—John has a nasty surprise at his house—Howard's smarmy past catches up with him despite his best efforts to silence the truth—Pierce has an unpleasant encounter—Eva and Michelle face the music about personal issues—Clay teases Maxwell—as a devastating secret is revealed unexpectedly.

Episode 42
Village by the Sea

Stanley Pier

Tyler Van Pelt looks at the water in front of him and sighs loudly as he takes a step forward and looks over the railing. He sighs again and turns around to look at Marble Hills.

"Bet no one would miss me."

"And you'd be wrong."

Tyler spins around to see Abby Marshall standing a few feet away. She seems concerned as he turns away.

"Killing yourself won't help."

Tyler turns around again and gives Abby an odd stare.

"Like you'd know how I feel right now?"

"Is that so? Do you know anything about me? Other than what I let you see publicly? No, I don't think so Tyler."

Abby pulls out a bottle of pills from her jacket pocket.

"I keep these as a warning."

Tyler glances at the bottle curiously.

"You tried to kill yourself?"

Abby nods.

"I felt like there was no hope."

Tyler's eyes widen in shock at the revelation.

"But you always seemed so together. Nothing fazes you."

Abby laughs.

"Uh-huh—that's how I wanted people to think about me rather than them knowing the truth. No one ever knew."

Tyler wipes sweat from his brow.

"Not even Gina?"

Abby shakes her head.

"No—I kept it hidden—until."

Tyler walks toward Abby.

"Until my mother found the pills and freaked."

Abby puts the bottle of pills back in her jacket pocket.

"She sent me to a clinic in Rhode Island."

Tyler looks at Abby curiously.

"Was that when we thought you'd gone to visit your aunt in Houston right after we graduated from junior high?"

Abby nods again.

"I was so royally messed up but they helped me and then I realized that my problems weren't that bad after all."

She turns to look toward Marble Hills.

"I hated who I was—thought I wasn't cool enough to hang with everyone else and it took strangers to point out to me how lucky I was not to be like everyone else and that my personality was what made me who I was. And finally it all sunk into my head—and when I came back that fall I stopped trying to be like everyone else and just focused on being me and *only* me."

Tyler shuffles his feet.

"But people liked you before."

Abby shrugs.

"No one dislikes you Tyler."

Tyler sighs loudly.

"But I'm different—I know it."

Abby's cell phone begins to ring.

"No one cares about the fact you're gay."

Abby's cell phone continues to buzz loudly.

"Aren't you going to answer it?"

Abby shakes her head.

"It can wait. Right now you're more important."

Tyler turns to look back at the ocean.

"But why do you still carry around those pills?"

Abby reaches out to touch Tyler's shoulder.

"To remind me of how far I've come since junior high."

Tyler turns to face Abby.

"It's just so hard—so hard every day."

Tyler shrugs.

"And with what Genie did."

Abby gives Tyler a curious look as he turns away again.

"What happened with Genie and Corey had nothing to do with you. If you must know, everyone in town is glad Corey's dead. They're sad about what happened to Genie but no one is sorry that Corey is gone forever. He was a terrible person and I should know more than most. He cheated on me endlessly and lied to my face when I'd ask him if the rumors were true."

Tyler cracks a smile.

"I thought I was the only one who hated Corey."

Abby rolls her eyes.

"Not even."

They look at each other.

<u>Maple Avenue</u>

Timothy Roskov rolls his eyes as he watches Laird Randolph walk toward him with several cups of coffee stacked into a small brown carrying tray. Laird grins broadly.

"Got to have my fix OK?"

Timothy seems upset and sighs loudly.

"What's next Laird, popcorn?"

Laird gives Timothy a strange look and smirks.

"Hey, that's not a bad idea actually."

Timothy grabs Laird by the shoulder.

"Don't even think about it."

Laird grins broadly.

"Relax—I was just yanking your chain."

Timothy watches as Laird places the coffee tray in the backseat and shuts the door. Laird turns to look at Glass Owl in a distance. Timothy notices as he slowly gets into the car.

"Right about now old man Madison must be getting one shock after another—Carmen Pendleton is going to bring that old man to his frigging knees before the day is over—bet on it."

Laird seems worried and shrugs.

Standish Road

"I'm on my way back now. Morelli is no longer a thorn in our sides. Put two bullets in his skull about an hour ago."

Hugh Baldwin grins broadly as he slows down.

"Uh-huh—Portland PD has another unsolved murder to think about. Love how cops just can't see the big picture."

He begins laughing uncontrollably.

"Uh-huh—I'm ready for Madison and his brood. Bet on it."

He notices Marble Hills up ahead and smiles.

Farmington Villa

"They wouldn't let me see him."

Chandra Stevenson walks toward Calvin Whitney as he stands a few feet away with his arms outstretched. He sighs.

"I tried to tell you."

Chandra begins to cry.

"It's not right."

She turns to look at Calvin.

"I want to watch her die. I want to see her pay for what she did to Robert—I hate her—damn bitch—she ruined my life."

Calvin smirks slyly and hugs her again.

"I assure you you'll see Lindsay Bennington die. Got quite a special show planned up for Howard Madison and his miserable brood—sometimes lessons must be learned painfully. Glass Owl will be morgue when we leave. There will be no survivors."

Chandra wipes a tear from her eye.

"I love you daddy."

Calvin winks.

"Back at you—best daughter a father could ask for."

They hug once more.

Portland

Colin Hartley looks at Caroline Bentley curiously as she leans forward to whisper in his ear. He seems shocked.

"Is this on the level?"

Caroline nods.

"My husband covered the whole thing up."

Colin sighs.

"Do you have proof?"

Caroline leans back in the chair.

"I do—but only."

Colin seems annoyed.

"Glen Bradstreet's murder must be dealt with."

Caroline rolls her eyes and smirks.

"Bradstreet was a creep—he deserved what happened to him. He had it coming—especially after what he did to me."

Colin looks at Caroline suspiciously.

"What are you talking about?"

Caroline sighs loudly.

"He raped me—and not just once either."

They look at each other.

"I had no choice."

Colin stands up and glances at the door.

"And you're expecting me to let Bradstreet's murder go away without factual proof on a charge of self-defense?"

Caroline rolls her eyes at Colin.

"Uh-huh—with the added bonus with my help of course in busting my dear husband on several counts of murder."

Colin walks to the window.

"Let me think about it."

Caroline stands up.

"Well, don't take too long thinking about it. I'm not going to be as generous later if you attempt to play both sides."

Colin nods.

"Just so we understand each other on this deal—what happened to Bradstreet isn't going to be swept away."

Caroline walks over to Colin.

"Like I said—it was a simple act of self-defense."

Colin grimaces and turns away.

"Or at least that's your story after the fact."

Caroline seems upset.

"This is the deal—I walk away from a murder charge and you bust my dear husband for four murders—you decide."

Caroline gives Colin a knowing look.

<u>Peabody Avenue</u>

Michelle Riley hugs Maxwell Pendergraft warmly as they look at each other. She glances at her watch nervously.

"I guess our secret is out in the open."

Maxwell grins broadly.

"Last time I checked you and I didn't need Eva's approval to spend the night together. There's nothing to be ashamed about. We're both consulting adults—who like each other."

Michelle smirks.

"Love how charming you can be sometimes."

Maxwell rolls his eyes.

"So, we're still on for tonight?"

Michelle pulls Maxwell toward her again.

"Hope you're up to the task?"

Maxwell kisses Michelle lightly on the neck.

"No problem from my end."

Michelle's eyes fall on Maxwell's faded Levi's. She slowly runs her fingers across his lips and grins slyly. He laughs.

"Bring plenty of extra condoms."

Maxwell laughs loudly.

"I never leave home without them."

He kisses Michelle as they embrace warmly.

Glass Owl

Lindsay Bennington sits down as everyone seems unable to speak. She slowly wipes sweat from her brow and sighs.

"My whole life has been a lie."

Eddie Kane glances at Howard Madison.

"You disgust me."

Lindsay turns to face her father.

"Why?"

Howard looks at her coldly.

"Grow up already."

Carmen Pendleton winks at Howard slyly.

"Should I tell them or will you?"

Howard seems about to explode.

"I should've killed you when I had the chance."

Carmen laughs.

"But you didn't old man—and now there's going to be so much pain because of what you did to me and Eddie."

Eddie turns to look at Carmen.

"So, I was right all along? He killed my parents."

Carmen looks at Howard.

"The bigger question is why."

Eddie clenches his fists as he glances at Howard and seems to be losing control of his rage. He sighs loudly.

"Do tell every last secret."

Jason Anderson looks at Howard and then at Carmen.

"Enough with this *Knots Landing* crap. I came here for a reason—to put a bullet in the bastard who killed my father."

Jason points his gun at Howard.

"Say your prayers old man."

Todd Spencer suddenly grabs Jason.

"You don't want to do this. Jail isn't a fun place."

Jason pushes Todd away.

"But he'll be dead."

He looks at the small group of people and turns his attention back to Howard. He grins broadly as he sees Howard's nervous reaction. He moves closer. Kyle Madison suddenly steps in front of Jason. They look at each other for a few seconds.

"He isn't worth it."

Jason seems irritated.

"Get the fuck away from me before I blow you away too."

Kyle continues standing in front of Jason.

"There's another way."

Jason looks at Kyle curiously.

"Yeah right—whatever—tell it to someone who was born yesterday. This miserable fuck will have his lawyer work magic and he'll get off—been there already in case you forgot."

Kyle glances at Howard again.

"Not this time—I'll help."

Howard clenches his fists in rage.

"Worthless."

Kyle turns to look at Howard and then back at Jason.

"I swear on my life."

Jason looks at the gun in his hand.

Portland

Colin looks at Caroline as he listens to the voice on his cell phone. He seems upset as he shakes his head several times.

"I'll be right there."

He shuts off the cell phone and sighs.

"What's going on?"

He glances at Caroline nervously.

"We'll have to continue this discussion tomorrow."

Caroline seemed annoyed.

"I'm not staying here overnight."

Colin rolls his eyes.

"You really don't have much choice in the matter."

He leaves without saying another word.

Glass Owl

Timothy and Laird pull up outside the gates of the sprawling mansion and notice the winding driveway seems unguarded. They look at each other nervously. Laird grins.

"Guess we won't have to bribe our way inside?"

Timothy gives Laird a disdainful look.

"Must you always comment?"

Laird smirks.

"Uh-huh—got a mouth on me—deal."

Timothy jabs Laird in the arm.

"Ever wonder why people don't like you?"

Laird rolls his eyes.

"Ask me if I care?"

Timothy sighs loudly and notices the narrow driveway through the estate remains unguarded. He sighs again.

Maple Avenue

Alden Washington looks at his cell phone again and sees another text message—this time from Eddie. He sighs.

Portland

Colin looks at the wallet in his hand. He seems upset at seeing the photograph inside. He turns to face a fellow officer.

"This time Hugh Baldwin is not going to walk away from a murder charge. He's busted—busted after eleven years."

He grabs his cell phone.

Glass Owl

Denise Madison notices the eerie stillness as she drives up the winding driveway toward Glass Owl. She stops suddenly and slowly looks around at the area. She shakes her head.

"I wonder where the guards are today."

She shrugs.

"Oh well."

She continues driving and doesn't see off to her right a foot sticking out from under the thick shrubbery growing against the ten foot high concrete wall. Just a few yards away a bloody uniformed corpse is lying under a garden of red roses.

Farmington Villa

"Yes—good work. I'm pleased."

Calvin laughs loudly as he turns to look at Glass Owl. He continues walking back and forth in front of the window.

"Yes—check out the damn perimeter again. No witnesses whatsoever. I want everyone dead—especially security."

Calvin smirks.

"Dead men tell no tales."

He shrugs.

"Of course I don't care how many times you work them over with a blade. Do as you feel you must Vance. Enjoy yourself. Slit their throats slowly—watch them die—it's your game—let them know how much joy you get watching them take their last breath before they drown in their blood. Just make sure they're dead when you're done playing with them—no survivors."

He seems agitated.

"Do I have to repeat myself again?"

Calvin shuts off his cell phone. He smiles.

"Having a knife rip across your neck—what a way to go."

He begins laughing loudly again.

Glass Owl

Vance Hershey looks down at the two bloody corpses lying face down in a small wading pool at the far end of the massive estate. He grins broadly at his deadly handiwork.

"Love my job—wonderful end results."

He steps over the corpses and heads toward a grove of trees in a distance. He skips several times as he walks.

Bentley Driveway

John Bentley slams the door to his car shut and turns around to look at his house as his cell phone begins buzzing.

"Does she really think I give a fuck about her?"

Two official-looking government cars pull up behind him suddenly. He slowly turns around seemingly confused.

"John Bentley?"

John nods as he looks back at the house.

"That would be me. Can I help you?"

Two young military-looking men walk toward him. They seem completely dedicated to their jobs. John sighs.

"What's going on?"

One of the young men steps forward. Perry Malouf signals his partner and they slap handcuffs on John seconds later.

"What the fuck? What's going on?"

Perry turns to look at the Bentley mansion.

"This is the way it goes sir. You kill someone and you go to jail for years—perhaps for decades. Consider this payback."

John becomes enraged.

"This is all Madison's doing. His twisted game to fuck with me will be his undoing. I'll destroy him. I swear I'll crush him."

Perry winks at his partner Harvey Mazrick.

"I assume we got that on tape?"

Harvey glances at John.

"I hope you like the color orange."

They lead John toward one of the cars parked nearby.

"What's going on? What's this all about?"

Perry looks at John oddly.

"Sherilyn Yarnell."

John seems confused.

"This is all about a lousy hooker?"

Perry looks at Harvey and then at John coldly.

"She was also the ex-girlfriend of Robert Wetterling."

John shakes his head in a confused way.

"Robert Wetterling?"

Perry forces John into the backseat of the car and slams the door shut. He looks at John through the window and sighs.

"Wetterling is the head of the CIA dummy. Seems he's been looking for who killed Sherilyn for years. How convenient that today of all days he finally has closure—bad for you but good for him. Oh man, I'm glad I'm not you—so terrible indeed."

John nervously looks at Harvey.

"I didn't kill her. It was an accident. My son Corey killed her but he didn't mean to. It was simply a terrible mistake."

Perry and Harvey look at each other.

"She said he'd say that. Blame their dead son."

John reacts in shock.

"*That evil bitch*—that lying whore—Corey killed Sherilyn not me—I can prove it. I have the security tape. I'm innocent."

Perry rolls his eyes.

"Likely story no doubt."

John watches as they begin whispering.

Mall

"So, Tyler was on the brink earlier. Messed up over what happened with Genie and what's been happening in town?"

Abby nods several times.

"He's better now. I had a long talk with him."

Kelly Nelson looks at Abby cautiously and shrugs.

"Maybe we should call his parents?"

Abby shakes her head.

"No way—they'll lock him up for sure—especially with what happened with Genie—whole family is on the edge."

"But he might?"

Abby gives Kelly a sharp look.

"Let it go—he's fine. I told him he can call me whenever he needs someone to talk to. Tyler is nothing like Genie."

Kelly gives Abby another cautious look.

"If you say so Abby—but I think?"

Abby shrugs at the comment.

"Besides we've got plenty to handle now anyways."

"Like what?"

Abby sits down at the kiosk.

"In the next couple of days there's going to be multiple funerals to attend here and in Portland—courtesy of Jennifer Parker and her twisted revenge-minded grisly handiwork."

Kelly nods in agreement.

Farmington Villa

"Slade's body was taken to the morgue?"

Calvin shuts his cell phone off and turns to look at Glass Owl in a distance. He sighs loudly and rubs his chin lightly.

"Slade's dead—not a coincidence by any means—but who would gain if he suddenly became a stiff. Could it be?"

He looks at Glass Owl again.

"Can Madison know what I've got planned and have already begun taking my men out one by one? Can it be?"

He seems bothered.

"How could he have found out?"

He looks at his cell phone.

"But if he didn't order Slade's death? Who did?"

He turns around and sees Chandra standing a few feet away. She looks at him curiously. He turns away quickly.

Glass Owl

"Not so tough now are you old man?"

Jason jams his gun against Howard's cheek again as everyone watches from a distance seemingly in shock as things seem headed for a tragic outcome. Howard sighs loudly.

"You're threading on thin ice boy."

Jason laughs crazily.

"Is that so old man? Maybe you forgot exactly who has the gun and who doesn't? How about we test that theory, freak?"

Howard glances at Kyle.

"Do something."

Kyle shrugs.

"What do you think I should do?"

Howard seems irritated by Kyle's reply.

"Help me fool."

Kyle looks at Eddie who shakes his head.

"My *brother* says otherwise."

Howard looks at Eddie.

"I'll destroy you both—do you frigging hear me?"

Eddie laughs.

"It'll be a little hard to do that if you're in the morgue."

Jason grins broadly.

"Oops—no one cares if I kill you."

He laughs loudly.

"And yeah—I'm going to kill you old man."

From the doorway Denise gasps in shock at the scene.

"Well, this is quite the Kodak moment."

Howard tries to push Jason away but instead the gun is jammed deeper into his cheek as Jason looks at the trigger.

"Who do you want to see first?"

Howard seems confused.

"Will it be your evil father or your dear departed daughter Jennifer? I'm betting Jennifer won't be pleased to see you."

Jason turns to look at his silent audience.

"What about my dad? Do you want to see him? Catch up on old times? I bet he's waiting for you—waiting with his fists."

Jason begins laughing.

"Well, old man, what's your answer?"

Howard seems panicked as the gun is jammed deeper into his cheek. Denise walks toward Jason and stops suddenly.

"I think I should have the honor."

Jason looks at Denise with disgust.

"Go fuck yourself bitch—this piece of trash is mine."

At that moment Howard attempts to push Jason aside and the gun goes off. Everyone scatters as the gunshot echoes throughout the room. Jason hits Howard in the face with his fist several times. He stands up and grins in triumph as he angrily drags Howard to his feet. Jason looks at the gun once more and begins laughing. Silence permeates the room instantly.

"Revenge is sweet—so sweet indeed."

Howard glares at Jason.

"I'll give you everything boy. Do you hear me? I'll make you filthy rich. More money than you could ever have?"

Jason turns to look at his audience.

"Can you believe this fucker? He actually thinks I can be bribed with money. Oh wait—that's a Corey Bentley move."

Jason smirks as he faces Howard.

"Oh, except he's dead—not that anyone gives a fuck."

Carmen looks at Denise curiously and winks as she takes a step toward where Denise is standing just inside the doorway with a torn blouse and soiled skirt. Carmen rolls her eyes.

"Not that I care but you look like you just came from a meeting with the local homeless. What gives? Met someone and turned them down for some bedroom action—and they worked you over a bit? Or is this just a brand new look for you?"

Denise takes a step forward giving the appearance she intends to slap Carmen then suddenly looks at Howard.

"Want to tell them or should I?"

Howard ignores her comment and looks away. Denise faces Kyle and then Wesley Madison. She waves her hand.

"Seems Howard tried to have me killed earlier but it didn't turn out the way he planned—isn't that right Howard?"

Kyle and Wesley turn to look at Howard.

"I don't know what she's talking about. She's obviously delusional—more than usual given her sloppy appearance."

Denise laughs loudly.

"Yeah, play that game—but why don't you try calling your hit man right about now. Oh, wait—you can't. He's dead."

Silence permeates the room.

"He was no match for me old man."

Denise slowly walks toward where Howard and Jason are standing. She pulls out a gun from the pocket of her skirt.

"He's dead because I shot the bastard."

She waves the gun in the air.

"Who wants to see if it's loaded?"

Carmen looks at Eddie as he takes a step forward.

"It's better if he lives."

Denise turns to look at Carmen and Eddie. He waves the folder in his hand. Carmen grins broadly as she looks at Howard standing a few feet away with Jason's gun jammed deep into his cheek. Eddie flips through the folder and grins broadly.

"I guess you never thought the past could get more complicated but it just did. Seems your dear father-in-law is my father—my *real* father. Oh, and let's add some topping to this nightmare for good measure. Seems my *real* father had the man who I thought was my father killed. And if that isn't enough, it seems "Daddy Dearest" has fathered many other bastard siblings all over Marble Hills. Nutjob Jennifer Parker and I weren't his only offspring born on the sly. There are many more bastard relatives to add to his family—do you want to guess who else has Madison blood running through their veins. Oh, it's quite the shocker."

Denise turns to look at Kyle and then Lindsay.

"I'm guessing neither of you knew his deep dark secret?"

Kyle and Lindsay shake their heads. Carmen smirks as she turns to look at Howard and gestures gleefully with her hand.

"Still think I was bluffing?"

Howard grimaces as Carmen faces Kyle and Lindsay.

"Seems no one thought twice when I left town right after high school. The big question is why. How about we address the reason why, shall we? No time like the present for the truth."

As everyone stands there in silence not sure what to make of Carmen's comment she grabs her cell phone and seconds later a young man appears on screen from Honolulu. She smiles.

"Everyone meet Alexander Pendleton."

As they look in stunned silence Alexander waves.

"Uh-huh—for the still foolishly clueless—he's my son."

Carmen laughs and waves her hand.

"That was why I had to leave Marble Hills."

She touches the screen and then it goes silent.

"He's the light of my life."

She turns to face Kyle and Lindsay.

"Doesn't he look familiar? Like family?"

She winks at Howard.

"Yep—makes sense now doesn't it? Well, the pieces can be put into place finally. Alexander Pendleton—legally known by his real name Alexander Madison—is Howard's son. Both of you are probably thinking I slept with your father willingly. Well, not quite. You see, this poor excuse of a human being forced himself on me the night of the prom. He raped me saying I had it coming and wouldn't take no for an answer. When he was done he made it clear if I said anything he'd destroy me and my family."

Carmen glares at Howard.

"That was until I found out I was pregnant."

Kyle and Lindsay seem frozen in shock as Denise turns to look at Carmen briefly. She seems to remember the long ago incident and slowly faces Lindsay. They share a glance.

"Did you know?"

Lindsay shakes her head several times.

"I had no idea."

"But we were there with Carmen that night?"

Kyle looks at Lindsay curiously.

"It all makes sense now."

Lindsay looks around the room in shock.

"I think I'm going to be sick."

Denise looks at Howard and then at Lindsay once more.

"It never occurred to me."

Kyle faces Carmen.

"You tried to tell me that night but I wouldn't listen."

Carmen shakes her head.

"Uh-huh—Denise and I had come back from the prom with Marah—and Lindsay wanted to try on Marah's dress."

Lindsay seems about to faint.

"Marah went into her room to change and while I waited outside I heard Carmen screaming loudly. But I thought she and Denise had gotten into a fight. Then there was silence."

Lindsay turns to look at Carmen.

"Was that?"

Carmen nods and looks at Howard coldly.

"He forced me against my will into the spare room next to Marah's bedroom and ripped off my panty telling me I deserved what he was doing because I was a terrible tease and had to be punished. Said Kyle and Daryl wasn't the only ones who should get a piece. I tried to fight him but he was too strong and then he was inside me—laughing that I was just a cheap whore anyway and no one would care if he sampled my used wares."

Kyle and Lindsay seem aghast. Eddie sighs.

"Can this get any worse?"

Carmen looks at Eddie.

"It can and did."

Jason looks at the gun jammed against Howard's cheek.

"Sick freak."

Carmen glances at Denise and Lindsay.

"After your father was done with me I was walking down the hallway when Marah came running toward me. She said she had heard what happened and was going to call the police."

Kyle looks at Howard in shock.

"Oh my God—I don't think I've ever known you. How could you have done such vile things to your own family?"

Carmen and Lindsay exchange glances.

"Marah went into the library to call the cops and that was the last time I saw her alive. I waited for her to come back but she never did and then Alden came by looking for Marah."

Wesley looks at Kyle.

"Alden told me he didn't kill Marah that night. Said he found her dead in the library. Then the police showed up."

Carmen turns to face Wesley and gestures.

"Alden was in the wrong place at the wrong time."

She glares at Howard coldly.

"Alden didn't kill Marah that night. She was already dead when he found her in the library later. Hit over the head."

Carmen glances at the folder once more.

Boston

"I got here as fast as I could through busy traffic."

Pierce Colby looks at John sitting from behind a glass partition looking slightly annoyed. He sits down slowly.

"Get me the fuck out of here."

Pierce looks at John curiously.

"Impossible."

John stands up.

"What?"

Pierce leans back in his chair.

"It seems you've pissed off the wrong folks John. There's nothing I can do for you presently. Bail has been refused."

John seems about to explode in rage.

"You're my lawyer—do your *fucking* job."

Pierce shrugs.

"I'm sorry."

John slams his fist down on the table.

"This is outrageous. I'm rich. Rich people don't end up in jail. Get me the hell out of the filthy building. Do it now."

Pierce shakes his head.

"I'm really sorry."

He stands up and looks around.

"For what it's worth your trial has been sped up. You'll have your day in court late next month to clear yourself."

John throws himself against the glass.

"Fuck you. Fuck you."

He shakes his fist at Pierce angrily.

"You're dead to me Pierce—do you hear me—*dead*."

Pierce shakes his head and slowly turns to leave. He stops.

"I'm sorry you feel that way."

He motions for a guard as John continues slamming his fist against the glass yelling vulgar obscenities endlessly.

Glass Owl

Timothy and Laird look around the deserted garage as they drive through the entrance. Eerie stillness envelops them instantly. They look at each other cautiously and nod briefly.

"I gather something big must be going down."

Laird glances at Timothy nervously.

"I don't like this—place gives me the creeps."

Seconds later without warning they are shot dead with a silencer. As they slump forward Vance steps out from the shrubs nearby and grins broadly as he observes his latest victims.

"Wonder if their families will miss them?"

He pulls out his cell phone.

Maple Avenue

Donna Markway glances at her watch as she walks down the street. As she rounds the curb she accidentally bumps into Archie Spaulding. They look at each other for a few seconds.

"How are you doing?"

Archie shakes his head.

"I still can't believe she's gone."

Donna sighs.

"I'll never forget her."

"Thank you."

Donna looks at Archie curiously.

"Brad is dead."

Archie gives her an odd look.

"What?"

Donna lowers her voice.

"I was told Brad McKinley is dead."

"Who told you?"

Donna rolls her eyes knowingly and grimaces.

"That doesn't matter at this point—but I have it on good authority that Brad is dead. He must have pissed off someone in Brazil and they took him out—that's my guess anyway."

Archie gives Donna another strange look.

"It was nice seeing you Donna."

He walks away. Donna sighs loudly.

"He must think I'm a freak."

She sighs again.

Farmington Villa

"Who were they?"

Calvin sighs loudly as he walks back and forth.

"OK—whatever—don't care—dispose of the bodies ASAP and hide the frigging car—don't need any attention being paid to Glass Owl until after we're done with that damn family."

He stops suddenly.

"Uh-huh—I'm on my way."

He sighs loudly.

"By the way Slade is dead."

Calvin looks at the balcony a few feet away.

"Shot several times from what I heard."

He grimaces.

"Uh-huh—his killer will pay dearly."

He nods several times.

"No—I don't have a suspect—at least not yet. But I think Slade knew his killer. There's a bunch of things that just don't add up at the moment—seems we might have a mole among us."

He nods again.

"Uh-huh—exactly."

He gestures with his hand.

"I'm expecting some news shortly."

He takes a deep breath.

"OK—see you in one hour."

He shuts off his cell phone and sighs. He smiles broadly.

"I hope they beg for mercy as they're slaughtered."

He walks toward the hallway.

"Revenge is best served with a hail of gunfire."

He begins to laugh.

Blankenship Apartment

"You've got to let this go Eva."

Eva Harper looks at Michelle and seems annoyed.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

Michelle grabs Eva's arm.

"This is stupid."

Eva pulls away.

"It's just an odd situation—my mother and my boyfriend's best friend. I never even thought you two would hook up."

Michelle rolls her eyes.

"It's not like I forced him."

Eva turns around.

"I didn't say you did."

Michelle pulls Eva toward her.

Stanley Pier

Simon Spencer walks back and forth on the wooden walkway seemingly frustrated. He shuts off his cell phone.

"Where are you Jason?"

He turns to look at the nearby parking lot.

Police Station

Clay Blankenship sits down at his desk just as Maxwell comes through the door. They look at each other. Clay winks as he watches Maxwell walk toward him brandishing a smirk.

"So, how's everything with Michelle? Do tell."

Maxwell sighs as he sits on the edge of the desk.

"I'm not a kiss and tell type of guy."

Clay laughs loudly.

"Since when—if I recall back in the day you bragged about each and every girl you bedded—couldn't keep quiet when you scored—made sure we all knew you had lots of game."

Maxwell rolls his eyes.

"Nice try."

Clay gestures with his hand.

"Should Eva start planning a wedding?"

Maxwell laughs.

"OK—OK—enough already."

Clay leans back in his chair and smirks.

Honolulu

"So, what was that about?"

Jill Pelton wraps her arms around Alexander as he turns his laptop computer off. He looks at her and grins broadly.

"My mom is screwing my dad to the wall."

Jill looks at Alexander oddly.

"But your father lives here in Honolulu?"

Alexander laughs.

"My stepfather lives here. My *real* dad lives in Maine. He's a total jerk—got a hate list miles long from what I heard."

"Have you ever met him?"

Alexander shrugs and kisses Jill.

"No."

He kisses her again and slyly glances at the hallway.

"I have specific ideas concerning my bedroom."

Jill looks at Alexander curiously as he glances at the door to his bedroom and winks. She reaches out to tousle his hair.

"Hope you still have plenty of condoms left—heard you've been quite busy with some of my friends in the last week."

Alexander begins to unzip his Levi's.

"I'm a college guy—and yeah I've slept with a lot of your friends lately—didn't think you cared much what I did."

Jill lets herself be hastily led down the narrow hallway.

"You know I'm still a virgin right?"

Alexander winks and makes a lewd gesture with his finger.

"Uh-huh—and I'm a nice Mormon boy from Provo."

He opens the door to his bedroom a few seconds later.

Standish Road

"Uh-huh—Caroline Bentley has quite the rep."

Will McColl pauses and rolls his eyes.

"Yes—fully aware of what the talk is all over town. She's slippery—absolutely don't take anything for granted Colin."

He slows down as he approaches Marble Hills.

"OK—we'll talk later."

He shuts off his cell phone.

"There's never a dull moment in this town."

He sighs loudly.

Glass Owl

Wesley looks at Carmen and seems to realize the horrible truth. He slowly turns to face Howard with a look of disgust.

"It was you."

He seems about to explode.

"You killed your own daughter?"

A look of shock immediately runs through everyone in the room. Howard suddenly pushes Jason away seconds later.

"Lies—all lies."

Jason falls to the floor.

"I did no such thing. Alden Washington killed Marah."

"Liar—Alden is not a killer. But you are."

Todd turns to look at Carmen.

"You said earlier you had more damaging info?"

Carmen faces Howard and smirks as she looks at the folder in her hand. She winks at him as she faces Wesley.

"Does the name Blake mean anything?"

Howard tries to grab the folder from Carmen's hand as Eddie angrily restrains him when he lunges at Carmen.

"As I was saying before I was so rudely interrupted."

Carmen flips through the folder briefly and faces Howard.

"Don't you just love how this is going?"

She looks at Howard again.

"Should I tell?"

Howard tries to free himself from Eddie's grip.

"I'll destroy you."

Carmen yawns loudly and laughs.

"Your threats are tired and old—meaningless actually."

She yawns again and glances at the folder.

"Don't you agree Blake?"

Shock permeates the room as all eyes fall on Howard while Eddie reacts to the revelation. Carmen grins broadly.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Look at the 43rd Episode

Fallout from a long-held secret creates chaos in its wake—Kelly and Simon team up to figure out Jason's whereabouts and what it could mean—Chandra finds out that not everything is what is appears to be in her messy life—Denise comes face to face with a gruesome reality—Alvin and Steve encounter a tragedy on Peabody Avenue—Mike and Caroline schemes to bring Denise down—Juan decides to skip town—Tyler deals with the cause of Genie's death—Hugh and Vance finalize plans to wreck havoc at Glass Owl—Colin gets a lucky break—Grant handles another unexpected casualty—Archie pays Carrie a visit at Crestview—Gina bravely deals with her uncertain future—as Carmen plots to further change the course of recent events in Marble Hills.

Episode 43
Smoke and Mirrors

Glass Owl

Eddie Kane gives Howard Madison a strange look and then turns to Carmen Pendleton realizing the truth. He sighs.

"Are you saying what I think you're saying?"

Carmen winks at Howard.

"Oops—and you thought I couldn't destroy you?"

Eddie tightens his grip on Howard.

"If you're Blake—what happened to the real Howard?"

Wesley Madison and Todd Spencer both sigh.

"I bet he killed him."

Lindsay Bennington faces her father.

"Did you?"

Kyle Madison shakes his head.

"What about Marah?"

Carmen turns to look at Kyle. She sighs.

"Uh-huh—no doubt—it happened in the library right after Marah confronted her dear old dad about what he'd done to me earlier. They fought and then he hit her over the head."

Carmen gestures with her hand.

"A few minutes after Marah died Alden came by."

Wesley runs his fingers through his hair and glances at Carmen with a look of shock and sympathy. He sighs loudly.

"All these years he kept what he did to his daughter a secret—what he did to you—and what he blamed Alden Washington for—kept it all a secret. Making us all believe his sick lies. This nightmare just can't get any worse by any means."

Carmen glances at Howard and grimaces.

"I wouldn't say that just yet."

Eddie looks at Howard.

"What else has this freak done?"

Carmen sighs and faces Kyle and Lindsay.

"I'm sorry."

"Might as well tell us everything—how much worse can it get? What else could be worse than what he's already done?"

Carmen looks away as everyone follows her gaze.

"Like I said, I'm sorry."

Their eyes all fall on a portrait of Lauren Madison on the wall at the corner of the room. Kyle seems about to explode as Serena Glick grabs his hand. He pushes her away as he takes a step toward Carmen. He glares at Howard through rage-filled eyes. Carmen remains silent for a few seconds then speaks.

"Your mother found out by accident and Blake realized he had no choice—pushed her down the stairs—letting her lie at the foot of the staircase until he was sure she couldn't recover. Played coy on where he was at the time it happened when he was questioned. No one ever knew the truth—except Stanley."

Carmen turns to face Jason Anderson.

"This is where your family figures into this."

Jason looks at the gun in his hand.

"This is why he killed my grandfather?"

Carmen nods several times.

"No loose ends to screw up his sick twisted game."

Kyle seems ready to lunge at Howard.

"Who the hell are you?"

"There's more."

Everyone turns to face Carmen again.

"Greg found out and developed a drug addiction."

Serena reaches out to Kyle again as Jason looks at the gun in his hand and glances at Eddie. He sighs loudly.

"There's only one way to clean this mess up."

Eddie looks at Howard's reaction.

"Let the law handle it."

Jason laughs loudly.

"Yeah—sounds like a good idea—except the law in this country in a frigging joke. This piece of dirt will buy his way out of any jam he gets into—nope, there's only one way to make sure he gets what he deserves—I kill him—end his fucking game."

He looks at the gun again.

"I came here thinking I would even the score for what he did to my grandfather and father. But now I think I'll add what he did to Alden Washington—what he did to his wife—what he did to Greg—what he did to Carmen—what he did to his daughter all those years ago—but mostly for what he did to his cousin decades ago. He stole his life without a second thought."

He cocks the gun and laughs.

"Time's up old man."

Before anyone can say another word Jason springs at Howard and shoots him in the head point blank. Blood gushes out in a rush as Eddie reacts in shock. Jason grins broadly.

Mall

Kelly Nelson and Abby Marshall are sitting at one of the empty benches located in the first floor of the mall as they see Simon Spencer coming toward them with a weird look on his face. He stops and wipes sweat from his brow. He shrugs.

"Do you guys know where Jason might be?"

They both shake their heads.

"He's probably hanging out at the pier?"

Simon shakes his head.

"I checked there earlier."

He sits down next to Kelly.
"His cell phone is off too."
Abby seems worried.
"Come on—you know Jason. He's moody."
Simon nods.
"Uh-huh—I know."
He sighs.
"Yep—moody with his dad's loaded gun."
He stands up.
"Maybe I should go to Glass Owl?"
Kelly and Abby look at each other nervously.
"How about I go with you?"
Kelly stands up.
"I'm almost done with my shift."
He turns to face Abby.
"I know we had plans later."
Abby shakes her head.
"Don't worry about it—Jason is like family."
Simon and Abby share a glance.

Farmington Villa

Calvin Whitney watches as Chandra Stevenson gathers her coat and follows him toward the door. He rolls his eyes.
"What do you need a coat for?"
Chandra sighs.
"I'm feeling a bit chilly OK?"
He rolls his eyes.
"Whatever."
He opens the door. Seconds later his cell phone rings.
"I've got to take this."
Chandra nods and opens the door.
"I'll only be a minute."
Chandra walks out into the hallway as Calvin shuts the door. She stands there for a few seconds and then leans against the door and listens as Calvin's voice can be heard clearly.

"That problem has been solved. I took care of that pest Bennington before he ruined my plans for dear Chandra."

Chandra reacts.

"Took care of Robert? Did he?"

She reels in shock as she realizes the truth. She continues to listen at the door as tears begin rolling down her cheeks.

"That's right I did. Bennington was worthless."

There is a pause.

"He had to be dealt with."

Chandra reacts again as she continues to listen.

"No one cares OK. No one gives a fuck."

Chandra listens as the call ends. She steps away from the door still reeling in shock from the tragic news. Moments later the door opens and Calvin steps out into the hallway with a huge grin on his face. He doesn't notice Chandra's curious stare.

"OK—time to take care of Madison and his worthless brood once and for all—an eye for an eye—sweet revenge."

Chandra looks at Calvin curiously.

"We need to talk."

Calvin sighs.

"Not now—it can wait until later. Let's go."

"I have to know."

Calvin seems annoyed.

"Let's go."

He takes her hand.

"Glass Owl will be awash in blood shortly. My men are already at the scene. There will no survivors. I won't allow it."

He laughs loudly.

"I love revenge—the more violent the better."

Chandra slowly follows Calvin down the hallway. Her odd reaction isn't noticed by her father. Her rage is evident.

Glass Owl

There is massive confusion as Howard lies dead on the floor while Jason stands over him. He turns to face the others.

Stanley Pier

Gina Bentley looks again at her cell phone as frantic messages from both her parents show up repeatedly.

"I wonder what they did now."

She turns to face Donna Markway.

"I'll call them back later."

She gestures with her hand.

"It's not like they really want to talk to me anyway."

She puts the cell phone away.

"I've been thinking about so many things lately. So many things I want to make right. I've screwed up so badly."

Donna gives Gina a knowing look.

"You're not the only one."

Gina rolls her eyes.

"Easy for you to say—you're perfect."

Donna shrugs.

"Yeah, right—I've made my share of mistakes too. Brad McKinley comes to mind—should've seen his lies instantly."

Gina shakes her head.

"Forget about him. He was a horrible person."

She winks.

"Didn't you say he got iced?"

Donna smirks.

"So says Tiffany—I have to admit I enjoyed hearing that bit of news despite feeling like a bitch soon afterwards."

Gina pats Donna on the shoulder.

"Brad McKinley had it coming. End of story."

They share a smile.

Glass Owl

Everyone reels in shock as they look at Howard lying on the floor in a pool of blood as Jason remains motionless. He shrugs as he looks at Howard's body. He cracks a smile.

"Oh well—accidents happen."

He begins to laugh. Seconds later Denise Madison rushes over to Jason in shocked disbelief. They look at each other.

Standish Road

"What if she changed her mind?"

Alvin Melendez turns to look at Steve Addington with disdain as they head toward Marble Hills in a rented car.

"Then we'll change her mind back."

Alvin glances at his watch.

"This deal is important—no funny business."

Steve rolls his eyes.

"None planned."

Alvin seems annoyed at the comment.

"That's what you always say—then the next thing I know you're in bed with the latest teen queen—enough already."

Steve winks.

"Like I said earlier, I'll behave myself."

Alvin sighs loudly.

"Uh-huh—heard that one before plenty of times."

He slows down to take in the view of the area as he notices Steve pulling out his cell phone. He sighs again.

"Who the hell are you calling now?"

Steve grins.

"I was just checking for bars."

Alvin gives him a nasty look and pulls over. He grabs the cell phone from Steve's hand and throws it into the backseat.

"No bar hopping whatsoever."

Steve glances at the phone lying in the backseat.

"I was only checking because I heard this town had a few good bars. What could it hurt? Like chill out already."

Alvin shakes his fist at Steve.

"I'm not going to repeat myself."

He starts the engine again.

"What's wrong sweetie?"

Chandra turns to look at her father. He notices her cold stare. He looks away. He faces her again seconds later.

"What's with the sour look?"

Chandra seems about to explode.

"I know."

Calvin seems confused.

"Know what?"

Chandra looks away as tears well up in her eyes.

"What do you know Chandra?"

Chandra turns to face Calvin again.

"You killed Robert."

Calvin seems shocked at the comment.

"Whatever gave you that idea?"

"I heard."

Calvin seems annoyed.

"Howard Madison had Robert killed—not me."

Chandra shakes her head.

"Don't lie to me Daddy. I know you killed Robert because you thought he wasn't good enough for me. *You did it*."

Calvin sighs loudly.

"OK—OK—I did it. Bennington was just no good. He would've ruined your life. I *had* to take him out. Whatever OK? It's done and over with. He's no longer a threat to your dreams."

He notices her anger.

"He's in the morgue where he belongs."

He reaches out to touch her. She pushes his hand away in a rage. She angrily reaches out to grab the steering wheel.

"I hate you. I wish I'd never met you."

As Calvin tries to push Chandra's hand away from the steering wheel he accidentally accelerates the car forward and seconds later it slams headfirst into a fire hydrant and goes airborne seconds later. Chandra screams as the car smashes against a wrought iron gate minutes later. The car explodes.

Bradford Beach Road

"Do you think he's out here?"

Kelly shrugs as he looks out the window where Simon is pointing. They see nothing but waves crashing on the beach below. Simon nervously wrings his hands several times.

"Could he be at Glass Owl already?"

"We've checked all his haunts previous so that only leaves Glass Owl. I hope he hasn't done anything really stupid."

Simon rolls his eyes.

Portland

Mike Wycliffe glances at Caroline Bentley through a glass partition with a confused look on his face. He sighs.

"I thought when you called me to come out from St. Louis you had a sweet job for me—something about whacking your rival? Getting you out of jail wasn't part of our deal. I'm not exactly on the right side of the law in case it slipped your mind."

Caroline slams her fist down on the table.

"I'm fully aware of your rep. I wanted to make sure you're still on board. I want Denise Madison dead. She has the goods on me and I want her silenced before she can cause me even more trouble than I'm already in. I wasn't expecting this situation to occur but now that it has, it's imperative that I leave nothing to chance. I want that bitch dead by nightfall. Shot by your gun."

Mike makes a lewd gesture with his finger.

"Of course I'm still on board. It's not every day a former girlfriend asks me to rub out her rival. As you recall years ago I was only too happy to help you score revenge when it came to icing your former boyfriend because he dumped you for the town virgin—some dumb bitch that recently moved from the city."

Caroline smirks.

"She's dead. Someone killed her earlier today."

She leers at Mike.

"Was it you that shot her?"

Mike shakes his head.

"No."

Caroline laughs.

"Doesn't matter anyway—I hated her for what she did to me and Peter. I finally had a decent guy after endless toads and then she waltzed into town and took him away from me."

Caroline sighs loudly.

"I waited years to exact revenge and then I met you."

Mike makes a lewd gesture with his finger again.

"We met in a bar in Boston and hooked up ten minutes later. There was just something so different about you."

He licks his lips several times.

"You were so wild—willing to try every position. Then you found out what I did for a living and one month later your ex had a tragic accident in Bangor—sad about his kid nevertheless."

Caroline seems annoyed.

"Fuck the brat—she was in the way."

Mike glances curiously at Caroline and winks.

"Love your spirit."

He licks his lips again.

"I'm available after I knock off your rival—might be in the mood to take your husband out of the picture for good too."

He makes another lewd gesture.

"I heard what he did to you."

Caroline slams her fist down on the table again.

<u>Peabody Avenue</u>

Chandra stands a few yards away looking at the fireball in front of her. She glances at the bloody wound in her left arm and bruises on her legs. She quickly wipes a tear from her eye.

"Are you OK?"

She turns to see Alvin and Steve running toward her from down the street. She nods and looks back at the fire.

"I—I'm fine—I think."

Steve begins to stream video of the blaze from his cell phone as Elizabeth Pendleton drives by and stops to look. Her twelve-year-old cousin Marla Sherwood immediately jumps out of the car. Elizabeth seems upset and parks the car seconds later. Marla also begins streaming video from her cell phone. She points and grins as she sees Elizabeth coming toward her.

"As I recall you said today would be boring?"

Elizabeth rolls her eyes.

"Don't get too close Marla. I don't need grief from your father. He already thinks I'm a terrible influence on you."

Marla seems bored and yawns.

"Whatever—I never have any fun. Boarding school is horrible in case you didn't know. I really hate it—so boring."

Elizabeth reacts.

"I'm fully aware how dull Pinecrest Prep is—nevertheless I don't need grief right now about my terribly bad behavior."

Marla ignores Elizabeth and continues filming.

"This will look so sweet on YouTube. Love reality TV with a passion—other people's misery is the best. Uh-huh."

Elizabeth looks at Marla oddly.

"That is the not the way you should be thinking."

A few feet away from her Alvin is tending to Chandra as Steve continues filming the accident. Seconds later the sounds of a fire truck can be heard rapidly coming down the street.

Police Station

Clay Blankenship follows Maxwell Pendergraft out the door and down the sidewalk. They seem slightly panicked.

Hotel Cafe

Gina looks at her cell phone as a text appears. She sighs loudly and seems somewhat annoyed. She sighs loudly.

"Does he think I'll sit here all day?"

She looks at her cell phone again and shrugs.

Tolling Bell Inn

"Why is Whitney's daughter calling me?"

Juan Sabrillo looks at his cell phone with a picture of Chandra staring back at him. He clicks on the number.

"Juan—something terrible has happened."

Juan rolls his eyes.

"Tell your father I'm on my way to Glass Owl this second. I had to handle some billing issues with the frigging desk clerk."

There is a pause.

"What?"

There is another pause.

"Oh fuck—Whitney's dead?"

He seems about to lose his balance seconds later.

"How the hell did he kick the bucket?"

Color drains from his face.

"OK—I'll be by in about ten minutes."

He nods a few times.

"Yes—yes. I'll notify the others immediately."

He shuts off his cell phone. He seems panicked as he remains motionless for a few seconds. He sighs loudly.

"Notify the others—yeah, like that's my fucking job."

He looks at the cell phone again.

"Goodbye chumps. See ya."

He runs toward the door and stops.

Peabody Avenue

Alvin puts his arms around Chandra as she begins to cry loudly. Steve stands a few feet away filming the wreck.

"Oh yeah—it'll be a nice sideshow no doubt."

As he continues filming, Clay and Maxwell arrive on the scene and seem shocked at seeing Elizabeth standing there as well as the carnival-like atmosphere that appears to be growing out of control as more people stop to watch the fireball.

Denise turns around to look at Kyle and rolls her eyes. Her expression immediately changes noticing Serena besides him. Kyle appears in a state of shock as he looks at his father. Jason continues to stand over Howard smiling broadly. Everyone in the room appears to be in a slow-motion trance unable to handle what just took place minutes ago. Denise slowly faces Jason.

"You shot Howard."

She sighs loudly.

"You shot that bastard."

Jason nods.

"He had it coming."

Eddie steps forward suddenly.

"Jason?"

Jason faces Eddie and rolls his eyes.

"I did what you couldn't."

Eddie takes a step toward Jason.

"Give me the gun Jason."

Jason points his gun at Eddie.

"Don't come any closer."

Eddie turns to face the others in the room.

"This isn't the answer."

Jason looks at Howard lying on floor besides him. He kicks the corpse several times. Jason glances at his gun briefly.

"He killed my grandfather *and* my dad."

He sighs loudly.

"He deserves to die."

Kyle looks at Eddie and steps forward.

"We should've let the police handle my father."

Jason flips his middle finger at Kyle angrily.

"This *was* what had to be done—*there* was no other way."

He kicks Howard once more and then slowly turns around to look at Eddie again. He hands the gun over. Eddie sighs.

"This is a frigging mess."

Kyle rushes over to Howard's side and checks his pulse several times as the others watch. He finally stands up.

"He's dead."

Denise lets out a sigh of relief.

"Thank God."

The others turn to face her with a look of confused reality.

"I hated him so why pretend otherwise now."

Kyle turns to look at Jason.

"How do we explain this to the police?"

Jason shrugs.

"I'm not sorry I offed the bastard."

Eddie and Carmen exchange knowing glances.

"No one else needs to know the truth."

Kyle turns to face Carmen and Eddie. They glance at Jason and then back at Kyle. He looks back at Howard's body. A moment seems to pass where they all share the same thought as they face Jason once more. He looks at all of them curiously.

"This isn't as bad as it looks."

Carmen walks over to where Jason is standing.

Hotel Cafe

"Like I said, your father is in really big trouble."

Gina looks at Pierce Colby blankly.

"Ask me if I care?"

Pierce reacts to Gina's cold behavior at hearing the news about her father. He notices her harsh demeanor and sighs.

"This is serious Gina—like really bad."

Gina shrugs and seems preoccupied for some reason.

"I hear you Pierce—but what can I do? Seems to me my dad brought this mess upon himself—he's royally screwed."

Pierce seems at a loss for words.

"He could go to jail for the rest of his life."

Gina rolls her eyes.

"There's nothing I can do."

They share a glance.

Peabody Avenue

Juan arrives on the scene and notices Clay and Maxwell talking to Chandra. He sighs loudly and drives away without stopping. He glances back several times. He sighs again.

"Damn it—cops galore. I'm outta here."

He looks back again with a nervous glance.

"Too bad Chandra—you're on your own now—bye."

He stops about a hundred yards away.

"Whitney's finished—might as well skip this dink town before anything else goes wrong. Santiago here I come."

He heads out of Marble Hills.

Crestview Memorial Park Cemetery

Tyler Van Pelt stands silently outside the gates of the cemetery. He then looks at his watch for several seconds as he wipes a tear from his eye. He turns away and shrugs.

"Why did it have to happen this way?"

He shakes his head.

"Damn you to hell for what you did."

He clenches his fist.

"I hope you burn for what you did to my sister and to everyone else whose life you ruined in this miserable town."

He leans against his car and begins to cry.

"What am I going to do?"

He looks back toward the cemetery.

Peabody Avenue

"This is great—everyone at school will be talking about my YouTube site. I'll finally be cool. I'll make new friends."

Elizabeth looks at her cousin.

"Let's go."

Marla gives Elizabeth a strange look.

"I want to watch."

Elizabeth grabs her cousin's arm.

"I said let's go."

"You suck."

"Whatever."

As Elizabeth leads Marla away Maxwell steps in front of them. He watches their reaction. Marla seems annoyed.

"I have a few questions."

Elizabeth sighs.

Glass Owl

Eddie watches as Carmen rubs away Jason's fingerprints from his gun and turns to face the others as they look at her in shock. Without much effort she places the gun in Howard's dead fingers and presses down. She stands up and winks slyly.

"Howard took his own life."

Eddie and Kyle look at each other. Carmen sighs.

"He was distraught at me having the goods on him and when I told him I'd make sure he went to prison for the rest of his life he simply grabbed Jason's gun and shot himself before any of us could stop him. Killing himself was his only way out."

Jason turns to look at Carmen.

"But that's a lie. I took out the bastard."

Carmen slowly walks over to Jason and looks over at the others for a few seconds. She glances at Howard's body.

"Howard *killed* himself with your gun."

"*But I did it*? I killed him. It was me that did it."

Carmen reaches out to comfort Jason.

"Howard Madison got exactly what he deserved. And now we can all go on and live our lives. Do you want to spend the next forty years of your life rotting away in some hellhole prison cell somewhere in Kentucky? No, I don't think so. Case closed."

Jason seems confused.

"You want me to lie to the cops?"

Carmen glances at the others with a curious stare.

"No—*we're* going to lie to the cops. *All of us*."

She turns to look at Jason again.

"There's no other way."

She turns to face the others once more.

"We're all in this together."

Everyone nods in agreement. She faces Jason again. He seems in a state of shock. She embraces him warmly.

"This mess wasn't your fault—none of it."

Jason glances over at the others standing a few feet away still seeming to be in shock. He seems about to cry.

"What if I mess up and tell the truth?"

Carmen faces the others.

"Before we call the cops and report what happened we'll get our stories straight. Exactly the same way **Robert Kennedy** and **Peter Lawford** did the night they killed **Marilyn Monroe** and then made it look like she took her own life back in August 1962. It took decades for the truth to come out. And that only happened because people talked. That won't happen in this case. We'll take this secret to our graves. We'll never tell anyone what really happened here today. The secret will die with us. It's just the way it has to be. It will serve no one if you go to prison for killing Blake Madison—especially since he deserved to die for everything he did—starting with his cousin years before."

Carmen glances at Eddie and smiles.

"One hour?"

Eddie nods in agreement.

<u>Peabody Avenue</u>

Chandra nods again as Clay looks at her and then over at the smoldering wreck as several firemen put out the fire.

"Don't leave town without permission."

Clay turns around to face Maxwell a few feet away. He seems upset as he looks at the wreckage. Elizabeth shrugs.

"It was horrible—flames everywhere."

Maxwell gives Elizabeth a curious glance.

"I want that footage you mentioned."

Marla glares at Maxwell.

"It's mine."

Maxwell looks at Marla curiously.

"Not anymore."

He turns to face Elizabeth again and sighs loudly.

"She can have it back when we're done."

Elizabeth turns to face Marla.

"Like he said, hand it over."

Marla and Maxwell stare at each other for a few seconds as he seems to become more and more annoyed. He puts his hand out. Marla glances at the cell phone in her left hand.

"If you mess with my phone I'll make you pay."

Maxwell looks at Elizabeth again.

"Your cousin certainly isn't afraid to speak her mind."

Elizabeth rolls her eyes.

"Tell me about it."

Marla looks at the cell phone again.

"I'm not kidding about what I said earlier."

Maxwell tries to stifle a smile.

"I hear you loud and clear."

He motions her to hand over the cell phone.

"You'll have it back in two days."

"I better not find any of my files missing."

Marla sighs and reluctantly hands Maxwell her cell phone and faces Elizabeth again. She seems upset. Maxwell notices.

Standish Road

Mike smiles as he glances at the gun lying on the seat next to him—covered by an old dirty blanket. His eyes fall on the road ahead as Marble Hills come into view. He smiles broadly.

"Caroline Bentley and Denise Madison—these two bitches has had quite a run—too bad it's about to end for one of them with a bullet from my gun—wonder if she'll beg for mercy?"

He looks again at where the gun is lying.

"Who knows—after Caroline beats this rap we can get together a few times before I have to head back to St. Louis?"

He laughs as he glances at the gun again.

Peabody Avenue

"We need all the footage you shot of the accident."

Clay watches for a reaction from Steve.

"Sure—whatever—but I assume like the girl I can have it back intact when you guys wrap up your investigation?"

Clay nods at Steve. Steve hands Clay his cell phone.

Glass Owl

Hugh Baldwin looks at his cell phone again and shuts it off as he faces Vance Hershey. He seems slightly annoyed.

"Nothing—zip."

Vance glances over at the shrubs nearby.

"Think Whitney got derailed?"

Hugh shakes his head.

"Whitney is much too clever for the cops—he can talk his way out of everything. Something else must have happened."

Hugh sighs loudly.

"I think I'll give Chandra a call and see what's up."

He grabs his cell phone again.

"Could something have happened with her baby?"

Vance nods knowingly.

"Or she found out I iced her guy?"

He looks at the shrubs again.

"He was a total loser if truth be known—I did her a favor. Dude was like an albatross around her neck—no game."

Hugh grimaces.

"Yeah—keep telling yourself that."

Hugh rolls his eyes.

"If she finds out what you did you're fucked."

Vance laughs loudly.

"I have no regrets. Bennington is a stiff in the morgue courtesy of my handiwork—end of story—case closed."

"We'll see about that."

Vance gives Hugh a rough jab.

"Whose side are you on anyway?"

Hugh pushes Vance.

"I'm just saying I'd be on guard if I were you. Personally I think Whitney's precious daughter is slightly unstable."

Vance shrugs.

"I've killed over seventy-five people. I think I qualify as really dangerous—been at this game for quite some time."

Hugh looks at Glass Owl nervously.

"There's something going on inside that mansion—lots of activity earlier—heard a gunshot—maybe two—not long ago while we were doing our thing to secure the perimeter—then silence. Could be they know exactly what Whitney's up to?"

Vance laughs at Hugh in a mocking tone.

"How would they know what Whitney's got planned for their brood. Must be some other reason—heard from some of the local townsfolk that there's major discord within that family."

Hugh looks at Glass Owl once more.

"But if they know?"

They look at each other.

"They don't. They can't know."

He seems nervous as he looks at Glass Owl again.

Portland

Colin Hartley looks at the footage of Caroline's visit with Mike. He leans closer to look at the footage. He steps back and seems lost in thought for a second. He smiles broadly.

"Uh-huh—you're so screwed."

He picks up his cell phone.

"I think my buddy in DC would just love this footage."

He smiles broadly as he begins dialing.

Morgue

Grant Monroe looks down at the charred remains of Calvin Whitney as he turns to face Clay and Maxwell with a smirk.

"I agree—no doubt about it."

He sighs loudly.

"Accident probably killed him before the fire burned his body beyond recognition. Lucky the daughter survived."

Clay shrugs.

"According to several eyewitnesses she was thrown clear of the car as it flipped. Guess she wasn't wearing a seatbelt. In this case it saved her life—father not so lucky in the deal."

Grant covers Calvin's remains with a white sheet and faces Clay and Maxwell again. They share a knowing glance.

Glass Owl

Kelly and Simon look past the open gates leading into the estate. They seem unsure what to do next. Simon sighs.

"Think he's there?"

Kelly nods.

"We've looked everywhere else."

Simon nervously wipes sweat from his brow.

"Do you think he has his dad's gun?"

Kelly seems worried and shrugs.

"Don't know—probably."

They notice two men hidden in the shrubs about one hundred yards away. They look at each other curiously.

"They don't look like security?"

Kelly shakes his head.

"Jason may have gotten himself in real trouble."

He grabs his cell phone. Simon and Kelly exchange looks.

"What are you doing?"

Kelly gives Simon a curious stare.

"What do you think?"

Simon reacts.

"If you call the cops Jason could end up in the slammer."

Kelly rolls his eyes in a mocking way.

"Aren't you being a tad too dramatic today?"

Simon looks at Glass Owl again.

"Whatever."

He watches as Kelly's fingers fly across the screen.

Crestview Memorial Park Cemetery

Archie Spaulding slides his fingers across the marble door of Carrie Spaulding's crypt and seems lost in thought.

"She was so young. Damn that worthless bastard."

He pulls his hand away.

"But that freak got what he deserved."

He glances at the bouquet of fresh flowers in a vase nearby between his wife's and daughter's crypts. He sighs.

"No one will ever know."

He turns away and slowly walks down the marble-lined hallway where he stops briefly in front of the Stuyvesant family vault. He notices two open crypts. He rubs his chin briefly.

"Sad about Sidney—but Corey had it coming. Good riddance. Hope he and Brad enjoy being roomies in hell."

He walks toward the gated entrance.

Bentley Driveway

Gina steps out of her car and looks around. There is an eerie stillness surrounding her home. She seems nervous.

"It feels like I'm in a bad horror movie."

She pulls out her cell phone.

"Maybe I should call Abby."

She begins to dial and stops suddenly.

"I've got to handle this alone."

She looks at the house again and sighs loudly.

"How bad could it be?"

She walks toward the back entrance of her home.

"What did Tiffany mean when she said I had to make a choice soon? A choice about what exactly—how will I know?"

She walks toward the back door.

"I wish I knew what she meant by that."

She reaches for the doorknob seconds later.

Police Station

As Clay walks into the room his cell phone begins to ring continuously. He picks it up and listens intently and shrugs.

"We'll be right there. Don't go inside the estate."

Maxwell enters seconds later.

"It seems there's drama at Glass Owl."

Maxwell shrugs.

"It's been quite a busy day without a doubt."

Clay nods and looks at his cell phone.

Farmington Villa

Chandra enters the room and looks around. She seems still in shock over what happened earlier. She stops suddenly.

"How did things go so wrong?"

She turns to look at herself in the mirror.

"Oh my God, I look horrible."

She strokes her matted hair for a few seconds.

"Maybe it's time I patch things up with mother when I get back to Philly. It's not like I have much choice left now? My entire world has been destroyed—I've got nothing left to live for."

Her eyes travel down to the bump in her stomach.

"Except for my baby I've got nothing."

She touches her stomach lightly.

"I'm all alone except for Robert's child."

She walks over to the sofa.

"It wasn't supposed to end like this."

She begins to cry.

"I'll never be able to pull this off."

Jason turns to look at Carmen several feet away from where Howard's body is lying in a pool of blood. Eddie is standing nearby talking to Kyle and Serena. Todd is sitting next to them seemingly in shock over what just took place. Jason sighs.

"I can't handle this messy drama."

Carmen glances at Jason.

"Yes, you will. What happened was a tragic accident but we've got to move past this situation. Nothing will come of you admitting to killing Blake Madison. God knows he deserved to die a long time ago—he was a monster—no one will miss him now that he's finally been punished for all the things he did and the lives he destroyed. It was simply a terrible accident Jason."

He looks at Howard's body again.

"I hated him."

Todd laughs.

"You weren't the only one."

He looks over at Kyle.

"Sorry."

Kyle waves his hand at Todd.

"Don't be."

"My father died a decade ago—several in fact."

He turns to look at Howard's body lying on the floor and then back at Todd. Kyle then faces Carmen with a confused look on his face as he notices Wesley walking toward him.

"If my grandfather was actually his lookalike cousin Blake Madison—what happened to the real Howard. Where is he?"

Wesley glances at Carmen.

"Well? Where is he?"

Carmen seems at a loss for words.

"I have no idea."

Eddie walks over to the coffee table and picks up the file several seconds later. The others watch him curiously as he begins flipping through the end pages. He sighs loudly.

"So, the real Howard Madison just vanished into thin air never to be seen alive again? Just gone without a trace?"

Carmen smiles and faces Eddie.

"Not if you know where to look for a body—gone—maybe dead—murdered—but certainly not without a trace by any means. I think I know where we can find the grisly truth."

Carmen waves her hand in the air.

"Blake entombed Howard at Crestview."

Carmen faces Eddie again.

"He's probably in one of the unused vaults."

Kyle and Lindsay look at each other. Carmen sighs.

"He hid him in plain sight."

Hugh and Vance suddenly enter the room with guns drawn. They stop and look at the scene before them unsure of what to do next and then notice Howard's body on the floor.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Look at the 44th Episode

Hugh and Vance encounter a nasty surprise with unexpected results—Carrie pays Gina an impromptu visit—Kelly and Simon try to figure clues out about Jason's behavior outside of Glass Owl—Elizabeth tries to remain calm over Marla's behavior—Colin closes in on an old foe—Juan encounters a last-minute problem at the airport—Denise shocks everyone with her actions—an unexpected visit from a friend gives Serena something to think about—Jason gets a visit from a beloved relative—Pierce and Warren discuss Gina's future—Alden encounters a curious bunch at Glass Owl—Ashton and Elizabeth make amends—secrets from John's past surfaces—as past and present events merge.

Episode 44
Storm Clouds Gathering

Glass Owl

Hugh Baldwin and Vance Hershey seem confused as they look around. Carmen Pendleton and Eddie Kane appear in shock as they look at the intruders. Eddie glances at the body of Howard Madison lying a few feet away noticing where Hugh and Vance's eyes appear focused. He slowly takes a step forward.

"Who the hell are you?"

Jason glances at both Hugh and Vance.

"Must be two of old man Madison's goons?"

Eddie turns to look at Jason briefly and then faces Hugh and Vance once more as Kyle Madison shakes his head.

"I don't think these men work for my father."

At that moment Hugh snaps out of the fog he seemed lost in for the last few seconds and waves his gun wildly at Eddie and Carmen. Jason glances at his gun lying on the table nearby as Wesley Madison shoots him a look of cautious warning.

"You two—get over there with the others."

Eddie and Carmen walk over to the others. He sighs.

"What do you want?"

Hugh grins broadly as he looks at Eddie.

"Seems to me one of you guys took care of Madison for us. Nice going by the way—sweet. But as for the rest of you."

He laughs loudly.

"Hope you made peace with your maker."

He laughs again.

"Who wants to be first?"

Eddie suddenly seems to realize the connection between the two men and Howard Madison. He looks over at Kyle.

"Eldon Whitney."

Kyle seems confused.

"I thought he was dead?"

"He is."

Kyle looks at Hugh and Vance curiously.

"Look, I think we can see that my father is dead."

Vance laughs loudly.

"Uh-huh—I see that. Nevertheless you and your kin must die also to right the wrong done to the Whitney family."

Hugh looks over at Lindsay Bennington and Denise Madison standing a few feet away. He makes a lewd gesture with his finger at both of them. Lindsay turns away in disgust.

"Some of you will live a little bit longer than the others."

He grins broadly.

"To serve my dick and that of my best buddy as well—and then you'll join the other wretches in death as deserved."

Denise watches as Hugh and Vance herds everyone into a corner. She sighs and as she's backed up against the wall she quickly rummages through her purse. She watches as Hugh walks toward Serena Glick. Denise glances at the gun in her hand.

"I think I'll add you to my dick list too."

He laughs as he reaches out to grab Serena's arm.

"I'm a blowjob type of guy."

Denise steps forward.

"How about we play instead?"

Hugh looks over at Denise and licks his lips.

"Uh-huh—no prob—I'm game."

Everyone watches in shock as Denise walks confidently toward Hugh. Eddie instantly reaches out to grab her arm.

"Are you nuts?"

Suddenly Hugh angrily strikes Eddie with his fist across his temple. He falls backwards in shock. Hugh smirks.

"I'm in charge here."

He grabs Denise and begins dragging her down the hallway. The others look in shock unable to do anything.

"I can't let this happen."

Kyle grabs Wesley's arm.

"There's nothing we can do now."

Minutes tick by as Hugh and Denise disappear inside the library. Vance waves his gun around and winks at Lindsay.

"I could use a blow too."

A gunshot is heard seconds later.

<u>Bentley Mansion</u>

Gina Bentley is walking down the hallway as she hears footsteps behind her and slowly turns around. She sees Carrie Spaulding standing about ten feet away. Gina reacts.

"Carrie?"

Carrie rolls her eyes.

"Expecting to see Tiffany Johnson?"

Gina sighs.

"What are you doing here?"

Carrie rolls her eyes again and seems annoyed.

"*Hello*—message from Tiffany."

Gina reacts.

"What are you talking about?"

Carrie seems more annoyed than before.

"Must we play twenty questions?"

Gina seems confused as Carrie takes a step forward.

"I don't know what Tiffany meant."

Carrie rolls her eyes yet again.

"Be ready. Be prepared."

Gina shrugs and watches the apparition curiously.

"Be prepared for what exactly?"

Carrie turns around.

"You'll know."

Before Gina can reply Carrie vanishes. She looks at the empty room and seems even more confused than before.

Glass Owl

"Oh fuck."

Simon Spencer looks at Kelly Nelson.

"Did you hear that?"

Kelly nods.

"I heard."

"Is Jason?"

Simon reaches out to open the door of Kelly's car.

"I bet old man Madison has gone completely bonkers."

Kelly grabs Simon by the shoulder.

"The cops are on the way."

He reaches out to open the door again.

"They're minutes away."

They both look nervously toward the mansion again.

"Think old man Madison fired the shot?"

"I don't know."

Simon wipes his brow.

"I should've known Jason had serious issues."

Kelly turns to look at Glass Owl once more while Simon seems about to freak out as he glances at his watch again.

"Where are they? What's keeping them?"

Less than two seconds later they hear sirens.

Pendleton Driveway

"I don't trust cops as a rule."

Elizabeth Pendleton turns to look at Marla Sherwood as she closes the door to her car seemingly annoyed. She sighs.

"You don't trust anybody."

Marla rolls her eyes and gestures.

"Uh-huh—with good reason too. YouTube has plenty of videos of cops screwing around with folks—lying and killing."

Elizabeth gives Marla a knowing look.

"This is Marble Hills not Boston—and for the record not everything on YouTube is legit—plenty of fake videos."

Marla waves her hand and sighs.

"Uh-huh—of course I know a lot of crap on YouTube is made-up and rehearsed—so is Facebook. Facebook in fact is working knowingly or unknowingly with the Russians to destroy this country. Give them money and they put anything on their site even if it's a pile of lies—they even admitted to it."

Marla wags her finger at Elizabeth.

"Yeah, I know all about fake videos. But footage of a dirty cop shooting someone just because they think no one is watching is real. Those kinds of raw footage don't pretend Elizabeth—but people do—and cops lie all the time—bunches of bad apples out there. My friends and I have seen a lot in Boston. Just last week before I came back we saw a cop try to pick up a hooker standing in front of a mini mart—so disgusting—probably married too."

Elizabeth gives her cousin an odd look.

"Since when do you know what a hooker is and does?"

Marla rolls her eyes in a mocking way.

"Do I look like I'm in first grade? I know plenty."

Elizabeth seems upset.

"Maybe that's the problem—too much knowledge isn't always the best thing—especially for someone your age."

"You're just jealous because I'm smarter than you."

Elizabeth seems shocked by the statement.

<u>Portland</u>

Colin Hartley is placing a handful of files into a cabinet as the screen on his computer comes to life. On screen is a photo of Juan Sabrillo. Colin walks over to the screen and grins.

"This is my lucky day."

He looks at the info under Juan's picture.

"Well, it seems Sabrillo isn't as smart as he thought he was. Stepping foot back here will cost him dearly indeed."

He grabs his cell phone.

"An airport is such a nasty place for a surprise."

He begins to laugh.

Tolling Bell Inn

"I say we call the Bentley girl and set up a meeting before something else goes wrong—grisly accidents are not my thing if you must know Alvin—definitely not a fan anymore."

Alvin Melendez looks at Steve Addington and seems about to burst out laughing. He walks over to the balcony.

"What happened to trolling bars?"

Steve rolls his eyes.

"The mood has passed."

Alvin laughs.

"Uh-huh—like yeah, I'll bet."

Steve glances at the mini bar a few feet away.

"I think I need a drink to calm my nerves."

Alvin snaps his fingers.

"Fix me one too."

Steve nods as he stops in front of a mini refrigerator and turns around to look at Alvin. He wipes sweat from his brow.

"Come to think of it I might need more than one drink to calm my freaked-out nerves after what I saw earlier."

Alvin nods in agreement.

Glass Owl

Kelly and Simon watch as Clay Blankenship and Maxwell Pendergraft come toward them. Simon glances back at the mansion just as an eerie silence envelops the entire area.

Portland

Juan Sabrillo casually walks toward one of the many security areas located inside the airport when he notices several men walking toward him in unison. He looks around and sees what seems like a circle of plain-clothes unsmiling types walking from various corridors. He blinks and makes a mad dash for one of the nearby exits. Juan pulls open a security door and runs down the stairwell in a frenzied rush. Suddenly from below he sees Colin coming up the stairs toward him. He stops and looks around to see more plain-clothes types coming down the stairwell. He turns back to look at Colin and sighs loudly. He seems panicked.

"Game's over Sabrillo."

Juan looks up at the stairwell again.

"Like hell."

Suddenly Juan pulls out a gun. Colin shoots Juan several times in the chest as they collide with each other. Seconds later it's over. Juan lies on the stairwell a few feet away from Colin.

"It's not over yet."

As Colin watches Juan's breathing becomes labored and minutes later his eyes roll back in his head and closes.

"Guess he didn't want to make a deal?"

Colin turns to face the others as he hides a smile.

Glass Owl

Endless seconds tick by as everyone looks at the closed door. Vance is about to go toward the door when it opens. A gun pokes itself out first. As Denise emerges there seems to be a sigh of relief. Vance reacts in shock. His eyes lock with Denise as she walks toward him still proudly holding her gun in front of her.

"Did I just shoot your friend? I guess I did."

Vance backs away.

"No. He couldn't. Not Hugh."

Denise laughs and points at the door.

"Want to see the body?"

The room is bathed in sighs as Vance and Denise seem locked in a struggle to control the situation emerging.

"Did I forget to mention I know how to use a gun?"

Denise turns to face Kyle.

"See Kyle, I told you going to the gun range was a good idea after all—I had other motives for why I wanted to learn how to shoot to kill—but this works out for me regardless."

She turns to face Vance.

"Drop your gun—your game's over."

Vance looks at the others and begins laughing.

"What do I look like?"

Denise smirks.

"Well, how about dead?"

Before Vance can react she fires a shot at his temple. As he is hit he falls against a small table nearby and blood sprays in a messy explosion across the wall. Everyone reacts in shock.

"Denise? I can't?"

Denise turns to look at Kyle and rolls her eyes.

"It was him or us. I prefer us."

She looks down at Vance's body as it twitches for a few seconds. She continues to look at Vance until he body becomes still. She smiles broadly and faces the others once more.

"How about we all have a drink?"

At that moment every door and window noisily slam shut throughout Glass Owl. Seconds later a cold chill overtakes the room. The little group turns to look at one another blankly.

"What the hell is happening?"

Everyone turns to look at Kyle. He seems in shock as his eyes seemed focus on a movement several feet away.

"The room—it's freezing."

As they look at each other they see a black shadow move pass them toward where Vance's body is lying. They seem shocked at the strange scene playing out in front of them.

"Does anyone?"

Jason looks at the others. They nod.

"Yes—I see it—some kind of thing—creature."

They watch as a white shadow emerges from Vance's body while the black shadow grabs at it with claw-like hands. They hear a scream and realize Vance is screaming as the black shadowy creature grips him tightly. They watch, amazed as the black shadow creature envelops the white shadow until there is nothing left. Seconds later the strange apparition is gone. Jason turns around and faces the others. He seems in shock at what just happened but still somewhat excited by the vision as well.

"OK—this is just fucking weird."

As they look at him the chilly temperatures in the room increases. Kyle glances at the frost covering the windows.

"Is anyone else creeped out by this show?"

Before he can finish the door to the library slowly opens and a white creamy fog-like texture permeates throughout. They look at each other several times. Jason slowly reaches out to touch the strange glowing material. He quickly pulls away.

"This is definitely not fog."

As they watch unable to move they see a human-like figure emerge from the mist. It is a little boy—neatly dressed in slightly dated clothing from several decades past. Serena gasps in shock at the apparition. She quickly takes a step forward.

"Billy? Billy Arpell? Is that really you?"

Kyle looks at Serena strangely.

"You know this little boy?"

Serena nods as she continues looking at the apparition standing a few feet away. He takes a step forward and stops.

"*Yes*. Yes, it's me. It's really me."

Billy and Serena look at each other as Kyle seem confused at the strange scene playing out. Serena faces Kyle again.

"Billy was my best friend before I moved to Marble Hills with my folks. He was hit by a car after pushing me out of the way on Interstate Seven. He was six-years-old at the time."

Billy takes another step forward.

"I never felt a thing—no pain at all."

Serena faces Billy again.

"But how can you?"

Billy laughs mischievously as a child would.

"I can do anything now."

Serena sighs loudly.

"But you're dead? I went to your funeral."

Billy rolls his eyes.

"My body died. I didn't."

They look at each other for a few seconds.

"I tried to contact you right after."

Serena shakes her head.

"You did?"

Billy nods.

"The day of my funeral you were in your room and I came to you—knocked over some of your stuffed toys. I tried to get your attention—came back several times too—but nothing."

Serena reacts.

"*That was you*?"

Billy grins.

"Uh-huh."

Serena looks at the others.

"Right after that my folks decided the trauma was too much for me to handle and we moved here to begin anew. Gary was about four or five then. Malcolm was born later."

Kyle looks at the apparition.

"Why are you here?"

Billy turns to look at Kyle. From behind him out of the mist they see another figure emerge. Jason looks at the figure in shock. He turns to look at the others and sighs loudly.

"Grandpa Stanley?"

Stanley Anderson nods and reaches out to touch Billy's shoulders. Jason nervously takes a step toward Stanley.

"I always wanted to meet you."

Stanley smirks and faces the others.

"I know. I've been keeping an eye on you."

They look at each other again.

"Where's dad?"

Stanley grimaces.

"Is he here?"

Slowly from out of the mist two figures emerge seconds later. Everyone reacts in shock as they see Tiffany Johnson and Jeremy Weissmann. They walk toward the little group.

"Uh-huh—yep—this isn't a movie."

They stop and stand next to Stanley and Billy.

"Bet you're wondering why we're here?"

Jason and Wesley exchange looks.

"Well, are you going to keep us in suspense?"

Tiffany turns to face Jason.

"I see you haven't changed one bit."

"Why should I?"

Tiffany glances back toward the doorway.

Boston

Pierce Colby looks at the folder in front of him. He glances over at Warren Manning and sighs loudly. Warren grins.

"It's real—*no doubt about it*."

Pierce looks at the folder again.

"I take it Gina Bentley doesn't know?"

Warren rolls his eyes.

"Not yet."

Pierce closes the folder.

"This is certainly going to change many lives in Marble Hills. Who would have thought this sort of drama happens?"

Warren winks knowingly.

"That's what I said when I saw the documents."

He leans back in his chair.

"Your client will certainly never be the same again."

Pierce nods and seems in shock.

Portland

Colin leans back in his chair and smirks. He looks at the computer screen again. He grins broadly and sighs loudly.

"It couldn't have happened to a nicer guy."

Sitting in front of his desk is Devin Blanchard, a deputy about twenty-four. They share quick laugh. Colin stands.

"See Devin, I told you that garbage like Sabrillo always get what they deserve in the end. And having his boss Calvin Whitney bite the dust the way he did earlier in Marble Hills makes for some really easy file work for us both. Good riddance."

"What about the daughter?"

Colin turns to face Devin again. He grins.

"She's probably freaked at the moment. Tomorrow we'll pay her a visit. Make it clear where we stand. Let her know what could happen—what *will* happen if she decides to play hardball with us. Sabrillo and her father are both in the morgue. As far as I can see she has nothing left to bargain with. Game over."

Devin smirks.

"Hope you're right."

Colin nods.

Glass Owl

Clay watches as Maxwell slowly reaches out to grab the doorknob. He pulls his hand away in shock. Clay looks at Maxwell oddly. Maxwell looks at his hand curiously and then Clay.

"Frigging thing is ice cold."

Clay looks at the doorknob curiously.

"It's like eighty degrees outside."

Maxwell seems annoyed as he looks at Clay.

"Don't you think I know that?"

He turns to look at the doorknob again.

Mall

"You seem in a funk?"

Abby Marshall looks up to see Ashton Markway staring at her. She looks at her watch and turns away. He notices.

"Where's Kelly?"

Abby shakes her head.
"He and Simon are looking for Jason."
Ashton seems confused.
"Why?"
Abby looks at her watch again.
"Jason went after old man Madison."
"Are you serious?"
"Uh-huh."
Ashton sits down near Abby.
"Old man Madison is whacked. He'll kill Jason."
Abby nods.
"I know."
She seems worried.

Portland

"*I want my lawyer.*"
Caroline Bentley yells loudly from her isolated private cell at the end of a long corridor. Silence echoes back at her.
"This is an outrage."
She looks through the iron bars.
"I demand respect."
She slams her fist against the bars again.
"Answer me."
She turns back to look at her cell.
"I'll make them pay."
"Is that so?"
She spins around to see Colin looking at her.
"Want to add to your list of charges?"
Caroline looks at Colin coldly.
"I demand to speak to my lawyer right away."
Colin laughs.
"I'll see what I can do first thing tomorrow morning."
Caroline angrily grabs the iron bars.
"You'll pay for this."
Colin rolls his eyes mockingly at Caroline.

"If I were you I'd be seriously worried about the future."

He grins broadly and gestures with his hand.

"Murder carries long sentences. Twenty to forty years."

He watches her reaction to his comment.

"Sometimes even longer if need be."

Caroline grimaces.

"I didn't kill anyone."

"Oh, is that so? Then what happened to Glen Bradstreet?"

Caroline seems stung by the remark.

"I thought you and I had a deal?"

Colin smirks.

"We did—but I lied. Oh well. But thanks for the heads up on your husband. Quite the lengthy info if I do say so myself."

Caroline shrugs.

"I didn't lie about John."

Colin winks.

"Oh, I know that. Your husband is sitting pretty in a jail cell in Boston at this very moment. He's none too happy if you must know. Made all sorts of nasty threats from what I heard."

Caroline smiles slyly.

"Serves him right for what he did."

Colin looks at his watch.

"I agree."

Caroline watches as Colin begins walking away.

"Where are you going?"

Colin stops.

"What's it to you?"

He continues walking.

Glass Owl

Alden Washington notices Kelly and Simon standing by their car while Clay and Maxwell stand at the front door as if in a trance when he comes toward them from the driveway.

"What's going on guys?"

Kelly and Simon turn to look at Alden.

"And you are?"

Alden looks at Simon oddly.

"Alden Washington—a friend of your father's—we met a while back—talked a bit—don't you remember Simon?"

Simon looks at Alden curiously.

"Oh, yeah—you're that loser actor from California."

Alden reacts.

"Glad to see you respect your elders."

Simon rolls his eyes.

"Got a dad already—don't need another one."

Alden takes a step closer.

"Good talking with you too."

Seconds later he walks past Simon and Kelly. As Alden heads toward the front steps of Glass Owl Kelly gives Simon a nasty look. Simon rolls his eyes and glances at Alden.

"He's a has-been—like deal already?"

Kelly jabs Simon.

"Rudeness isn't going to win you any awards."

Simon shrugs.

"I'm not looking for an award."

Kelly jabs Simon again and they turn to look at Glass Owl once more as Alden shakes hands with Clay and Maxwell.

Boston

Pierce looks at the file in front of him as Warren leans toward him. They look at each other. Pierce sighs loudly.

"I'll call her tomorrow."

Warren winks at Pierce twice.

"She'll need a good lawyer—honest and decent."

Pierce nods.

"I know."

He stands up and glances at the paneled walls. He sighs loudly as he faces Warren once more. They exchange a look.

"John Bentley isn't going to like it."

"Fuck him."

Warren stands up and comes toward Pierce.

"This charade has gone on long enough."

Pierce seems confused.

"Bentley knew?"

Warren shakes his head.

"I don't think so."

He wipes sweat from his brow.

"But when the truth comes out he'll be fit to be tied—the idea he was bested by the likes of someone like Howard Madison will send him in a tailspin. He'll demand wicked revenge."

Pierce shakes his head.

"Seems like a frigging soap opera with bad writing if you ask me—except in this case it could end in a bloody war."

Warren nods.

"Expect it."

Warren slaps Pierce on his back and heads for the door humming a tune. He stops and faces Pierce with a grin.

"Do you think Caroline Bentley knew?"

"Probably did."

Warren makes a gesture with his hands and leaves. Pierce looks at the file on the desk and then glances at his watch.

"Definitely don't relish waking up tomorrow."

He runs his fingers through his hair.

"Maybe I should plan ahead just in case?"

He walks over to the window.

"But then again—there's no time like the present."

He suddenly grabs his jacket and heads toward the door in a rush. He noisily slams the door shut behind him and heads down the marble-lined hallway toward several glass elevators.

"I might as well get it over with tonight."

He steps into the elevator.

Glass Owl

"You can't be serious?"

Alden looks at Clay and Maxwell. They nod.

"See for yourself."

Alden looks at Clay and Maxwell again. He shakes his head as if to dismiss what they just told him. He slowly reaches out to grasp the doorknob. He pulls away seconds later in shock.

"This thing is like an icebox."

He turns to face Clay and Maxwell once more.

"This makes no sense."

Clay winks.

"I told you."

Alden notices the windows seem to be frozen also. He walks over to one of the windows and tries to see inside.

"What the hell's going on in there?"

He turns around to face Clay and Maxwell.

"There has to be an explanation."

Clay and Maxwell take turns looking through the window.

"How is something like this even possible?"

Alden turns around to look at Kelly and Simon with an annoyed look. He watches as they come closer. He sighs.

Mall

Ashton looks at Abby as she nervously checks her cell phone. She shuts if off and faces him. She seems worried.

"Still no word from Kelly?"

Abby shakes her head and sighs.

"I hope he's all right."

"What's going on guys?"

They turn to see Elizabeth standing about two feet away.

"I'm not sure."

Elizabeth gives Abby a curious look.

"Where's Kelly?"

"He and Simon are trying to find Jason."

"Oh."

She sits down.

"Marla is driving me mad."

Ashton laughs.

"I'll just bet. She's twelve going on forty."

Elizabeth smirks.

"Tell me about it—I feel like I'm her little sister."

She slowly turns around to look at the empty courtyard.

"Business seems down lately."

Abby nods.

"Our loss is Portland's gain and maybe Boston too if truth be known. Eddie Kane probably is worried right about now."

Ashton rolls his eyes.

"Kane has plenty of dough. Heard he just bought the Springview Mall in Paradise Point—paid cash upfront too."

He makes a gesture with his hands.

"I wouldn't mind having some of that dough."

Elizabeth winks at Ashton.

"I heard that Katrina is coming back to Marble Hills from that very expensive boarding school in Switzerland soon."

Ashton gives Elizabeth a nasty look.

"Katrina Kane? She's like twelve. I'm not a perv."

Elizabeth jabs Ashton.

"She's fourteen."

Ashton seems uneasy and looks at Abby.

"Whatever—doesn't matter anyway—I'm headed out in two weeks to Los Angeles. Got four gigs lined up already."

Abby gives Ashton a suspicious look.

"Are you sure you want to do this modeling thing? What about college. Are you stilling planning to attend?"

Ashton gestures with his hand.

"Uh-huh—I'll make bank really quickly and it'll pay for college—can't wait to get away from Marble Hills fast enough. I never felt like I fit in anyways. Way too many mean people."

Abby and Elizabeth look at each other.

"Corey?"

Ashton winces at the mention of Corey's name.

"Not sorry that jerk is dead. He got exactly what he deserved and then some. I don't feel sad one bit for him."

He rolls his eyes knowingly.

"Besides I hear I'm not the only one who feels this way about Corey. Lots of people all over town are overjoyed."

Abby looks over at Elizabeth and sighs.

"Well, he was a jerk—didn't have to be—but chose to."

Elizabeth turns to face Ashton.

"If I ever was mean to you?"

Ashton sighs loudly.

"You were never as bad as some of the others."

Elizabeth seems to relax.

"Well, anyway, if I was, I'm sorry."

They look at each other.

Portland

Colin leans back in his chair as Devin walks over to pour himself a cup of coffee. Suddenly the computer in front of Colin comes alive. He sits up and watches the screen in shock.

"This looks quite promising."

Devin turns around and rushes over to where Colin is sitting. They watch as the screen lights up with icons while multiple files pop up. Colin grins broadly and faces Devin.

"Seems John Bentley has been involved with all sorts of business types—many of them bad. Mob types too."

Devin sits down at the edge of the desk.

"Think he'll play ball now?"

Colin shrugs.

"Doesn't matter anymore—with a murder rap hanging over his head he's not going anywhere for a while. And throw in this new info and he's royally screwed. Serves him right for thinking he was above the law. Lucky break we got his wife on a murder charge initially—she sold him out really quickly."

They watch as more icons pop up.

"Oh man—he had his hands in everything."

Colin laughs.

"Everything but charitable giving to worthwhile causes like you'd think would be expected of someone so wealthy."

Devin rolls his eyes.

"Rich people like him shame the good ones."

Colin nods.

"I agree."

Still more icons continue to pop up on screen. As they continue watching, files containing Corey's name appear.

"Well, well, well, what do we have here?"

More files appear as they continue watching.

"Who is Astrid Blakely?"

A file with the name Byron Blakely appears.

"Bentley has another son?"

He faces Devin.

"Bentley has been busy."

"Think this kid is in Bentley's will?"

Colin shakes his head.

"Probably not—Caroline Bentley doesn't strike me as the sharing type—especially not when it comes to her own."

Several red icons suddenly appear.

"I bet he did whatever was needed to keep a lid on his secrets. He must have had to pay off people every week to keep their mouths shut about things they heard or knew he did."

Devin shakes his head knowingly.

Glass Owl

A silent pall spreads across the room as Tiffany turns to look at Billy. They share a glance. Jason notices. He sighs.

"Why are you here?"

Tiffany faces Jason once more.

"It should be clear."

Jason seems confused.

"What are you talking about?"

Tiffany gives Jeremy an odd look. She then looks at Billy and Stanley as Jason takes a step away from the others.

"We don't have all day."

Tiffany glances at the others.

"Is that so?"

Jason impulsively reaches out to touch Jeremy who is standing just a few feet away. He pulls his hand back.

"Oh."

Kyle looks at Jason curiously.

"Jason?"

Jason turns to look at Kyle and shrugs.

"Electric."

He looks at Jeremy.

"He felt like an electric shock."

Jason looks at his hand again and sighs loudly.

"How did you do that?"

Jeremy looks at Stanley.

"Your grandson definitely didn't take after you."

Stanley waves his hand.

"Tell me about it—takes after his father."

Jason faces Stanley.

"How come my father isn't here with you?"

Stanley has a pained look on his face.

"He has some things to work through beforehand."

Jason seems confused.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

Tiffany rolls her eyes in frustration. She sighs loudly.

"Like figure it out already genius—right now you need to shut up and listen to what we have to say. Or else you."

Tiffany glances at Vance's body.

"Or else you might not like the end results coming."

Jason looks at Vance's body and at Denise.

<u>Mall</u>

Abby watches as Elizabeth and Ashton get into the elevators nearby. She glances at her cell phone once more.

"I hope Kelly and Simon are OK."

She turns to look around at the empty cafe area.

Alden reaches out to touch the doorknob again. He is about to pull his hand away when the knob turns. He looks back at Clay and Maxwell who's standing right behind him. From the corner of his eye he sees Kelly and Simon cautiously coming up the stairs. Clay turns to face them. They stop suddenly.

"What's happening?"

Alden watches in amazement as the front door swings open. From inside muffled voices can be heard. Clay and Maxwell look at each other. From behind them Kelly and Simon try to sneak a peek past the front door. Clay turns to face them. They stare at him with a mixture of annoyance and arrogance.

"That's far enough."

Simon rolls his eyes mockingly.

"Says who?"

Clay gives Simon a harsh look and sighs.

"You two need to leave."

Simon laughs.

"Yeah, right—as if we'd listen to you."

Clay seems annoyed at he glances at Maxwell. Alden steps forward. Kelly and Simon notice. Simon rolls his eyes.

"Some serious weird stuff is happening in there and there's power in numbers—so like deal already. Chill OK."

Alden seems about to start laughing.

"Serious dialogue right out of bad 1980s flicks."

Simon makes a gesture with his finger.

"So says the guy who was in a crappy soap opera."

Alden sighs loudly.

"Bite me."

Simon takes a step forward.

"I'm not leaving."

Clay and Maxwell look at Alden. He shrugs.

"Numbers actually might be a good idea right now."

Clay glances at Simon and Kelly.

"You two better not do anything stupid."

Simon gestures with his hand.

"Whatever dude."

He turns to look at the front door again.

"Think old man Madison went nuts and killed everyone?"

Clay gives Simon a sharp look.

"Like I said, both of you should go home."

"How many times are you gonna make that point?"

From deep inside the house an eerie stillness seems to permeate throughout. Clay seems nervous as he turns to look at Maxwell and Alden standing less than two feet away.

"This is getting stranger by the minute."

With a silent glance at Kelly and Simon he takes a step forward through the front door. As the five of them enter, the front door suddenly slams shut. Immediately a cold blast of air greets them. They turn to look at the front door again. Frost seems to be building up on the stained glass artwork. A chill envelops them as they slowly walk toward the hallway.

"Think we should call **Ed** and **Lorraine Warren** for help?"

Kelly aggressively jabs Simon.

"Yeah, really funny jerk—got anymore?"

Simon laughs and makes a lewd gesture with his finger.

"Hey, we may need help from the other side?"

Clay turns to look at Simon.

"Stop with references to the supernatural."

Simon rolls his eyes.

"I call it as I see it."

Clay glances at Simon again.

"Quiet."

Simon rolls his eyes again and watches as Clay and Maxwell venture further down the dimly-lit hallway. From out of nowhere muffled voices are heard. They stop. Voices seem to be coming from inside the dining room. Simon seems bored.

"Sounds like Jason."

The voices become louder.

"It can't be."

Simon gestures with his hand.

"That sounds like Tiffany Johnson."

Clay turns to look at Simon curiously.

"Tiffany Johnson is dead."

Simon rolls his eyes.

"*Duh*—I know that. But it sounds like her."

They stop to listen again.

"Yep—I swear it's her without a doubt. I guess Gina Bentley was telling the truth. Oh man, this is fucking weird."

From inside the dining room the voices suddenly stop.

"Do you think they know we're here?"

Clay shoots Simon another annoyed look and gingerly reaches out to touch the doorknob. He pulls his hand away suddenly and seems afraid to actually grasp the doorknob.

"What are we doing? Like waiting for Christmas? Let's get inside—I want to see Tiffany. This is like an episode of that cool old series *A Haunting*. Nothing was ever what it seemed."

Clay glances at Maxwell.

"He's really trying my patience today."

"Tell me about it."

Simon makes a lewd gesture with his finger.

"You guys blow."

He shoots them a nasty look.

"Get out of my way."

Suddenly Simon roughly pushes Clay aside and reaches for the doorknob. The door swings open seconds later.

<u>Boston</u>

Pierce steps out of the elevator and heads for his car. He walks toward the front of the car looking slightly confused.

"Terrible secrets are the worst."

He gets into his car and slams the door shut.

"It's even worse when they get exposed."

He begins to laugh.

"Some things can't be helped."

He looks at his cell phone and seems worried.

As the door to the library swings open Alden looks at the little group gathered inside. Clay and Maxwell react in shocked amazement at the vision in front of them. Simon looks at Tiffany and then back at Clay. He smirks and steps forward.

"I told you I heard her."

The door slams shut behind them without warning. They seem in shock as a thick frost covers the door immediately.

"What the hell is going on here?"

Simon appears shocked as he notices Jeremy standing a few feet away. A middle-aged man and a little boy stand next to Jeremy. Simon seems confused. He rubs his eyes a few times.

"Is this fuck really happening?"

A silent hush suddenly falls over the room.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Look at the 45th Episode

Simon has a strange encounter—Will tries to help Tyler through a crisis—Elizabeth and Ashton have a bonding moment—Gary retreats as he's being watched by another—Mike is less than happy with his accommodations from Caroline—Caroline gets a new lawyer—Eva is upset over Clay's safety—Patrick confronts Gary—Caroline and her new lawyer becomes more than just friends—Patrick deals a blow to his uncle—a worried Lori goes looking for Jason—Malcolm has an unpleasant surprise—Thomas plays both sides when it comes to Caroline—Abby confides in Donna—Grant handles yet another death—an odd drama unfolds at Glass Owl concerning a murder and unexplained visits—as a few unexplainable events are revised in order to be explained.

Episode 45
Family Upside Down

Glass Owl

Simon Spencer takes a step forward as Tiffany Johnson raises her hand. He stops suddenly. From behind him Kelly Nelson seem unable to move as Jeremy Weissmann turns to face him. They look at each other for a few seconds. A few feet away Clay Blankenship and Maxwell Pendergraft seem unable to comprehend what they are witnessing in real time. As Alden Washington stares at the surreal reality playing out in front of him there is a blinding flash and without warning Marah Madison appears. Alden reacts to her presence as Lindsay Bennington and Kyle Madison look at each other in shock. Wesley Madison takes a step forward. Lindsay nervously sighs and seems in awe.

"I can't believe it's you."

Marah smiles and looks at the others.

"I guess you're all wondering what's happening?"

"That's an understatement no doubt."

She turns around as another blinding flash occurs again and a lone figure appears. There is a loud gasp from the crowd.

"It just can't be. This can't be real."

Carmen Pendleton stands motionless for a few seconds as time seems to stand still. Her eyes bulge as a black and white cat slowly emerges from the white-colored mist and walks toward Marah. Eddie Kane notices Carmen's odd reaction at seeing the apparition. She seems about to faint. Eddie sighs loudly.

"Carmen?"

She seems about to faint as the others notice.

"Is that really you Blackie?"

Eddie seems confused and slowly turns to look at the cat standing next to Tiffany and Jeremy. Carmen reacts again.

"I lost him when I was nine. He passed away from feline cancer. I was devastated. Took almost a year to get over what happened. I loved him so much. I've never forgotten him."

Eddie glances at the others who seem equally frozen in shock at the curious scene. He turns to look at Marah again. A few feet away Alden seems lost in time as he runs his fingers through his hair while he stares at Marah. Suddenly a hush falls across the room as the white-colored mist begins swirling rapidly.

Standish Road

"I'm on my way."

Will McColl looks at the cell phone in his hand and sighs loudly. He shakes his head several times and glances at the bluffs as he drives past. He looks at his cell phone again annoyed.

"Like I said already, I'm on my way."

He sighs loudly.

"Uh-huh—got it. Bye."

He shuts off his cell phone and sighs again.

"I really hate bureaucrats."

He looks at his watch.

"Hate them with a passion."

As he turns the curve he almost collides with an oncoming car. The driver stops. Will backs up his car and watches as the driver nervously steps out of the car—looking sort of dazed.

"Do you realize how fast you were going?"

"I'm sorry."

Tyler Van Pelt notices Will looking at him curiously.

"I said I was sorry."

Will walks over to Tyler.

"I think you should get help for your problem."

Tyler backs away from Will.

"I don't have a problem."

They stare at each other for a few seconds.

"OK—if you say so. But I know for a fact I'd have issues if my sister took her own life and the life of someone else."

Tyler grimaces.

"That piece of garbage deserved what he got. He was a wretched excuse for a human being—no redeemable value."

He seems about to cry.

"He was a troll."

Will wipes sweat from his brow.

"I can't help you unless you want me to."

Tyler looks at Will oddly and glances at the bluffs nearby. He sighs loudly. He watches as Will takes a step closer.

"Lots of bad stuff has happened in this town lately and no one would blame you if you needed help. No shame in that."

He sighs loudly.

"Look, my sister runs a clinic in Boston. She deals with a lot of people—some who just need someone to talk to."

Tyler turns away.

"I'm OK."

Tyler looks at his car.

"I'm not a freak."

Will reacts.

"I never said you were a freak."

Tyler looks toward Marble Hills in a distance.

"Would anyone know?"

Will gestures with his hand.

"Not unless you tell them."

Tyler looks back toward Marble Hills once more.

"Can you call your sister right now?"

As Tyler watches silently Will walks over to his car a few feet away and grabs his cell phone. He begins dialing.

Stanley Pier

Ashton Markway looks out at the ocean and then faces Elizabeth Pendleton sitting next to him. He grins broadly.

"I didn't think life could get better for me but maybe there's hope after all. Might even do good things if I get rich enough? Help kids with problems. Guide them and stuff."

Elizabeth jabs Ashton.

"You don't need money to do good things."

Ashton rolls his eyes at Elizabeth.

"But money helps."

He looks out at the ocean again.

"I heard Corey's folks got busted earlier."

Elizabeth turns to face Ashton.

"What did they do?"

Ashton shrugs.

"Not sure exactly—probably unpaid taxes or something like that—or maybe something really big like covering up a murder long ago—wouldn't shock me one bit. Remember Corey and that hooker a while back—the one who supposedly fell out of a window? That story went away quickly. I bet that's what the cops busted his folks for. They were always a shady pair."

Elizabeth grimaces.

"I wonder how Gina is handling this news."

Ashton glances toward Marble Hills in a distance.

"I bet she knew what Corey did."

Elizabeth stands up and looks at the ocean.

"Maybe I should pay her a visit?"

Ashton gestures with his hand.

"Suit yourself."

Ashton stands up.

"Want me to drop you off?"

Elizabeth nods.

"That would be cool. Thank you."

Ashton smiles and they walk toward the parking lot.

Glass Owl

Gary Glick slows down as he drives past the entrance to Glass Owl and sees a police car in the driveway. He sighs.

"Damn it—what the fuck—Kyle and I had a deal—damn that two-faced liar. He'll pay for this—I'll make him sorry."

He slams his fist against the steering wheel.

"I'll kill him—no one backstabs me and lives to tell about it—that sneaky bastard will regret going back on his word."

He drives away unaware that he was being watched by someone else. Patrick Glick looks at his watch and grins.

"My dear uncle and I have some unfinished business to attend to—starting with Malcolm pretending to be me."

Patrick guns the engine and begins following Gary.

Farm Acres Inn

"Damn it—this place is a fucking dump."

Mike Wycliffe looks at the decrepit-looking room and turns to face the bellhop. Nathan Moore mockingly rolls his eyes and turns away. Mike seems upset at Nathan's attitude toward his complaint. Nathan reaches for the doorknob and sighs.

"My dad never said this was the Waldorf Astoria. If you assumed it to be then it's your fault. I only work here."

Mike suddenly grabs Nathan by the collar.

"I don't need some stupid snot-nose brat mouthing off to me—makes me wish for the days when brats like you were seen but not heard. Sick of people like you—be gone this instant."

He shoves Nathan into the hallway and slams the door shut in an angry rage. He walks over to a small mini bar.

"Fucking kid is lucky I'm in a good mood today—would've served him right if I broke his neck just because I could."

He slams his fist against the mini bar.

"This is certainly not the expectation I had coming back to this loser town. I demand more respect than that. Fuck it."

He grabs his cell phone.

Portland

Caroline Bentley walks back and forth in her cell at a frenzied pace. Loud footsteps are heard coming down the hallway. She turns and sees a man in an expensive suit coming toward her. Thomas Zane stops as he notices her cold stare.

"Caroline Bentley I presume?"

He sighs.

"My name is Thomas Zane."

Caroline rolls her eyes.

"Is that supposed to mean something to me?"

Thomas glances back at the hallway.

"I guess they didn't tell you?"

"Tell me what?"

Thomas leans against the iron bars.

"I'm your new lawyer."

"I have a lawyer."

Thomas seems about to laugh.

"Not anymore—seems your beloved husband froze your assets and therefore your access to a lawyer is no longer."

Caroline gives Thomas a curious look.

"If that's true why are you here?"

Thomas glances at the hallway again.

"Thank Hartley for that. Seems he thinks you're in big trouble and called me. And yeah, by the way I'm dressed you can guess I don't do sad sack charity cases. I'm all about money."

Caroline looks at the suit Thomas is wearing.

"Well, I guess I can't afford you."

Thomas laughs loudly.

"Yeah, you can. I'll help you beat this rap and then you'll unfreeze your assets and pay me handsomely. Everybody wins with this deal—everybody but the justice system anyway."

Caroline looks at Thomas suspiciously.

"I thought Colin was one of the good guys?"

Thomas rolls his eyes.

"He is—I'm not. I'm a lawyer, not **Mother Teresa**."

Caroline smiles slyly and makes a lewd gesture with her finger as she licks her lips seductively. She blows him a kiss.

"I like a man who's sneaky."

Thomas makes a lewd gesture with his finger.

"Yeah, I'll just bet you do. I'm married by the way."

Caroline winks slyly and licks her lips.

"That has certainly never stopped anybody before."

Thomas looks at his wedding ring and grins.

Police Station

Will closes the door behind him and looks at the empty room. He sighs loudly and walks over to his desk. He stops.

"Hope that kid takes my advice."

There is a knock on the front door seconds later.

"Will?"

He turns around and sees Eva Harper standing in the doorway. She seems worried as she closes the door behind her and slowly walks toward where he's standing by his desk.

"Have you heard from Clay?"

"Not for a while. Why?"

Eva glances nervously around the room.

"He always keeps in touch with me throughout the day but since this morning he hasn't called. It's not like him to ignore my texts. I'm really worried about him—especially with all the crazy drama that has been going on in Marble Hills lately."

Will glances at his cell phone.

"I haven't heard from him for several hours."

Eva wrings her hands nervously.

"I just have a weird feeling about today for some reason."

"It'll be OK. Clay can handle himself."

Eva nods and looks at her cell phone again.

Gary slams the door shut to his room as he enters and walks to the balcony. He mutters to himself several times as he pulls open the sliding glass doors that lead to the balcony.

"Goddamn that frigging sister of mine."

He looks out at Marble Hills.

"I had everything worked out so perfectly."

He shakes his fist at the air.

"Damn you Silas Bell. It's your fault. All of it."

He leans against the railing.

"I swear when I get back to Australia you're a dead man. I'm going to break your frigging neck and laugh as I kill you."

He shakes his fist at the air again.

"How hard could it be to keep tabs on my sister? It's not like she could defend herself against someone like Silas."

He walks back inside his hotel room.

"Where the fuck is Malcolm?"

He sighs loudly.

"He's first on my list."

He laughs and looks at his cell phone.

"He's definitely a loose end."

He smirks as he looks at his hands.

"I have no more use for him anyways."

Suddenly the front door is kicked in and before Gary can react he sees Patrick standing in front of him with a gun.

"It's time to face the music dear uncle."

Gary backs away as Patrick waves the gun in his hand wildly. Patrick grins broadly as he looks around the room.

"I bet you didn't think you'd see me again—did you?"

He laughs as he comes closer.

"Thought you had rid yourself of me for good?"

He waves the gun in the air again.

"But guess what dear uncle. Things don't always work out the way you imagined. So many plot twists can happen."

Gary seems to be looking around for a weapon. Patrick notices and laughs as he points the gun at Gary's chest. He edges closer to Gary. They look at each other. Patrick shrugs.

"The question now is what should be your punishment for what you did—to me—and to my mother—and for what—a few lousy dollars? If it wasn't so sad it would be really funny."

Gary sighs loudly.

"It wasn't a few dollars. It was for millions."

Patrick becomes enraged.

"I don't give a fuck if it was fifty billion. You tried to play with our lives—tried to kill me and put my mother in a loony bin in order to play your game. But guess what dear uncle?"

Patrick edges closer to Gary.

"It was all for nothing. I got out of the Outback and beat your game. Oh, and by the way, Silas Bell is in a nut ward at Lockerton. Seems he got himself committed. Oh wait. That's not entirely accurate. My mother, your sister, tricked the stupid bastard and he fell for her shenanigans. Bell isn't getting out anytime soon from what I was told—too bad—sorry. Oh well."

Patrick notices Gary backing away.

"That's far enough."

Gary looks at Patrick and then at the gun in his hand.

"You won't get away with this."

Patrick grins broadly.

"Get away with what dear uncle?"

"Murder is a crime."

Patrick looks at the gun in his hand and grins.

"Germicide isn't considered murder."

Patrick looks around.

"Where exactly is my double?"

Gary seems confused at the question.

"I don't know."

Patrick looks at the broken door.

"Both of you are going to pay dearly for what you did."

Gary looks at the gun in Patrick's hand.

"How about we work out a deal?"

"I don't make deals with scumbags liars."

Gary waves his hand in the air.

"Let's talk this thing out."

Patrick looks at the gun in his hand.

"I don't have to make a fucking deal. I have a gun."

He motions for Gary to walk toward the balcony. Gary shakes his head and glances at the broken door again.

"What if I refuse?"

Patrick reacts by lunging at Gary.

"I say otherwise."

Gary falls to the floor as Patrick grabs him in an angry rage and pulls him to his feet. He laughs triumphantly.

"Being younger than you does have its advantages."

Patrick forcibly pushes Gary toward the balcony. As they both enter the small enclosed area Gary stumbles.

"I'm sorry OK—I shouldn't have done what I did."

"Like I care about that now? Save your crocodile tears for someone who doesn't know the real you—you've had plenty of chances and you blew them all—there's no more chances to be had. It's time for people like you to learn the hard way."

Patrick pulls out a piece of paper from the back pocket of his Levi's. Gary looks at the piece of paper. Patrick grins.

Portland

Sounds of intense lovemaking come from Caroline's cell as she and Thomas go at it. He pushes her up against the back of the cell and plows her repeatedly. His laughter echoes as her moans grow louder and louder. Finally after a few minutes they part. As he pulls out he winks at her and grins. She glances at his erect penis and sighs loudly. Thomas smirks and zips up.

"Just so we're straight on this deal, this doesn't count as payment. I still expect to be paid in full. No exceptions."

Caroline slides her arms around his waist.

"Just wanted to get to know you better—that's all."

Thomas gestures with his hand.

"I have no problem with that."

Caroline looks at locked door of her cell.

"I want out of here by tomorrow."

Thomas makes a cutting motion with his hand.

"I'll see what I can do."

Caroline pulls Thomas to her.

"Do you and your wife have an open marriage?"

Thomas rolls his eyes.

"Yeah, right—like no."

He looks at his watch nervously.

"Speaking of which—got to meet the frigging in-laws in an hour at the country club—got to keep up appearances—act like everything is fine and dandy despite how much I hate her."

Caroline winks slyly.

"I'm here for you no matter what."

Thomas looks down at his pants and grins.

"Good to know."

Caroline makes a lewd gesture with her finger.

Tolling Bell Inn

Gary glances at Patrick and then looks over the balcony. He sees the huge grin spread across Patrick's face. He sighs.

"You're not a killer."

Patrick rolls his eyes mockingly.

"How much of a fucking idiot are you?"

He waves around the piece of paper in his hand.

"Killing you won't bother me at all—especially after what you tried to do. Nope, won't shed a tear after the fact."

Gary looks over the balcony again.

"You'll go to jail for a long time if you kill me."

"Not if I have a good lawyer."

He laughs again as he looks at the piece of paper in his hand. He throws it at Gary and laughs even louder.

"According to this letter I'm heir to a huge fortune. I can buy ten lawyers if I have to. No way will I end up on jail."

Without warning he grabs Gary by the neck and as his fingers tighten around his uncle's throat he laughs again.

"Yeah, that's right, I'm rich, filthy rich."

Gary pleads for his life but Patrick only seems to intensify his grip. Patrick watches gleefully as Gary begins to gasp for air as they struggle. He smirks as Gary's eyes begin to bulge.

"This was a long time coming—hope you said your prayers today. You're going to need it where you're going."

As Gary loses consciousness Patrick viciously twists his neck backwards, breaking Gary's neck. Patrick lets Gary's limp body fall to the floor and picks up the piece of paper lying nearby. He glances at the street below briefly and then casually walks back into the hotel room seconds later. He seems oddly calm as he walks toward the broken door. He stops and sighs loudly.

Standish Road

"No problem—I'll be there later tonight."

Pierce Colby shuts off his cell phone and begins humming a tune. He smiles broadly as he looks out at the town ahead.

"Bentley won't see this coming."

He laughs.

"If he thinks he had issues with Howard Madison before today, once the truth comes out he'll have more than enough reasons to commit murder. Bet you anything at that point he'll beg for my help. Oh yeah, he'll probably be a royal mess."

He looks at the cell phone again.

"His whole life has been a fucking lie."

He begins to laugh loudly.

Peabody Avenue

Lori Anderson is walking across a parking lot toward the sidewalk when she sees Abby Marshall about to get into her car a few feet away. She walks over to her. Abby turns around.

"Abby, have you seen Jason today?"

Abby notices the panicked look in Lori's face.

"I haven't heard from him in hours."

Abby glances back at the mall in a distance.

"I haven't seen him since about nine or ten this morning. I bet he's just messing around somewhere with Simon. I wouldn't worry about Jason. He knows how to handle himself in a crisis."

Lori looks at Abby curiously.

"I talked with Simon earlier. He said he didn't know where Jason was. I'm really beginning to worry. It's no secret my son has a hot head when it comes to Howard Madison. I really don't want to think of what is going through his mind at this moment when it comes to that wretched old man. He's made no bones about the fact he wants revenge for what happened to his father."

"If I see him I'll let you know."

"Thank you."

Abby watches as Lori walks away. She seems upset and looks at her cell phone. She looks at Lori again seconds later.

"I hope Jason hasn't done anything stupid."

She rolls her eyes.

Tolling Bell Inn

Malcolm Glick steps off the elevator and walks down the hallway to his room. He immediately notices the broken door.

"Gary is probably waiting for me with an endless list of my faults. Maybe it's time I just come clean to him? Tell Gary I was never into his scam to impersonate my nephew—and put my sister in a loony bin—just to get our hands on a huge stash of cash. I should never have gone along with his evil scheme."

He slowly pushes the door inward.

"Gary?"

There is an eerie silence as Malcolm enters. Near the sliding doors leading to the balcony he sees Gary's body. He rushes over to where Gary is lying just as a maid passes by the open door and screams. Malcolm turns around in shock.

"Oh my God—you killed him."

Jean Foy backs away from the door and calls security on her cell phone. Malcolm stands up and walks toward her as she runs down the hallway screaming. He turns to look at Gary again. He seems unsure what to do next and continues to stand there in silence. Less than a minute later Jean returns with a nerdy looking security guard and points her finger accusingly at Malcolm.

"He killed his brother. I saw him."

Malcolm looks at the security guard in a pleading way.

"It's not what it looks like."

Gene Spelling looks over at Gary's body.

"He did it. *He's a killer*."

Gene looks at Jean curiously.

"Make yourself helpful and call the police."

Jean looks at Gene with a twinge of anger and nods. She steps back into the hallway and begins dialing. Gene nervously turns around to face Malcolm again. Malcolm shrugs.

"I found my brother this way. He was already dead."

Gene looks at the body again.

"I'm not the law—no use telling me the deal."

From the hallway Jean's voice can be heard shrieking at someone. She seems about to come apart at the seams.

<u>Portland</u>

"You were right—she's a piece of work alright."

Thomas leans back in his chair.

"She likes things wild."

He laughs as he glances at Parker Callahan and smirks.

"She won't be a problem at all."

Parker looks at the briefcase in his lap.

"My boss wants her to go away for a very long time. No exceptions whatsoever. He's counting on twenty to forty."

Thomas laughs.

"Rich people can be so cruel."

Parker grins.

"You said it—I didn't."

He stands up.

"By the way if you persist with having a sexual relationship with Caroline Bentley that's your deal. But regardless she must be found guilty. Or the results will be most unpleasant—for her—and especially for you. It would be a terrible shame if your wife found out about the other activities you've been engaged in lately."

Thomas grimaces.

"Warning heard loud and clear. Don't worry about me one bit. I like my life just the way it is. Won't stir the pot—she means nothing to me—except a good time whenever time permits for a little dick action. The way I see it a sexually adventurous guy like me needs some excitement outside his marriage if he deems it necessary in keeping his sanity together on a daily basis."

Parker rolls his eyes.

"Wouldn't know how marriage affects a guy—I was always smart enough to resist the machinations of every one of my girlfriends to rope me into walking down the frigging aisle."

Thomas laughs.

"Smart guy you are."

Parker grins.

<u>Tolling Bell Inn</u>

"Did your brother have any enemies?"

Malcolm looks at Will oddly.

"Not that I know of—he was a nice guy."

Will briefly looks over at Jean with a curious stare.

"You can go now. I'll be in touch later."

Malcolm watches as Jean walks away but not before giving him a harsh stare. He turns to face Will once more.

"I didn't kill my brother."

Will looks at Malcolm and sighs.

"I never said you did—but look at it from my standpoint at this moment. You are the most likely suspect I have."

Will glances at Gary's body.

"I'm not going to lie—it looks bad for you."

"But I didn't kill my brother?"

Malcolm seems even more distraught than before.

"Someone else did."

Will shrugs as he pulls out his cell phone.

"You'll have plenty of time to state your case when you go on trial. I'm sure your lawyer will make your case to the jury."

Malcolm seems in shock.

"I'm being arrested?"

They look at each other.

"Got another option at the moment?"

Will pulls out a pair of handcuffs and faces Malcolm.

Stanley Pier

Patrick looks at his hands as he walks along the pier. He seems upset. He turns to look at the ocean. He looks at his hands again as he leans against the railing. His hands are trembling.

"He had it coming."

He looks back toward Marble Hills.

"I had no choice."

He looks out at the ocean again.

"No one saw me at the hotel earlier."

He sighs.

"I'll just play it cool."

He pulls out his cell phone.

"I think it's time I decide what my future holds."

He stops and pauses briefly.

"Then pay a visit to my long-lost dad."

He begins dialing. He sighs loudly. There is no answer.

Mall

"Is everything OK?"

Abby looks up and sees Donna Markway looking at her.

"I'm worried about Kelly—freaked actually."

Donna sits down near Abby.

"He's fine—if something had happened there would be talk already all over Marble Hills. Bad news travels quickly."

Abby shakes her head.

"But it's been over an hour. He said he'd keep in touch every hour before he left with Simon to go to Glass Owl."

Donna rolls her eyes.

"Relax OK—Kelly is the most level-headed of all of us if truth be known. He will keep Simon on track if need be."

Abby looks at her cell phone again.

"But Jason isn't playing with a full deck today."

Donna reaches out to pat Abby's hand.

"Give it another hour OK?"

Abby nods.

"I'll try. But it's awfully hard knowing what kind of a freak old man Madison is—his rep isn't make believe. Serious case of "nutjob syndrome" without a doubt—like totally whacked."

Donna stifles a laugh.

"From what Wesley said that's not even the worst part of the deal—said his grandfather enjoys hurting people. Gets a kick out of watching the havoc he causes play out. I'm surprised Wesley didn't go off the deep end long before that incident happened with that actor not long ago. Imagine having to deal with a relative that has such a horrible rep—and all of it true."

Abby looks at her cell phone once more.

"I just know something bad has happened."

She and Donna exchange glances.

"That's exactly why I'm freaked. Old man Madison is crazy enough to whack Jason. And if Simon and Kelly get in his way he'd have no issue with whacking them too. Certainly wouldn't be the first time he did something out of spite. My folks once told me that old man Madison put a bomb on a plane that was carrying some exec from a company he wanted to buy. When the news hit about the explosion at LAX the rest of the execs quickly sold their shares to old man Madison to avoid the fate their partner suffered. And of course we all know about what he did to Jason's dad and his grandfather. He's evil personified."

Donna nods in agreement.

"We could pay a visit to Glass Owl?"

Abby stands up.

"I'm game."

Donna reacts.

"Hey, I was only kidding. I wasn't serious."

Abby glances at the elevators.

"But I was. Let's go."

Donna watches as Abby heads toward the elevator.

"I should've stopped when I was ahead."

She follows Abby.

Tolling Bell Inn

"I hope they throw away the key."

Jean gleefully watches as Will shuts the door to his patrol car. Malcolm seems extremely upset at the turn of events as he stares out the window. Jean turns to look at Gene as he stands next to her watching the scene unfold. She smiles broadly.

"They always think they'll get away with it."

Gene seems confused and faces Jean.

"He said he didn't do it. He had no reason to?"

Jean rolls her eyes in contempt as she watches Malcolm for a few seconds. Her eyes cloud over with rage. She sighs.

"Uh-huh—like what else was he supposed to say? No one ever admits to what they did when they're facing a long stay in prison. Did the guy who killed his parents in the Amityville house ever take responsibility for what he did? I think not. He claimed he heard voices telling him to do it. And when that crap didn't work, he blamed his father, saying he was a tyrant so he had to kill him, and later he tried to claim his sister was the real murderer when the second reason didn't jell. His lame excuses were all so far-fetched except for one thing. He did it—case closed."

She smiles as she watches the police car drive away with Malcolm still looking out the window from the backseat.

"Hope they fry his ass."

Gene seems bothered by Jean's comment.

"You're a cold fish."

Jean smirks.

"I just say it as I see it."

Gene shakes his head in dismay.

Anderson Driveway

Lori hesitates as she steps out of her car and shuts the door. She walks toward the back of the house as she checks her cell phone. She looks at the blank screen and sighs loudly.

"Where are you Jason?"

She reaches for the doorknob.

Morgue

Grant Monroe pulls a sheet over Gary's body and turns to look at the row of metal containers at the far end of the wall directly opposite him. He shakes his head several times.

"Never have I seen so many deaths occur in such a short span of time—especially in a small town like Marble Hills."

He looks back at Gary's sheet-covered body.

"It's almost like I'm watching this play out and not living it—definitely going to make my memoir sell a lot better."

He looks at the sheet-covered body once again.

"I wonder what you did to bring about your demise in such a fashion. Must have pissed someone off royally if it wasn't your brother that broke your neck? Question is—if it wasn't him—who boldly decided to shut off your clock in such a painful way?"

He heads to the door and stops.

"More importantly—why were the brothers Glick here in town anyway? It's not like they still have ties to Marble Hills."

He pulls the door shut behind him and sighs.

"Not since twenty years ago or so."

He wipes sweat from his brow and shrugs.

"Ever since old man Madison ran them out of town."

He looks back at the morgue.

"Is there nothing that man wasn't involved with that didn't end in tragedy—whether at the moment or years later?"

He faces the hallway again.

Glass Owl

The room appears normal as Eddie turns to look at Carmen. She continues to stare at where the strange events took place less than ten minutes before. She reaches out to touch the air as if expecting things to change. Eddie looks over at Lindsay as he notices her displaying the same reaction over the recent events that took place in front of an electrified audience.

"What the hell just happened here?"

Maxwell's voice cuts through the eerie silence.

"Is anyone going to say anything?"

"What do you want us to say?"

Maxwell turns around to look at Alden.

"Well, for starters how are we going to explain what happened here? It's not exactly believable by any means."

Carmen suddenly seems to awaken from her self-induced daze. She turns to look at Maxwell and Clay as the others look at her with a bewildered look still confused at what took place a short time ago of which she seems to have no clear answer.

"It happened OK. Let's not delude ourselves with what we saw. It happened as same as we're talking now. *They* were here with us. It wasn't a nightmare. We didn't imagine anything."

Clay glances at Kelly and Simon. Simon shrugs.

"It *was* Tiffany and Jeremy."

He looks at Wesley standing a few feet away.

"Gina told us she'd seen Tiffany. But we all thought she was lying—or that she was going totally bats. Gina didn't exactly have the best reputation when it came to being honest."

Kelly smirks knowingly.

"Come to think of it—hardly any of us can throw stones in the character department. We all have our little flaws."

Simon jabs Kelly.

"So says Mr. Perfect of Marble Hills."

Eddie glances at Alden.

"Are you alright?"

Alden nods.

"I guess so—I wasn't expecting to see Marah again. Not in this lifetime anyway. It had been so long but she looked exactly the same way she did all those years ago—unchanged."

Eddie faces Lindsay.

"What about you? Are you alright?"

Lindsay shrugs knowingly as she looks at Eddie.

"Did it really happen?"

Eddie nods.

"Do you have a better explanation?"

Lindsay shakes her head.

Farm Acres Inn

"You have some nerve to ask me for another favor after setting me up in a filthy rathole you called a classy hotel."

Mike sighs loudly as he looks at his cell phone.

"Yeah, yeah—I know I'll be paid extra to rub out your beloved hubby. But I think you owe me a better place to hang while I take care of whacking your friend and husband."

Mike rolls his eyes.

"Of course—I'll do it. I don't disappoint."

He walks across the hotel room.

"OK—that's more like it. Tolling Bell Inn is way better than the deal I have now. How soon can I head over there?"

Mike rolls his eyes again.

"Make it tonight."

He looks at his cell phone with an annoyed look.

"She's as good as dead I assure you. Whacking hubby will take much more creativity since he's sitting in a jail cell."

He smirks at he leans against the door.

"I took out your ex didn't I—no one ever found out."

Mike gestures with his hand and laughs loudly.

"Yep—that's right. I'm proud of that fact."

He wipes sweat from his brow.

"Whatever—like I give a damn—look, your call is giving me a nasty headache at the moment—just get me booked at Tolling Bell and I'll proceed with the plan to kill Denise Madison."

Mike laughs loudly.

"And don't get cheap on me. I'm not the type of guy you want to cross. I take things like this really personal."

He makes a slashing motion across his neck twice.

"Uh-huh—it's a threat—but real nevertheless."

He shuts off his cell phone.

Police Station

Will looks at his watch and seems nervous.

"Where the hell are they?"

He glances at the front door just as Grant comes from the morgue. They look at each other for a few seconds. Grant walks over to where Will is sitting and drops a stack of photos on the desk. Will looks at the stack and slowly picks them up.

"These are the Glick photos?"

Will nods and sits on the edge of the desk.

"Autopsy is set for ten tomorrow. These are the before images. Body will be quite a sloppy mess after I cut it open."

He sighs loudly.

"Think his brother killed him?"

He watches as Will leans back in his chair.

"Nothing else makes sense."

Will glances at the stack of photos.

"You'd think he'd want to talk but he clammed up right after I booked him—silent as a cat on the prowl at night."

Will stands up.

"Looked into his story with authorities in Australia and it checked out—he's American—born in Boston—but has lived in Sydney for the past twenty years or so. That part is real."

Grant shakes his head and seems confused.

"Think he had an accomplice?"

Will looks at Grant with a curious look.

Glass Owl

"How did Howard Madison die?"

Carmen turns to look at Maxwell and smirks.

"He took his own life."

Maxwell glances at the others curiously.

"Is that what really happened?"

Kyle and Carmen exchange looks.

"My father was distraught."

Maxwell shrugs.

"What about exactly—from what I've heard your father made people distraught—not the other way around."

Carmen laughs.

"It was me. I caused him to take his life."

Maxwell turns to face Carmen again as she hands him a thick folder. He looks at the folder curiously and sighs.

"What exactly happened?"

From a few feet away Simon steps forward.

"You mean about what we saw?"

Maxwell shoots Simon a nasty look.

"If I want your opinion I'll ask for it."

He turns to look at Eddie and Carmen again.

"This just doesn't add up."

He looks at Carmen suspiciously.

"What's in this folder that led Howard Madison to pick up a gun and shoot himself—must have been quite shocking?"

Simon begins to snicker.

"Like seriously dude, you've got to stop talking as if we're still stuck in 1995. You're showing your age without a doubt."

Maxwell looks at Simon again.

"Shut up already."

He faces Eddie and Carmen once more.

"Well? What happened?"

Carmen glances at the folder in Maxwell's hand.

"Too much drama to explain unless you have a whole day which I suspect you don't. Read it at your leisure and then I'll answer any question you have. I'm not going anywhere."

Maxwell looks at Clay and then back at Eddie.

"You and Madison had quite a history?"

Carmen seems annoyed.

"Like I told you, it's all in the folder."

She smirks as she glances over at Kyle.

"Reads like a trashy novel."

Kyle walks over to Eddie and Carmen.

"My father had a lot of secrets and made a lot of enemies throughout the years—his past simply caught up to him."

Maxwell gives Kyle an odd look.

"You don't seem too broken up by what happened to your father even if he did take his own life in front of everyone."

Kyle looks at Carmen and Eddie.

"I'm not—I could pretend but why bother?"

He laughs.

"My father is dead by his own hand—it's over and done with as far as I'm concerned. Time to move forward and look at what the future holds—for all of us—no reason to look back."

Maxwell seems unnerved by Kyle's comment.

"Quite harsh don't you think?"

Kyle stifles a laugh.

"Not if you knew Howard Madison."

He glances at the others.

"No one will miss my father. No one will grieve his death by any means. Not me and not anyone else in Marble Hills if truth be told. In fact, I bet you in the coming weeks there might even be several parades from the locals celebrating the fact my father is no longer around to cause anyone grief. He was by no means a perfect father but as a businessman he was simply heartless."

Carmen laughs loudly.

"Is tomorrow too soon for a parade?"

Lindsay seems horrified by the comment and turns away as Kyle and Carmen's joyful behavior confuses Maxwell.

"There's something seriously not right about all of this."

Kyle and Carmen turn to look at Clay.

"Uh-huh—I second that. There's something seriously wrong in how much damage Howard Madison managed to do to so many people without paying for it directly. His suicide was his only way out after what he did—I only wished I'd come forward sooner with what I knew—could've saved a whole lot of people grief. His family would've been better off if truth be known."

"But that still doesn't make what happened right."

Kyle and Carmen share a knowing look.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Look at the 46th Episode

Carrie keeps an eye on Pierce—Mike relishes his victory over Caroline—Patrick deals with what he did—Carrie pays Gina a visit—an incident at Glass Owl sparks confusion among its witnesses—Ashton and Elizabeth team up—Devin schemes for a working vacation—Carmen convinces Jason to recreate events leading to Howard's untimely death—Gina learns the truth about her true identity as Carrie and Tiffany drop a few more hints afterwards—Eva hears good news amid worries of possible tragedy as Archie's problems increase as time slips by—Grant does a bad job of hiding his joy over what took place at Glass Owl—Alden informs Eddie and Todd about Julia's death—Patrick continues to struggle with what he did as news spreads far and wide about Howard's death—Chandra plots revenge against Lindsay—as Eva and Clay enjoy a sweet reunion together.

Episode 46
Wicked Schemes

Bentley Driveway

Pierce Colby pulls up and stares at the house. He sighs and seems unsure of what to do. He glances at his watch. He looks at the house again and then at his watch as he reaches for the folder lying on the seat next to him. He shakes his head as he flips through the blue and yellow pages. He seems a bit nervous.

"There's just no easy way."

He slowly steps out of his car. From a few feet away Carrie Spaulding watches silently and slowly follows him toward the house. Pierce turns around a few times and sighs loudly.

Tolling Bell Inn

Mike Wycliffe grins broadly as he enters his room.

"Moneybags came through for me and she was quick about it too—oh sweet deal. Who said threats don't work?"

He laughs again and gestures with his finger.

"Not that I wouldn't make good on my threat."

He begins laughing loudly.

"I've got her number alright and she knows it."

He walks over to the mini bar and then looks at the sliding doors leading to balcony. He grins broadly as he pours a drink for himself and quickly heads to the sliding doors. He stops for a few seconds and looks at his briefcase. He begins to laugh.

"Regardless of her faults that tacky bitch has been a good source of serious income for me—and after I knock off her hated rival and that fuck-up for a husband I'll be ten million richer than last week and maybe more down the way if I play it right."

He looks at the glass in his hand.

"A possible hook-up too when she's out of the pen certainly wouldn't be a bad thing. She's quite the whore."

He empties the glass in his mouth.

"Wouldn't be the first time we played doctor—or the second either. Moneybags knows how to please a man."

He walks back toward the mini bar.

Bentley Driveway

Pierce stumbles as he walks up the driveway. He feels a stiff breeze rush past him. He looks around as if expecting to see something or someone. There is nothing there but cold air.

Cole's Bar and Grill

Patrick Glick downs another mug of beer and sighs loudly as he glances at his trembling hands for several seconds.

"Did I? I guess I did."

He stands up and looks at his hands.

"It'll go away."

He walks toward the door and stops suddenly.

"Kyle Madison."

He looks at his trembling hands again.

"Lot of pieces need to fall into place really fast."

He reaches for the doorknob.

Gina Bentley looks at the computer screen in front of her and appears unable to move. There is a sound behind her and as she turns around she sees Carrie standing about two feet away from her. She seems slightly startled for a second or two.

"Carrie?"

Carrie glances toward the door.

"He's here."

Gina seems confused.

"What are you talking about?"

Carrie seems annoyed.

"*He's here*."

The doorbell rings.

"Do you remember what Tiffany told you?"

Gina shakes her head. Carrie suddenly grabs Gina by the arm. As they look at each other Carrie seems to glow.

"This *is* a very important meeting."

The doorbell rings again.

"I'm confused."

Carrie lets go of Gina's arm.

"You won't be after your lawyer leaves."

Gina looks at Carrie curiously.

"How did you know Pierce Colby was coming by?"

"I know everything."

They look at each other.

"By the way, he's a good guy."

As Gina watches Carrie fades away.

"No one would believe any of this if I told them."

She leaves her bedroom.

"Think she's ready?"

From the far corner of Gina's room Tiffany Johnson materializes. She glances over at Carrie a few feet away.

"I do. She just needed a push in the right direction."

They turn to face the computer.

Clay Blankenship looks at Maxwell Pendergraft and then at the folder in his hand. He turns around to face Kyle Madison and Carmen Pendleton as well as Eddie Kane. He notices that a few feet away Jason Anderson is acting oddly. He sighs loudly.

"And *you*—what did you see?"

Carmen suddenly interrupts Clay.

"He saw what we did—same deal for everyone."

Clay looks at Jason.

"Is that so?"

Jason nods.

"What she said. Old man Madison was so freaked that Carmen planned to expose him. He begged for mercy. She told him no and said that he'd be in jail by morning. She told him he'd die in prison and no one would care. He was really upset and tried to play us. But even Wesley's dad didn't care at that point."

Clay looks at Jason curiously and turns to face Kyle.

"So, he just picked up a gun and shot himself?"

Kyle nods.

"He had no choice."

Carmen stifles a laugh.

"Like I said, no one will shed a tear over his death. He was hated by everyone he ever knew. He had no close friends."

Clay turns to face Maxwell.

"I guess we have to read this folder?"

Eddie looks over at where Todd Spencer is standing with Lindsay Bennington. Lindsay seems upset but remains silent as Kelly Nelson and Simon Spencer share a knowing look.

"Hey, I think the real story here is what we all saw. This thing with old man Madison's death is really tired already."

Maxwell looks over at Simon.

"I thought I told you to shut up."

Simon rolls his eyes.

"I don't take orders from the likes of you."

They share a glance.

"Like I said before you rudely interrupted me—what about what we all saw? It wasn't a dream—no way. It happened."

Maxwell turns away and faces Lindsay.

"Are you going to be OK?"

"I'll be fine. Thank you for asking."

Simon looks at Kelly.

"I wonder if any of us will see them again."

Clay faces Carmen again.

"Is there anything else?"

Carmen shakes her head and smirks.

"The problem took care of itself."

Clay and Maxwell glance at each other and then at the others standing around the room. Clay seems uneasy.

Bentley Driveway

Ashton Markway shares a curious glance with Elizabeth Pendleton as they notice a strange car parked in the driveway directly in front of the back door. Ashton sighs loudly.

"Seems Gina has company?"

Elizabeth shrugs.

"I guess I can come back tomorrow?"

Ashton nods in agreement.

"Gina has a lot on her table today. I don't know how she's managed not to lose her mind yet. I would if I were her."

Elizabeth rolls her eyes and sighs.

Glass Owl

Abby Marshall glances at Donna Markway sitting next to her in the car as they pull up at the entrance to Glass Owl.

"Maybe Kelly isn't here?"

Abby rolls her eyes as she looks at Donna.

"It was your idea."

Donna shrugs.

"Don't remind me."

Abby slowly drives through the entrance and notices the eerie stillness throughout. As she continues to drive she notices Kelly's car parked nearby. She grins and faces Donna.

"*He's here*."

She pulls out her cell phone.

Portland

Devin Blanchard shuts off his cell phone and turns to face Colin Hartley sitting on the edge of his desk. He sighs.

"Well?"

Devin rolls his eyes.

"Astrid Blakely is certainly playing hard to get."

Colin laughs.

"Not her style at all."

Devin gestures with his hands and smiles broadly.

"Maybe I should pay her a visit?"

Colin laughs.

"Nice try Blanchard—but no way are you going to get a free trip to the Virgin Islands. No sun and fun for you."

Devin flips his finger at Colin.

"It would've been quite the two-week pleasure trip."

Colin laughs loudly and stands up.

"I'll bet."

He gives Devin an odd look and walks away.

Glass Owl

Carmen peers through the window as she watches the coroner's van drive away followed by Clay and Maxwell.

"We're clear. They're gone."

Eddie walks over to where Jason is sitting. He looks at him cautiously as he notices how still the room has become.

"It's over—they bought our story."

Jason shrugs.

"But I killed old man Madison?"

Eddie sits down next to Jason as Todd and Carmen watch from a few feet away. Eddie gently pats Jason on the shoulder.

"He had it coming. No one is sorry he's gone."

Jason turns to face Eddie.

"But he was your dad?"

Eddie sighs loudly.

"A horrible reality I only found out earlier today. It makes no difference after the fact. As far as I'm concerned my real father died years ago. He's the only father I remember. I'm good."

Jason looks over at Todd.

"I had to do it."

Eddie shrugs.

"No one blames you."

Jason stands up.

"They'll find out the truth."

Carmen walks over to where Jason is sitting.

"No, they won't."

She glances at Eddie.

"We pulled off a **Meryl Streep** moment."

"Do you think they'll find out about the other two?"

Carmen turns to face Denise Madison.

"No."

She grins slyly.

"You and I will dispose of them come nightfall."

Denise seems confused.

"Exactly how will we do that?"

Carmen winks.

"Best you don't know."

Carmen turns to face Lindsay.

"Are you sure you're OK?"

Lindsay nods.

"I'd like a copy of that folder."

Carmen glances at Eddie.

"I'll have a copy made for each of you. It'll read like fiction I assure you. That said—be aware that the worst isn't over yet."

She sighs loudly.

"There's something I think you guys need to know. With all that happened I didn't have time to bring it up earlier."

She turns to face Wesley Madison standing next to Alden Washington at the opposite side of the room. As attention turns to Wesley the room becomes silent. Carmen stops.

"Kyle, there's a lot in the file that will change lives—yours and Wesley's—and yes, Denise as well. Be prepared."

Kyle seems confused by the statement.

"What are you talking about?"

Carmen turns away as Serena Glick takes Kyle's hand.

"What does she mean?"

Kyle shrugs.

"I have no idea."

Carmen walks over to Alden.

"We need to talk."

Alden seems confused.

"Mind giving me clue on what exactly?"

Carmen aggressively takes Alden by the arm and leads him toward the hallway. She looks back at the others briefly.

"There's something in this folder for you also."

Carmen glances at Wesley.

"Wesley is a handsome young man isn't he?"

Alden shakes his head.

"Yeah, I guess so."

Carmen grabs Alden's arm.

"*Look at him*."

Alden looks at Carmen slightly confused.

"Why? What's going on?"

Carmen looks at Wesley again.

"Look at him closely. Look at his jaw structure and his mannerisms. Look at how he walks. He's quite the looker."

"So?"

Carmen looks at Wesley once more.

"Are you that dumb?"

Alden watches as she angrily walks away.

"Are you sure you'll be able to handle this?"

Gina nods.

"It's a shock but I'll handle it."

Pierce walks to the front door and stops.

"Call me if you need any help with the paperwork?"

Pierce opens the door and leaves. As the door closes Gina looks at the thick folder in her hand. She sighs loudly.

"Old man Madison is my father?"

"Shocker—isn't it?"

Gina slowly turns around and sees Tiffany and Carrie standing by the staircase. She looks at the folder again.

"*Ugh*—that creepy old man is my father."

Tiffany laughs knowingly.

"Talk about unlucky."

Gina drops the folder on a table nearby.

"Yuk—the thought of having to face old man Madison is too gross for words. I'll probably end up a drug addict."

Carrie and Tiffany look at each other. Gina notices and turns to look at the door for a second. She shakes her head.

"Ugh—how weird is his family going to be about me. And Wesley and I. I slept with him—oh, like lots of times. Gross."

Tiffany laughs loudly.

"Uh-huh—I remember catching you guys doing it at Bradford Beach by the rocks—like two rabid dogs in heat."

Gina rolls her eyes in disgust and gags.

"This is all too weird to handle."

Carrie gives Tiffany a knowing look.

"This happened for a reason."

She smirks.

"But about old man Madison?"

Tiffany shoots Carrie a cautious look.

"Maybe you shouldn't?"

Carrie rolls her eyes and raises her hand.

"Whatever."

As Gina watches in shock Carrie waves her hand and instantly images inside Glass Owl appear in front of Gina.

"How can you do that?"

Carrie laughs.

"Have you learned nothing?"

As Gina watches she sees Carmen hugging Jason while Kyle and Todd seem engrossed in a serious conversation. Gina glances at Carrie and Tiffany curiously as she continues to watch fascinated by what she's seeing. From the corner of her eye she sees Eddie and Denise dragging something large out the door.

"What are they doing?"

Carrie winks at Tiffany and smirks.

"You really don't want to know—believe me."

Gina looks at the strange scenes playing out in front of her as Carrie and Tiffany seem to be enjoying the show. As the scenes change Gina notices Abby and Donna walking up the front steps of Glass Owl. She turns back to face Carrie and shrugs.

"Is this really happening as we speak?"

Tiffany snaps her fingers.

"Uh-huh."

Gina seems about to faint as she continues watching the live movie playing out on several screen-like images. She notices how pleased Carrie seems at what is happening. Gina glances at Carrie and again at Tiffany as the images continue changing every few seconds. Gina shakes her head several times.

"Where's old man Madison?"

"Funny you should ask."

Gina seems confused by the comment.

"Where is he?"

Without warning the images change and a sole image appears. As she watches, Gina sees a body covered with a white sheet in the morgue. Gina reacts and turns to face Carrie and Tiffany. There is no one there in the room besides her. She sighs and turns to look at the image again but it too is gone as well.

"Am I losing my mind?"

She looks at the folder and shrugs.

Glass Owl

"Yes mom, I'm OK."

Jason shrugs.

"I don't know why it didn't ring. But it didn't."

He rolls his eyes.

"I'm not a kid OK?"

He sighs loudly.

"I'm not at the beach. I'm at Glass Owl."

He seems annoyed.

"Yeah, yeah—I know—I have a lot of explaining to do later. Relax already—I'm fine. Not a single scratch on me."

He rolls his eyes again and sighs.

"Is this how it'll be when I go off to college?"

He looks at the phone.

"We'll talk later—OK? Bye."

He turns to look at Carmen who's standing nearby.

"How can I keep this from my mother?"

Carmen gives Jason a hug.

Portland

Devin slowly leans back in his chair and seems confused as he looks at the computer screen in front of him. He looks at the images of several cashed personal checks. He sighs loudly.

"What is the connection between Astrid Blakely and Howard Madison? What would he be paying her for?"

He leans forward and looks closely at the checks.

"It's time I head over to Glass Owl."

He stands up and walks to the door just as Colin puts his phone down and looks at Devin curiously. Devin sighs.

"I'm going to pay Howard Madison a visit."

Colin slowly leans back in his chair and smirks.

"Not going to happen."

Devin seems annoyed as he looks at Colin.

"And why is that?"

Colin stands up and walks over to Devin.

"That was Will McColl on the line just now. Howard Madison is DOA. The crazy old coot just killed himself."

Devin seems in shock and wrings his hands.

"You're joking right?"

Colin shakes his head and sighs loudly.

"Seems one of his foes had the goods on him and he realized the end results meant his empire was no longer under his control. Must be quite the story from what I heard. There's apparently a folder with much drama from what McColl said."

Devin shakes his head knowingly.

"I guess Astrid Blakely just got a lucky break."

Colin seems confused.

<u>Blankenship Apartment</u>

"Are you sure you're OK?"

Eva Harper sighs loudly and smiles.

"OK. OK. Come home soon."

She shuts off her cell phone and faces her mother standing nearby. Michelle Riley breathes a sigh of relief.

"No issues you need to know about at the moment? He's fine? Said he wasn't hurt—just a bunch of complicated events to work through? How is Maxwell? Is he OK also? No issues?"

Eva shrugs.

"Not that he knew of. Seems his phone never rang once while he was at Glass Owl. He said Maxwell's phone had the same problem too. Clay said he'd explain everything to me later."

Michelle walks over to Eva.

"At least he's OK."

Eva wipes a tear from her eye.

"I was so scared."

Michelle reaches out to hug her daughter.

"I knew you were. I was also."

They hug again.

Gina looks at herself in the mirror. She touches her face lightly with one of her fingers. She seems about to cry.

"I'm a Madison? Ugh."

She sighs loudly and turns around.

"I wonder if Kyle and Lindsay know yet."

She walks toward a huge bay window and looks out.

"Carrie and Tiffany said there was a reason everything happened to me. I just wish I knew what they meant."

"One hundred billion can do a lot of good."

Gina turns around to see Tiffany standing behind her.

"Yeah, I guess."

Tiffany takes a step forward and sighs loudly.

"That's not what I meant."

Gina shrugs.

"I still have no idea what you're talking about."

Tiffany looks around the room silently.

"Do you remember what you said about Eddie Kane when we were kids? What you said that day at Bradford Beach?"

Gina seems confused and nods.

"I said it was sad he had to work his way through college because he was poor—because he had no one to help him."

Gina nods.

"Uh-huh."

Tiffany gestures with her hand.

"And do you remember what you said about what you wanted to do when you grew up? What you said was the only reason to have a lot of money—other than for shopping?"

Gina nods again.

"*But Eddie Kane is rich now*?"

Tiffany grabs Gina by the arm and spins her around. Gina seems in shock as she looks at Tiffany. Tiffany sighs loudly.

"Not everyone is that lucky."

She gestures with her hand several times.

"Remember what you said about wishing every kid could go to a good school—a school where they wouldn't have to pay if they couldn't afford it—if they were poor like Eddie was?"

Gina shakes her head.

"I don't know what I can do."

Tiffany lets go of Gina's arm and smiles broadly.

"You'll figure it out."

Gina looks at herself in the mirror again and as she turns around she realizes she's alone in the room once more.

Glass Owl

On the street directly across from Glass Owl several television vans pull up looking for places to set up their cameras. As the area becomes crowded with news personnel, reporters begin blaring nonstop reports about the sudden death of Howard Madison from an apparent suicide just a few hours previous.

Blankenship Apartment

Eva walks back and forth as Michelle watches the news coverage about Howard Madison's death. She suddenly stops and faces Eva. She seems annoyed for some reason. She sighs.

"Enough already—quit pacing."

Eva stops.

"I just want him back safe."

"He said he was OK."

Michelle looks back at the TV.

"If you're not careful you'll be a royal mess when he *does* come home—and then what Eva? Is that really how you want to tell him about—you know—all frazzled and confused?"

Eva stops and looks at the door.

"I just can't help it."

Michelle smiles broadly.

"How about you relax and stop worrying."

Eva turns to look at the front door once more.

Alden looks at the crowd of news reporters on the street across from Glass Owl and sighs loudly. He turns around.

"How did they find out?"

Todd walks over to where Alden is standing.

"They can smell blood in the water apparently."

"How are we going to get out of here?"

Todd shrugs knowingly.

"Wouldn't want to be Kyle right now—he has so many issues to work through—on the plus side he and Eddie are bros now. That is going to be interesting for sure given their messy history together. Might be funny actually when you think of the possibilities—starting with who gets what in the will?"

Alden smirks.

"Glad I'm not Eddie."

He looks around the room as the others seem equally confused at what to do next. From the other side of the room he sees Eddie coming toward them. He wrings his hands.

"Never want to do that again."

Alden and Todd share a knowing smirk.

"Denise is freaked but OK."

Alden looks out the window at the street.

"Better hope the press doesn't get hold of what really happened here earlier—quite a bloody story—terrible."

Eddie rolls his eyes.

"Got it covered just for the record. I'll toss the bodies at the city dump in Portland later tonight—seems the perfect place for mob trash anyway. Definitely wasn't their day."

Alden looks directly at Eddie and Todd and sighs.

"I have bad news about Julia."

They stare at him oddly with confused looks.

"She's dead. She was murdered."

Eddie and Todd react.

Maple Avenue

Elizabeth walks toward the crosswalk as she sees several news vans zip past her. She turns to watch them go.

"What happened to real news?"

As she watches she notices Archie Spaulding at the entrance to the mall. He seems to be talking to himself.

"Carrie's dad is losing it—poor guy."

She shakes her head.

Morgue

Grant Monroe turns to face Clay and Maxwell. He shakes his head. He glances back briefly at the sheet-covered body.

"Powder burns on the fingers certainly make for a clear case of suicide. Guess he had issues with going to prison."

Clay looks at the sheet-covered body.

"No foul play?"

Grant shakes his head.

"Not that I could see. But anything's possible."

Grant rolls his eyes.

"Not that anyone would care if he got iced. He was a freak of nature. Howard Madison had more enemies than anyone else in this town. One of which was me. Frigging bastard—I hated him with a passion—he ruined my relationship with his daughter."

Clay and Maxwell look at each other.

"His family had the same reaction earlier."

Grant laughs.

"Don't blame them one bit. He was a fucking creep."

He laughs again.

Glass Owl

Alden notices Todd's reaction to the news about Julia's tragic death. Eddie seems in shock. Alden sighs loudly.

"I found her dead at the boardinghouse."

He sighs loudly again.

"It didn't make sense then and still doesn't."

Todd and Eddie look at each other.

"Who'd want to kill Julia?"

At that moment Simon comes up to Todd.

"Hey, I think it's time Kelly and I blow this joint."

Todd glances at the window.

"Are you sure you want to? There's a gaggle of press types out there waiting. They smell fresh blood in the water."

Simon rolls his eyes.

"Screw them."

He glances over to where Jason is standing. Carmen is hovering protectively nearby. He rolls his eyes again.

"Jason is certainly quite chummy with Carmen Pendleton all of a sudden. Oh well, whatever, the only thing I care about is that old man Madison is dead. Hope the creep fries in hell."

He laughs knowingly.

"I bet even *they* don't want him *there*."

Todd and Eddie share a smirk.

"I wonder what else Carmen knows about Madison?"

Simon walks away as Eddie and Todd grin.

"Think we should ask her?"

Alden shakes his head and glances at Wesley.

"Carmen made a big deal about Wesley earlier. Kept telling me to look at him closely—kept making a point about something—kept baiting me but never really said why."

Eddie winks at Todd.

"Certainly sounds like a game Carmen would play."

Alden gestures with his hand.

"She was trying to tell me something. It was as if she was playing with me exactly like she did back in high school."

He looks at Carmen once more.

"I think Carmen knows something about Wesley that she wouldn't say—something big—maybe even life-changing."

Alden sighs loudly again.

"But I have no clue what it could be."

He turns to look at Carmen once more.

"I have to admit she's changed a lot from the high school girl I used to know. She not only grew up to be a beautiful woman—she turned herself into a perfect clone of Howard Madison but so much smarter. Bet he didn't see what she had planned coming—and then she dropped her bomb on him."

He slaps Eddie on the back.

"I know he was your dad but seriously."

Eddie pushes Alden.

"That piece of dirt was NEVER my father. Truth doesn't change things for me. I have no feelings on what happened to him except to say it couldn't have happened to a nicer guy."

He glances over at Jason.

"Carmen did exactly what I wanted to do for years—what everyone in Marble Hills wanted to do—good riddance."

He clenches his fist.

"He ruined so many lives—not just mine—look at the mess he made of poor Kyle's life. Screwed him royally and then did everything he could to keep the truth from surfacing."

Alden and Todd look at where Kyle is standing with his arms around Lindsay. Alden turns to face Eddie again.

"Well, at least he knows the truth now. Maybe he and Serena can make a go at it—try to have a life—possibly?"

Eddie rolls his eyes in a knowing way.

<u>Police Station</u>

Clay shuts his computer off and looks at Maxwell.

"I guess it's time for me to call it a day—head home to Eva and try to explain the drama that took place today."

Maxwell smirks knowingly.

"Good luck."

Clay stands and walks to the door. He stops.

"Did we really see what we saw?"

"Do you have a better explanation?"

Clay shakes his head.

Parking Lot

Patrick looks at his trembling hands as he slowly pulls the keys to his car from the pocket of his Levi's. He grips the steering wheel as he seems unable to stop his body from shaking.

United States Virgin Islands

Brent Crawford lays his feet on the coffee table as he turns on the huge monitor in front of him. As he looks at the screen he sees news coverage repeating the events that led to Howard Madison's death. He seems shocked at the news and sighs.

"Hey babe, come here."

Astrid Blakely comes from the rose garden outside and gives Brent a cautious look. She slowly walks over to him.

"I thought we talked about the coffee table already?"

Brent rolls his eyes.

"Lay off the table OK—*look*."

Astrid turns her attention toward the monitor. She seems in shock as she sees the flashing headlines detailing the death of Howard Madison. She looks at Brent as he grins broadly.

"Oh yeah—life is sweet."

He stands up and pulls her toward him.

"That old coot can no longer play his games."

Astrid sighs loudly.

"John Bentley."

Brent seems confused.

"What's the deal with your ex?"

Astrid grabs her cell phone.

"If he finds out the truth about Byron—about him really being Howard Madison's son. He'll kill me—and Byron."

Brent tries to kiss Astrid.

"Maybe we should skip town tonight?"

Astrid pushes Brent away.

"Bentley's got friends everywhere."

Brent seems annoyed at Astrid's behavior as she glares at him. He looks down at his Lycra shorts and grins broadly as he tries to grab her again. She angrily pushes him away again.

"How about we head upstairs and relieve some major tension for the next hour or so. Been over ten hours already?"

Astrid looks at Brent with a disgusting stare.

"How about you just leave?"

Brent laughs.

"I live here."

Astrid begins dialing.

"*Not anymore*—pack up your stuff and get out."

Brent seems shocked by the sudden turn of events.

"You can't be serious?"

Astrid looks at the front door.

"Should I call the police?"

Brent gives Astrid a weird look.

"I have no place to go?"

"Not my problem—you have one hour."

"Byron likes having me around the house."

Astrid shrugs.

"He'll get over it."

"I know things about you?"

Astrid angrily shuts off her cell phone.

"And I know things about you too Brent—lots of things in fact—starting with the two women you robbed at Magens Bay Beach two months ago. The ones you held up at gunpoint as they were leaving the parking lot. I assume that isn't something you'd want the police knowing about? May I remind you that even one little word from me and things will change drastically for you within seconds—and you know how well I play with emotions."

Brent looks at Astrid with disdain.

"Never realized how much of a cold bitch you really were—can't remember what I ever saw in you—whore."

Astrid suddenly seems enraged and points to the door.

"Be gone."

She watches him go.

Kyle looks out the window and sighs loudly as he turns to face Alden. He looks at Eddie with Todd and sighs again.

"Hey guys, mind if I speak to Alden alone?"

Eddie and Todd look at each other.

"Go ahead."

He watches them walk over to where Carmen and Jason are standing. Kyle slowly faces Alden and shrugs.

"I guess this is the moment where I apologize for being such a prick all these years accusing you of killing Marah."

Alden seems uneasy.

"You dad played us both. If I wasn't living this life I'd never believe me either. Who'd ever think a father would kill his own daughter and then make it look like a clueless high school kid was the killer. Quite convincing except for the mess it made of my life and that of my parents. It was really hard on my folks having to leave town with all that shame—and the terrible stigma."

Kyle sighs loudly again.

"I'm sorry. I didn't know the truth."

Alden runs his fingers through his hair several times.

"I guess the bigger question is why Carmen kept the truth to herself all these years—of Marah's grisly murder and of the fact you and Serena had a kid. Needs talking about I think?"

Kyle glances over at where Carmen is standing.

"I was wondering the same thing."

He shrugs.

"She's good at keeping secrets without a doubt. She dropped quite a bombshell before you showed up earlier."

Alden seems confused.

"Do tell."

Kyle looks at Lindsay.

"Lindsay and I have another brother."

Alden glances at Eddie.

"Eddie Kane."

Kyle shakes his head.

"Besides Eddie—name's Alexander—lives in Honolulu."

Alden seems stunned by the news.

"Carmen and your dad had a kid together?"

Kyle nods.

"Uh-huh—same age as Wesley."

Alden looks over at Eddie and Lindsay.

"So, in addition to Jennifer Parker being your sister and Eddie being your brother—there's someone else as well?"

Kyle nods several times.

"Carmen hinted at three more actually."

Alden glances at Carmen and sighs loudly.

"What doesn't she know?"

Alden looks at Kyle and seems upset.

"She made a really weird comment about Wesley earlier."

Kyle sighs loudly and gestures with his hand.

"I wonder what that could be about."

Alden runs his fingers through his hair once more.

"Apparently it's all in the files she promises she'll give us tomorrow—said she wanted to prepare me for a shock."

Kyle looks at Alden curiously.

Farmington Villa

Chandra Stevenson sits in front of the television as news flashes across the screen about the tragedy that occurred at Glass Owl earlier. She leans forward to turn up the volume as footage shows a coroner's van driving from the estate while news crews descend en masse. Chandra angrily clenches her fists.

"That piece of dirt got exactly what he deserved."

She looks closely at the screen.

"What about the rest of the family?"

She seems upset.

"Daddy said Hugh and Vance would take them out."

She stands up.

"Did they only kill Howard Madison?"

She looks at the TV again.

"What about Lindsay? He said they'd kill her."

She wipes a tear from her eye.

"He promised."

She flips off the TV.

"I guess if I want her dead I'll have to do it myself."

She looks around the room.

"Got to get Daddy's handgun from the safe—Lindsay Bennington has to die. She has to pay. Damn bitch."

She walks over to the wall and moves a large oil painting aside and smiles as she sees a huge combination lock fronting a metal door. She reaches out to touch the silver tumbler.

"Daddy's dead. Howard Madison is dead. Lindsay needs to join them—and if anyone gets in my way—oh well."

She smiles broadly.

"I'll blow their brains out if necessary—as long as there's no one left who can rat me out to the cops afterwards."

She begins to laugh—then more loudly seconds later.

United States Virgin Islands

"Yes—that's right. I want the best you have before the hour is up. Uh-huh—I have lots of money to burn—millions."

Astrid looks at the view of Charlotte Amalie.

"I thought I made myself clear—no losers need apply. I'm not paying top dollar for dime store quality material."

She sighs loudly.

"Good—one hour is fine."

She smiles broadly.

"Thank you."

She shuts off her cell phone and glances at the TV again as more coverage flashes across the screen. She grins broadly.

"Bentley is certainly going to be shocked."

She picks up a photo her son.

"Finding out I tricked him won't play well on his ego."

She sighs loudly again.

"That Byron is actually Howard Madison's son will send him over the edge. He'll want revenge—plain and simple."

She walks over to the TV.

"Bentley won't handle being made a fool of very well. He'll probably send one of his goons after me the minute he finds out Howard fathered Byron and took him for a ride with my help."

She smirks slyly.

"Unless I take matters into my hands first and pop John Bentley before he comes looking for revenge. Howard certainly knew how to play people—I'll miss him. But not for long."

She glances at the screen as footage continues to loop showing news crews crowding the entrance of Glass Owl. She rolls her eyes in mock grief and begins to laugh loudly.

"If I was a betting woman I'd say that someone took out Howard and made up the suicide story to explain it away."

She shrugs.

"Oh well—not my problem at the moment."

She turns off the TV.

"He probably pushed someone too far."

She turns to look at the flower garden outside.

Boston

Jeremy Winterfield grabs the last cookie from a tray on top of his desk as he watches the news coverage unravel.

"Oh man, Howard Madison is even more of a loser than I initially assumed. Bastard went to incredible lengths to keep his secrets hidden—only to have it all come out and bury him."

He laughs loudly.

"Wait until I drop my bomb on his unsuspecting family."

He grins as he looks at a folder on top of his desk.

"What I know will certainly change things for Madison's offspring—and not in a good way either I can guarantee."

He grabs his cell phone.

"Time doesn't heal all wounds and that family is about to come face to face with that reality—I almost pity them."

He stands up and walks toward the window and looks out at the late afternoon skyline over Boston. He sighs loudly.

Blankenship Apartment

"He'll be there tomorrow first thing sharp."
Michelle glances at Eva nervously.
"No problem at all. See you tomorrow Joan."
She winks slyly at Eva.
"That was Joan Martinelli."
Eva looks at her mother curiously.
"He's still having doubts about this modeling thing."
Michelle walks over to where Eva is standing.
"Clay will be fine once he chills out."
Michelle hugs her daughter.
"Stop worrying OK?"
They look at each other and then Michelle hugs Eva once more. At that moment they hear the front door opening.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Look at the 47th Episode

Chandra schemes to create chaos—Clay and Eva are reunited briefly—Mike hears some good news on old foes—Alden deals with a long ago secret about someone he knows—Joan tries to snap Morgan back to reality—Grant figures out the truth about Howard's curious death—Astrid makes a slick move—John shows his true colors to his lawyer—events at Glass Owl continue to play out—Mike is visited by Caroline—Grant works an sly angle with Carmen over what he knows about Howard's death—Chandra and Dylan plot schemes—John boldly threatens his lawyer—Mike and Caroline get to know each other all over again—Caroline gets upsetting news—Tyler gives Ashton news about his sister—Mike faces his past—Harland is pushed to the brink by John—Chandra's plan takes a tragic turn—as Caroline pays dearly for her sins.

Episode 47
Ashes in the Wind

Glass Owl

Chandra Stevenson stops and looks at the large crowd of reporters in front of Glass Owl. She sighs loudly and drives away. About a block away she stops and looks back at the flashing lights of multiple news cameras. She seems upset at the scene.

"Damn ghouls—got to get rid of them."

She looks at her cell phone.

Blankenship Apartment

Clay Blankenship opens the door and enters. He sees Eva Harper standing a few feet away with Michelle Riley. She runs to him and they hug. She kisses him repeatedly several times.

"Are you OK?"

"As far as I can tell—TLC welcomed nevertheless."

"I was really worried."

Michelle walks over to Clay.

"She was a basket case actually."

She hugs Clay warmly.

"Glad you're OK."

They hug again and Clay looks around.

"I guess you know what happened at Glass Owl."

Eva and Michelle look at each other and then at Clay.

"What happened with your phone?"

Clay sighs loudly and pulls out his cell phone from the back pocket of his Levi's. He looks at it seemingly confused.

Tolling Bell Inn

Mike Wycliffe looks at the television in front of him as news coverage flash across the screen in multiple angles.

"Well, well, well, I guess someone finally decided to put a bullet in that son of a bitch. Nice touch with the suicide drama though—bet there's a big story there. Chumps in the news pool will never figure it out—too busy looking for sex scandals."

He laughs.

"That bastard stiffed me twice—should have taken him out myself—would've been the right move no doubt."

He laughs again.

"Could be some money in this story for me nevertheless down the way—wonder how much his family would pay for the return of his frigging corpse? Millions I assume—definitely one way to get money rightly owed me ten years and counting."

He smirks slyly and glances at his cell phone.

Glass Owl

Alden Washington looks at Wesley Madison from across the room—and turns his attention to Carmen Pendleton. She notices his stare and walks over to him. She smiles broadly.

"Thought about what I said earlier?"

Alden watches as Carmen walks away.

"What the hell is she up to?"

Eddie Kane slaps Alden on the back and laughs.

"Some things never change with Carmen."

Alden looks at Eddie curiously.

"Why do you mean by that?"

Eddie glances over at Carmen and rolls his eyes.

"Carmen was a master at playing everyone—even back in high school. Every straight guy was just a toy to her. We were always tripping over each other trying to score with her—and she loved every moment of it—kept us all in line quite nicely."

Alden laughs.

"Speak for yourself."

Eddie grins.

"I am."

He jabs Alden.

"Don't think I didn't know that you two hooked up the night of the prom. The backseat of her car was quite busy for several hours—hardly had time to dance the night away."

"That's what happens when you're young and stupid."

Alden looks at Eddie and smiles.

"Daryl was her favorite."

They turn to see Todd Spencer grinning.

"Uh-huh—a point he made sure we never forgot."

He looks around the room.

"Bet he would've loved today."

Alden nods.

Martinelli Office

"Get over it already. Besides, he was much too young for you anyway—totally high school and not a day older."

Joan Martinelli leans back in her chair.

"Whatever happened to Barry Shapiro?"

Morgan Richards rolls her eyes mockingly.

"His mother didn't approve of me."

Joan rolls her eyes and sighs.

"It was her *not* you."

Morgan stands and walks to the window.

"Barry was too wimpy anyway."

Joan glances at a folder in front of her.

"Carter Perez?"

Morgan shrugs.

"He said he wanted to see other girls for a while."

Joan flips open the folder.

"Paul Vyngton?"

"Gay."

Joan taps her fingers on the desk.

"Thomas Colfax?"

Morgan reacts.

"He's in jail for killing his girlfriend."

Joan looks through several pages of the folder.

"OK—OK—point made. When we get back to Los Angeles I'll see what I can do with finding someone to get your mind off Kelly Nelson—there's got to be someone out there that's not gay, in jail, or a mama's boy. But in the meantime I want you to focus. One of my close friends from college is bringing her daughter's boyfriend tomorrow. I think he has potential based on the photos we looked at already. Could be totally hot or a total dork. From what she said he has no experience in front of the camera."

Morgan snaps her fingers.

"Bet you anything he's got all sorts of issues."

They look at each other.

Morgue

Grant Monroe looks at the photos in his hands. He smirks as he tosses them in the trash. He glances at the hallway.

"I could spark interest in this situation if I wanted to. But I don't. Bastard got what was coming to him anyways. I just wish it was me who pulled the trigger. Wish I had the pleasure."

He looks at the trash and starts to laugh loudly.

"Nevertheless I got to find out if my hunch is correct."

He grabs his cell phone and begins dialing as he sits down on the edge of the desk. He listens for several seconds.

United States Virgin Islands

Astrid Blakely looks at the muscular young man standing before her. She winks at him as her eyes survey his body hidden under a snug-fitting T-shirt and tight shorts. She grins.

"Married?"

Stephen Gray shakes his head.

"No."

Astrid leans forward and whispers in his ear.

"Gay?"

Stephen laughs.

"I like girls."

Astrid glances at his shorts again and sighs.

"Good."

She looks at the door.

"I'll expect a lot from you."

Stephen grins broadly.

"I'll deliver."

Astrid walks over to the window.

Boston

John Bentley slams his fist down on the table as he talks with his lawyer Harland Boyer. He leans across the desk.

"I want out of here within the hour."

"Not happening today. They're being total dicks on this issue. Apparently there's some last-minute info to review."

John slams his fist down on the desk again.

"If this is about Howard Madison I swear I'll break his fucking neck first chance I get—fucking bastard set me up."

Harland looks at John oddly.

"I thought you knew?"

John seems confused and sighs loudly.

"Know what?"

"Howard Madison is dead."

"I'm not in the mood for sick jokes."

"He died by his own hand."

John laughs loudly.

"Yeah, right—like I believe that load."

Harland leans back in his chair.

"It's true. Apparently he was blackmailed into killing himself. Some stuff about his shady dealings coming out."

"Blackmailed by whom?"

"The police report didn't say."

Harland makes a gesture with his hand.

"Talk around Marble Hills is that he was blackmailed by his former lover—a woman named Carmen Pendleton I think."

John spins around in shock.

"Carmen Pendleton?"

Harland nods.

"I bet there's a story there."

John laughs.

"She hated him as much as I did."

He turns to look at the door a few feet away.

"Is my bitch of a wife still in the pen?"

Harland shrugs.

"I assume."

Harland watches as John walks around the small room several times. He seems agitated as he turns to look at Harland once more and sighs. He makes a lewd gesture with his finger and sits down again across from Harland. He snaps his fingers.

"I have a favor to ask."

Harland looks at John curiously.

"Yes, I'm OK. Abby is fine too. Everyone is OK except for old man Madison. According to Simon it was a suicide."

Donna Markway shakes her head.

"Uh-huh I wasn't there."

She sighs loudly.

"Like I said, old man Madison checked out."

Donna glances at Abby Marshall standing a few feet away kissing Kelly Nelson. She rolls her eyes mockingly and shrugs.

"Got to go Ashton—I'll talk to you when I get home. Tell mom and dad not to worry—lots of drama still happening."

Donna shuts off her cell phone.

"OK you guys—enough with the kissing already."

Abby and Kelly grin broadly.

Tolling Bell Inn

Mike stares at the handgun in his hand and grins broadly as he strokes it lovingly. He kisses it twice and laughs.

"This gun has been around the block quite a lot—took out plenty of fools over the years. Paid handsomely each and every time—love the life I've led—no regrets whatsoever—none."

He laughs loudly.

"By this time tomorrow poor Denise Madison will just be another sad casualty—a cold case waiting to happen."

He waves the gun around several times.

"Bet she had no idea dear Caroline Bentley hated her so much. But oh well, such things are never realized until it's way too late to prevent. And once she's on a slab in the morgue I'll set my sights on John Bentley. Oh yeah—I do love this life I lead."

There is a knock on the door—seconds later he hears a familiar voice calling to him. He grins and unzips his jeans.

Morgue

"Uh-huh—that's right. Something is amiss with how that bastard met his maker—and I think you know where I'm headed with this curious scenario Carmen—murder—not suicide."

He rolls his eyes.

"Good—agreed—I'll see you tomorrow at ten."

He smiles broadly as he shuts off his cell phone and looks around the room and shakes his head. He laughs slyly.

"If someone did kill that bastard I have to make sure the truth never comes out. Suicide carries a terrible stigma and having that as old man Madison's legacy will be sweet revenge indeed. Payback for what he did to me all those years ago."

Grant glances at the steel doors a few feet away.

"He was such a miserable excuse for a human being."

He wipes sweat from his brow.

Pirate's Cove

"Got a problem with playing out my request?"

Dylan Russo looks at Chandra curiously and shrugs.

"No problem whatsoever."

Chandra walks to her car and stops.

"If someone gets in your way—simply eliminate them—do whatever it takes to get those people away from Glass Owl."

Chandra looks at the machine gun in Dylan's hand.

"My dad was very fond of you."

"I was fond of him too."

Dylan watches as Chandra gets into her car. He gives her a thumbs-up sign and waves as she drives off. He smirks.

"Maybe I can score with her later?"

He looks at the machine gun once more.

Boston

"What you're talking about is against the law."

John looks at Harland in disgust.

"Do I look like one of those stupid motherfucking prissy do-gooders from *The Waltons*? You have no choice in the matter whatsoever. My wife will clean me out if I don't end her."

Harland seems upset.

"I thought your wife was the one with the money?"

John becomes enraged.

"Did I ask for your two cents input?"

He angrily wrings his hands.

"I want her dead—sealed inside a crypt."

Harland looks at his watch. He seems nervous.

"This is wrong."

John seems about to explode.

"Don't fuck with me you little sissy."

John angrily grabs Harland by the collar.

"I want it done."

He laughs.

"Not another word about right and wrong."

He shoves Harland against the wall in a blind rage.

"If you defy me you'll regret it."

Harland rubs his throat.

"I'll tell."

John grabs Harland again and tightens his grip on the other man's throat. He smirks as they look at each other.

"It would be a real shame if your daughter met the most unfortunate end—would be so sad indeed—*so very sad*."

Harland looks at John in shock.

"You're a monster."

John laughs.

"Uh-huh—and don't you forget it."

He lets go of Harland.

"I want a response by tomorrow morning."

John grins slyly again and points his finger at Harland.

"Or else you'd better start planning a funeral for your daughter. At least in theory anyway—might be hard to retrieve the body if she were to accidentally fall off a boat a hundred miles out from Boston. Such huge fish—very hungry fish."

Harland looks at John silently for a few seconds.

<u>Tolling Bell Inn</u>

Mike closes the door and turns to face Caroline Bentley as she notices his erection. He laughs loudly and reacts.

"It's been a while."

"I gather you remained true to me?"

Mike throws his head back and laughs loudly.

"Yeah—OK—I'll play along."

He pulls her toward him and grins.

"It was a very charming time for us the day I put a bomb in that plane—and then it went boom—it was quite the news show if I recall. His widow was a serious mess at the funeral—oh my."

He laughs loudly and kisses Caroline.

"Too bad she never found out you were behind it all from the very beginning—that it was sweet revenge on your part."

Caroline rolls her eyes.

"I hated her—Julia Winthrop deserved what I did to her and her beloved—serves her right for taking another woman's man. I told her I'd pay her back and I did—I still hate her."

Mike laughs loudly again.

"How about we make use of my bed?"

Mike winks and kisses Caroline several times.

"I'm going to do things to you."

He laughs as he forces her down on the bed.

"Incredibly bad things if you must know."

He laughs as he kisses her again. From across the room a mist forms and seconds later Julia Winthrop materializes.

"A nightmare is on its way."

She watches as they begin to make love.

Glass Owl

As news crews continue to block the street in front of Glass Owl they are oblivious as a car comes barreling toward them without warning. Machine gunfire ring out endlessly as the car speeds by. Dead and dying victims lie everywhere.

Blankenship Apartment

Clay is being hugged and kissed by Eva as his cell phone rings. He seems in shock as he looks at Eva. He sighs loudly.

"This isn't funny Maxwell. Not funny at all."

The color instantly drains from his face. He looks at Eva and Michelle—and sighs. He nods a few times and shrugs.

"I'll be right there. Ten minutes probably."

He shuts off his cell phone.

"There's been a shooting at Glass Owl—lots of victims."

Eva seems confused at the comment and sighs.

Glass Owl

Chandra looks at the mayhem several hundred yards in front of her as she darts into the woods making her way onto the huge estate. She looks at the gun in her hand and grins.

"I got one last loose end to tie up before I leave this miserable town—revenge will be sweet indeed—so sweet."

She looks at the handgun and smiles broadly.

Police Station

"He's on his way as we speak."

Maxwell Pendergraft follows Will McColl out the door and slams it shut. They run toward the parking lot nearby.

"State Police are on their way too."

Maxwell stops.

"You called those guys?"

Will nods as he opens to the door to his car.

"Yep—we'll need all the help we can get in this matter."

Maxwell gets into his car and slams the door.

"What about the folks at Glass Owl?"

Will waves his hand.

"Who do you think called me?"

He gestures with his hand.

"Kyle Madison said someone drove by and opened fire."

Will glances at his watch for a few seconds.

"I called Grant Monroe too."

Maxwell nods.

"He's been quite busy lately."

They both turn to look back at the police station.

"Quiet little sleepy town of Marble Hills."

Maxwell watches as Will rolls his eyes mockingly.

"Yeah, right—sleepy like *Salem's Lot*."

Maxwell grins.

"Uh-huh—got everything here but charming vampires on a midnight rampage—dancing in the cemetery every night."

Will gives Maxwell an odd look.

"That's next I bet."

They both share a smirk.

Glass Owl

"Do you think whoever did this is still out there?"

Serena Glick turns away from the window and looks at Kyle Madison nervously. He slowly reaches out to hug her.

"They're probably long gone."

From outside Chandra is seen making her way through a small garden. Every second or two she ducks out of sight. Kyle looks out the window a few times but doesn't see her. He turns to face Eddie standing a few feet away. He sighs loudly.

"I guess we have things to work out."

Eddie nods as Alden and Todd give him a knowing look.

"Howard Madison made a huge mess of things."

Kyle looks over at Carmen.

"I wonder what Alexander is like?"

Eddie gives Carmen a cautious look.

"He's probably quiet and studious just like his mother."

Kyle and Eddie begin laughing.

"She said that there were three more?"

Kyle shrugs and looks over at Carmen again.

"I hate being kept in the dark."

Eddie and Kyle nod in agreement as Serena continues looking at the front door every other second. Kyle notices.

"I wonder what that's about."

They share a glance. Kyle walks over to Serena.

"Damn bitch dodged another bullet."

Mike glances at Caroline as she stares at the television blaring a few feet away. Footage of the carnage in front of Glass Owl is shown and looped repeatedly. Mike laughs loudly.

"Relax already—by tomorrow around this time she'll be dead and in the morgue. You'll relish the moment I tell you the good news. She will die exactly as you made clear is your wish on this matter. I intend to make her suffer before I break her damned neck. And yeah—she'll know you ordered her death."

Caroline giggles.

"The more pain the better."

Caroline gives Mike a sly smile.

"I want her to beg for mercy as you kill her."

Mike laughs.

"No worries—I've been there and done that plenty."

Caroline slides her fingers over Mike's exposed penis and strokes it as she winks at him. They look at each other.

"I knew you were the right man for the job."

Mike laughs loudly.

"How many bones shall I break?"

Caroline grins.

"Oh, start with both hands—break her wrists first and then her elbows—make her cry before you inflict more pain."

Mike laughs and gestures with his hand.

"Your wish is my command."

Caroline kisses Mike.

"Break both her shoulders right after."

She smirks broadly.

"Hit her a few times in the face with your fists too."

She slides her fingers across Mike's lips.

"Broke her jaw in several places—and laugh while you're doing it—that whore has been in my way for too long."

Mike leans back in the bed.

"After tomorrow she'll be just a memory."

"I can't wait."

They both begin laughing.

Maple Avenue

Tyler Van Pelt notices Ashton Markway coming out of a coffee shop and walks over to him. He seems surprised.

"Tyler? What's up?"

Tyler looks at his cell phone nervously.

"Did you hear the news?"

Ashton shrugs.

"What news?"

Tyler looks at his cell phone again.

"There's been a shooting at Glass Owl."

Ashton waves his hand.

"Uh-huh I know—I heard old man Madison kicked the bucket earlier. No one in Marble Hills is shedding tears—lots of joy to be had by all alike. I bet even his family is celebrating."

Tyler shakes his head.

"You haven't heard?"

Ashton seems confused.

"Heard what?"

Tyler turns to look toward Glass Owl in a distance.

"Some loon just let loose at Glass Owl. Shot up the place royally from what I heard—lots of people shot and killed."

Ashton seems in shock at the news.

"What? Donna and Abby went to Glass Owl earlier."

Tyler looks at Ashton oddly. Ashton sighs and seems in a state of shock. He slowly turns to look at Tyler once more.

"Come on, let's go to Glass Owl."

They look at each other as sirens can be heard wailing in a distance. Tyler watches as Ashton runs to his car nearby.

"Do you really think?"

Ashton shoots Tyler a knowing look.

Mall

Several of the large monitors in the courtyard of the mall come to life and begin broadcasting live footage of the scene in front of Glass Owl. People look up at the bloody images and gasp. More and more people look at the screen and seem visibly upset. Cable news coverage begins to loop the images as various news groups begin to comment on the unfolding tragedy.

Glass Owl

Chandra is hidden by shrubs as she peers into the window and sighs as she sees Denise Madison walking back and forth seemingly upset about something. Chandra watches as Wesley comes into the room and talks briefly with Denise. Chandra slowly creeps along the shrubbery and comes to another window and sees Todd and Eddie whispering about something as they walk toward the hallway. Chandra sighs again and shrugs.

"They don't seem too busted up about what happened out in front. I bet they're more worried about their own skins to care that a bunch of people got slaughtered in cold blood."

She continues creeping along the shrubbery until she comes to another window and sees two teenage boys. Chandra rolls her eyes in mock frustration. She looks at her watch.

"I bet they're planning to score with some stupid girl from their school that doesn't have the good sense to keep her panties on despite knowing she means nothing to either of them."

She looks at her watch again and seems frustrated as she reaches another window and finds it unlocked. She smiles.

"End of the line Lindsay."

She sighs loudly.

"No one can save you now."

Chandra slips inside the empty room and listens for a few seconds before trying one of the doors. She peeks out seeing no one in the hallway. She quickly darts up a nearby staircase.

Caroline strokes Mike's naked body before she heads for the door and turns to face him with a sigh. He grins broadly.

"Wish you could stay the night?"

Caroline rolls her eyes.

"Got to play the dutiful mother roll with my daughter for appearances sake—not looking forward to it one bit."

Mike makes a lewd gesture with his finger.

"If you change your mind I'm here."

He winks and makes another lewd gesture.

"Ready and willing to play all sorts of kinky adult games with my beautiful boss—*that* would be you by the way."

Caroline laughs.

"Duly noted—but I've got to go."

She opens the door and leaves. Mike sighs loudly.

"Can't wait to blow this town and that dried up skanky bitch—bet she drove her husband to contemplate murder."

As he turns around he catches a glimpse of something in the mirror. He turns around and sees nothing. He sighs.

"I must be imagining things."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that just yet."

Mike spins around and sees Julia standing about twenty feet away. He seems in shock at the sight and backs away.

"How did you get into my room?"

Julia laughs slyly and takes a few steps toward Mike.

"That's for me to know and you to find out."

Mike reacts to Julia's comment.

"Don't fuck with me bitch—I'm not the boy next door."

Julia takes two more steps forward.

"Oh, I know exactly who you are. The question is—*do* you know who I am. Or what I am—how about we find out."

Mike looks at Julia oddly and seems to recognize her from somewhere. He slowly looks down at his exposed penis.

"I'm a very dangerous guy."

Julia rolls her eyes and takes two more steps.

"It's time you pay for what you did—and pay you shall."

Suddenly Mike begins to cough violently as if someone has their hands around his neck. He looks at Julia in shock.

"*Who are you*?"

Julia tightens her invisible grip around Mike's neck as he tries to free himself. She smiles broadly and laughs loudly.

"Julia Winthrop."

Mike reacts to the name and sighs.

"Bangor?"

Julia nods.

"That's right."

Mike seems upset upon realizing the truth.

"It was a paying job and nothing more."

Mike manages to wrench himself free and runs toward the door but Julia blocks his path. He turns around and seems in a panic as he heads toward another door. Too late he realizes it's not a door and he's standing out on a balcony. As Julia comes toward him he loses his balance and falls from the balcony after tripping on a potted plant and hitting the railing at an angle. As he falls to his death twenty stories below Julia can be seen at the railing looking at the scene with a huge smile on her face.

<u>Peabody Avenue</u>

"You're kidding right?"

Clay looks at his cell phone for a few seconds.

"OK—I'm on my way."

He rolls his eyes.

"This town has way too much drama."

He shuts off his cell phone.

"I guess I don't have to wonder what to expect when I get there. Some guy took a fatal header off one of the balconies at Tolling Bell Inn. There'll be a mess to clean up no doubt."

He looks at the steering wheel.

"I bet a film crew is there already."

He shakes his head and sighs.

Glass Owl

"He's headed to Tolling Bell Inn as we speak."

Maxwell nods.

"What else can go wrong today?"

Will immediately shoots Maxwell a nervous look.

Boston

"How potent is this stuff?"

Markus Yange smirks and stifles a laugh.

"One spray and your "problem" will experience symptoms of a heart attack—and then twelve seconds later it's over."

He laughs again.

"Bentley has issues with asthma—bad for him but good for you Harland—get him before he goes after your family."

Harland seems uneasy at the comment.

"He gave me no choice."

"These things happen every day."

"I don't like having to go this route. Not my style."

Markus rolls his eyes.

"Bet his wife will be dancing when she hears the news."

Harland looks at his briefcase.

"Without a doubt is my guess—she hates him."

Markus grins.

"Terrible people like that create opportunities for guys like me. Nothing is better than knowing someone like John Bentley will never see it coming—until it's much too late to get away."

He looks at the tiny bottle in his hand.

"This stuff leaves no trace afterwards if you're wondering Harland. No one will ever know that Bentley was rubbed out. It'll be a simple case of natural causes. His death will be blamed on stress from his upcoming trial. This is a slam dunk winner."

Harland takes the bottle from Markus.

Chandra closes the door to Lindsay's room and looks around. She smiles broadly and walks over to the window.

"Heard Kyle say she was on her way up in a few minutes."

She strokes the handgun in her hand.

"Daddy said Lindsay was the real reason he had Robert killed—said he was after her money—said he was a loser."

She looks down at the handgun.

"If it wasn't for her Robert would still be alive. She caused him to lose his life—and for that I'll never forgive Lindsay."

She hears footsteps outside.

"Just a few more seconds and then Robert's death will be avenged at my hands—and then I can go back to Philly."

As the door opens she hides behind one of the thick drapes covering most of the large window looking out at the estate and stifles a laugh. She watches as Lindsay Bennington walks into the room and closes the door. Lindsay seems upset as she walks toward the mirror. Seconds later Chandra steps out from the shadows and points a gun at Lindsay. Lindsay gasps.

"Chandra?"

Chandra walks toward Lindsay.

"You're to blame for what happened to Robert."

Lindsay looks at Chandra curiously.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

Chandra waves the gun around as she circles Lindsay.

"Likely story bitch—doesn't matter anyway. You're going to die regardless of your pathetic reasoning—Robert seriously needs some company on the other side—and I nominate you."

Lindsay slowly backs away.

"You'll never get away with killing me Chandra. They'll hear the gunshots. You'll go to jail for the rest of your life. Your child will grow up without you. Is that what you really want? Is that what you think Robert would want? No. I think not."

Chandra seems to become annoyed.

"Shut up bitch."

Without warning she grabs Lindsay and jams the gun against her head. Chandra laughs as she looks around.

"There'll be a mess in here after I'm done with you, but oh well, the maids can clean up nicely when the police leave."

She is about to pull the trigger when she's stabbed from behind. Chandra seems in shock as she falls against Lindsay.

Bentley Driveway

Caroline shuts the car engine off and sighs loudly as she looks at the mansion several feet away. She sighs again.

"Am I a bad person for wishing Gina and not Corey was dead? He just had so much promise—and she's *so* difficult. She has always been difficult—this is going to be so hard on me."

She looks at her cell phone.

"Maybe Mike—maybe he could take on one more job?"

She smirks as she glances at the house.

"Accidents happen every day—fatal accidents."

Without warning she begins to breathe heavily. She tries to unwind the window and realizes the latch is jammed.

"Damn car—all that money and it's still a frigging lemon."

She tries to force the door open as she seems to have trouble breathing. She begins gasping for air in a panic.

"This can't be happening—as if someone?"

Seconds later Julia materializes in front of the car. As if slapped in the face Caroline reacts to seeing the apparition come toward her. At this point the air inside the car rapidly seems to be dwindling as if it's being mysteriously sucked out by some unseen force. Caroline screams in a frenzied panic realizing the truth.

"*I will not die like this*. I refuse to give up so easily."

She tries the door handle again but can't force it open despite trying several times. Her breathing becomes labored at this point and as she begins clawing at her throat trying to catch her breath she notices Julia at the window waving to her and smiling triumphantly—a few seconds later she blacks out.

Will and Maxwell look at the tragic scene in front of them as they walk over to where several members of the State Police are gathered. They have to step over bodies as they walk.

One Week Later

Crestview Memorial Park Cemetery

Gina Bentley watches solemnly as the caskets containing her brother, mother, and father are placed inside the Stuyvesant family crypt. She seems in a daze as she looks at the scene playing out before her. Abby reaches over to take her hand and they look at each other as the vault is sealed. Gina sighs.

"It really happened."

Abby squeezes Gina's hand.

"I'm here for you."

Gina nods and turns to face the crowd.

"Thank you for coming."

She walks toward Denise and stops.

"I know this must have been hard for you. My mother wasn't the easiest person to get to know. Thank you."

Denise nods knowingly.

"If you need someone to talk to—don't hesitate."

A few feet away Donna and Tyler look at each other.

"I still can't believe both Bentleys are dead."

Tyler gestures with his hand.

"Live by the sword—die by it."

Donna shoots Tyler a nasty look and sighs.

Police Station

Will notices the silence permeating throughout the room and glances at Maxwell. They look at each other briefly.

"Uh-huh—he's gone."

Will stands up and walks over to Maxwell.

"Got any recommendations to replace Blankenship?"

Maxwell leans back in his chair.

"Nope—jobs like these are hard to fill."

"What about you? How long do I have you?"

Maxwell leans forward.

"I'm not sure yet."

Will shakes his head and walks to the front door. He stops and slowly turns around to face Maxwell once more.

"By the way the Glick case has been moved to Portland for trial. I thought that was best considering our problems."

Maxwell nods.

"His lawyer will have a fit."

They share a smile.

"Fuck that money-grubbing bastard."

"It serves him right for trying to get the case dismissed."

"Oh, he didn't just stop there if you recall."

Maxwell sighs loudly.

"He tried to play the "too unhinged to go to trial scheme" only to have Glick's sister refute that lame gameplay."

Will smiles and looks at his watch.

"Isn't she quite tight with Kyle Madison?"

Maxwell smirks.

"I heard Howard Madison's funeral was yesterday."

They laugh.

"They buried him without a service—I guess they couldn't wait to be rid of him forever—especially after what he did."

Will and Maxwell nod in agreement.

"Any idea when his estate is to be decided?"

Maxwell shrugs.

"Later today from what I heard."

Will gestures with his hand.

"To be a fly on that wall—quite the show I bet."

"Would you really want to? They'll be at each other's throats. The knives are gonna be sharpened and ready."

They look at each other and smirk.

Boston

Harland leans back in his chair and grins as he reads the newspaper headlines about John Bentley's sudden death.

"Threatening me was a huge mistake. Threatening my family was deadly. Hope you rot in hell you bastard."

He glances toward the window.

"Dead and buried—good riddance asshole."

He grabs his cell phone.

"I think I could use a vacation to Tahiti or Fiji."

He begins dialing.

Glass Owl

Denise looks out at the huge garden and seems lost in thought as Kyle slowly comes up behind her. Denise sighs.

"Any idea what's in that bastard's will?"

Kyle shrugs and glances back at the mansion.

"He probably cut us all off."

They look at each other.

"We can fight it in court—overturn it?"

Kyle shrugs and turns around to see Wesley walking toward them. He seems visibly upset about something.

Blankenship Apartment

"I'm so glad you accepted this modeling thing."

Clay laughs and kisses Eva.

"I'll just bet you are."

He wraps his arms around Eva.

"Like I had a choice in the matter—I was outvoted by you and by your mother—quite the sneaky deal if you ask me."

Eva grins broadly.

"My mother never takes no for an answer."

Clay pulls Eva to him.

"Is that so? How exactly will this look to everyone all across this country—an expectant father-to-be posing in tight underwear—looking like he's God's gift to every woman."

Eva kisses Clay.

"It'll look the way it should—fatherhood makes a man seem even more attractive and sexy—especially if that man is going to be my husband in less than forty-eight hours."

Clay laughs loudly.

"Got all the answers don't you?"

Eva kisses Clay again.

"Got a problem with that?"

Clay runs his fingers through Eva's hair.

"No problem at all."

He looks at her for a few seconds.

"Are feeling OK? Your mother said morning sickness is quite unpleasant—said you'll be miserable for several weeks."

Eva strokes Clay's cheek.

"Are you OK with becoming a father?"

Clay grins broadly.

"I can't wait to be a dad. The nine months thing could be a problem nevertheless. Not sure I can wait that long."

Eva strokes Clay's cheek again.

Crestview Memorial Park Cemetery

Gina and Eddie are talking as Abby and Kelly stand at a distance. They watch as Eddie puts his arm around Gina.

"I wonder what's that's about?"

Kelly gestures with his hands and shrugs.

"I guess he's helping her get over what happened to her parents—or he's trying to make a deal concerning her new-found wealth. Kane is no fool—knows a good deal when he sees it."

Abby turns to look at Kelly curiously. He sighs.

"Kane has been talking to my dad."

He gestures with his hand and seems upset.

"Plenty of drama unfolded from what he told me."

Kelly glances at Eddie again.

"My dad told me Kane just bought the *Marble Hills Gazette* from Timothy Roskov's family and already seems to be eyeballing the property where the Lighthouse Grill stood until Jennifer Parker burned it down. He has plans to buy another mall too."

Abby seems confused as Kelly continues talking.

Stanley Pier

Alden glances at Wesley. He's looking out to sea with a confused look on his face. He slowly turns to face Alden.

"Wesley?"

Alden walks over.

"This is quite a shock for me too."

He sighs.

"I had no clue."

Wesley turns to face Alden.

"My entire life has been a frigging lie—courtesy of my grandfather—oh wait—he's not my grandfather anymore—he just pretended to be—all part of his twisted scheme to control my ex-father's every move—royally fixed the damned paternity test—knew my mother was sleeping with half the town."

Alden runs his fingers through his hair.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Look at the 48th Episode

Pierce and Gina prepare for a showdown over the past and present with future relatives—Lindsay comforts Serena over past events—Kelly and Abby make time amid the chaos in Marble Hills—Grant gets revenge on Howard after the fact—Jason plans his future—Susan is still haunted by what happened with Chandra—Astrid plots her newest move on old foes—Denise turns over a new leaf—Dylan recklessly pushes the limits with a police officer—Donna and Elizabeth cautiously discuss Brad's whereabouts—Astrid makes her grand entrance at Glass Owl with many witnesses in attendance—Eva and Clay relish their time together—Grant and Carmen add the closing credits to the final act of last week's events—Charlene makes a bold play for Will and isn't shy about her behavior—Carmen asks Maxwell for a big favor—Alvin and Steve plot their next move—as Will is the target of sibling tomfoolery by both Charlene and Maxwell.

Episode 48
Some Things Never Change

Bentley Mansion

Pierce Colby looks at his watch again and sighs loudly. A few minutes later Eddie Kane pulls into the driveway. Pierce watches as Eddie and Gina Bentley slowly come toward him.

"We've got some things to go over."

"Do they know yet?"

Pierce shakes his head and looks at Eddie.

"I assume."

Gina seems uneasy.

"This might get ugly really fast."

Pierce shrugs.

"Not much they can do about it at this point."

Pierce gives Gina an odd look.

"How did the funeral go?"

Gina sighs loudly.

"I'm glad it's over."

Eddie and Gina look at each other.

"Any word on what caused your father's death?"

Gina shakes her head several times.

"From what I was told his death was from natural causes pending final toxicology tests. As far as could be determined my father simply stopped breathing according to his lawyer."

Pierce seems bothered by the comment.

"Odd that your mother died hours earlier the same day as your dad—and by equally strange circumstances—any word yet on what exactly happened to your mother inside her car?"

Gina looks at Eddie again.

"I was told she died from heat stroke."

Pierce looks at the folder in his hands and sighs.

"I guess stranger things have happened."

Gina gives Pierce a curious glance and walks toward a limousine as Eddie pulls Pierce aside. He seems upset.

"Something bothering you Pierce?"

Pierce looks back at the house.

"Make sure she has round the clock security."

Eddie seems confused.

"Why?"

Pierce looks at Eddie with a knowing look.

"Howard Madison could have orchestrated the Bentleys sudden demise. Like I said earlier, stranger things than this have happened. This is quite a curious situation if truth be known."

Eddie looks at Pierce and seems bothered.

Glass Owl

Lindsay Bennington slams the door to her car shut and is about to go toward the mansion as she notices Serena Glick staring at something in a distance. Lindsay walks over to her. As Serena turns around Lindsay sees Denise Madison talking to someone she can't see. Lindsay seems bothered and sighs.

"It's over between them—nothing there."

Serena turns to face Lindsay.

"This is Denise Barlow we're talking about."

Lindsay nods knowingly.

"But this time Kyle won't fall for her ridiculous lies."

Lindsay laughs.

"He knows the truth now."

Lindsay gives Denise a side glance.

"When are you and Kyle planning to leave?"

Serena shrugs.

"I'm not sure yet. He still has to work things out with Wesley before he leaves—and then, then there's Patrick."

Lindsay glances at the driveway.

"Going back to Australia is the right move."

Serena nods.

"I hope."

They look at each other.

Mall

Kelly Nelson pulls Abby Marshall toward him and they kiss. He smirks and kisses her again. Abby seems distracted by something and turns away. Kelly notices and sighs loudly.

"What's up?"

Abby faces Kelly seconds later.

"I was just thinking about Gina. She's had so much to deal with the in the last week. Her entire family was erased and then she finds out she has a whole bunch of other siblings."

Kelly seems concerned.

"People are talking about what happened."

"What do you mean?"

Kelly tries to kiss Abby again.

"Word is that old man Madison put a hit on the Bentleys and had them both rubbed out before he took his own life."

Abby rolls her eyes knowingly.

"Sounds like a plot right out of that old NBC series *Bare Essence* from the 1980s—over-the-top writing and acting."

She seems bothered.

"People in town talk too much when they should be minding their own business. There's no truth to that story and no one can prove a word of it. It was just bad timing that's all."

Kelly makes a lewd gesture with his hand.

"If you say so then it's so."

Abby playfully pretends to slap Kelly.

Crestview Memorial Park Cemetery

Grant Monroe looks at the blank crypt door and smiles broadly as he looks at the folder in his hand. He laughs.

"No one will ever know the truth."

He reaches out to punch the crypt door.

"Your murderer will never be brought to justice."

Grant looks at the file again.

"That's right you bastard, this is the only copy. No one will ever know the truth about what happened. As far as everyone is concerned you're just a crazy old man who killed himself."

Grant glances at the rows of other crypts.

"Oh, by the way, I have a date with Lindsay tonight."

Grant gestures with his hand.

"Think about that you worthless piece of trash."

Her begins to laugh and reaches out to punch the crypt door again before he walks down the narrow hallway.

Bradford Beach

Jason Anderson tosses a rock into the ocean as Simon Spencer slaps him on the back. Jason turns to face Simon.

"Eddie Kane is paying my college tuition."

Simon rolls his eyes.

"Lucky bastard you are my friend."

Jason seems uneasy and looks toward Marble Hills.

"He pulled a few strings yesterday and got me into Boston University—said afterwards I can work for his company."

Simon slaps Jason on the back again and grins.

"Like I said, you're a lucky bastard."

Jason digs his hands into the front pockets of his jeans.

"My mom is over the moon with the news."

Jason sits down on a rock nearby.

"Eddie said there was one condition however—got to keep my grades up no matter what my excuses—made it quite clear to me he isn't into wasting money even if that person is me."

Simon rolls his eyes again.

"Glad to know he isn't a soft touch."

Jason grins broadly at the comment and nods.

Glass Owl

Lindsay knocks on the door to Susan's room and enters seconds later. Susan Bennington is sitting at the window.

"Susan?"

Lindsay watches as Susan turns around.

"Is everything OK?"

Susan nods.

"Yes."

Lindsay walks over to where Susan is sitting.

"I talked to Georgia Knight earlier today."

Lindsay looks at Susan curiously.

"Our house in Philly is ours if you want to go back?"

Susan seems about to smile.

"I'd like that."

She slowly turns away again and looks out the window.

"Do you think Chandra really meant to kill you?"

Lindsay sighs loudly.

"Yes—*yes* she meant to kill me. She left no doubt in my mind. She was distraught over your father's death. She blamed me for what happened to him. If you hadn't come in when you did—she would have shot me dead. You saved my life."

Susan looks down at her stomach.

"I didn't want to kill her—it all happened so quickly. One moment I was in my room and the next moment I was in your room with a knife in my hand stabbing her. She made do it."

Lindsay nods several times.

"No one blames you for what happened."

Lindsay sits down next to Susan.

"It was ruled a justifiable homicide by the State Police."

Susan looks down at her stomach again.

"Her baby will never be born."

"I know."

Lindsay sighs loudly.

Farmington Villa

Astrid Blakely smiles broadly as she looks out at the group of white limousines parked nearby. She giggles as she glances at Stephen Gray standing next to her dressed in a green sports jacket and worn Levi's. He turns and passionately kisses her.

"I like a man who knows how to handle me."

Stephen grins.

"I can be anyone you want today."

They turn to they see Astrid's son Byron Blakely and Pamela Henderson walking toward them. Pamela seems nervous as she looks at Astrid and Stephen. She sighs several times.

"Maybe we shouldn't go?"

Astrid shoots her mother a cautious look.

"We're going to that will reading. I didn't fly for four hours from St. Thomas to turn back now. This is Byron's big day."

Pamela looks down at Byron who seems oblivious to their worried looks as he stares at the rows of white limousines with fascination. He points several times as Pamela nervously looks at Astrid once again. They briefly lock eyes for a few seconds.

"Do they know you're coming?"

Astrid shrugs.

"I'm not sure."

"This could get ugly."

Astrid nods.

"I'm aware of that."

Byron points excitedly at the limousines again.

"But I've got just as much right as they do to be there."

Pamela looks at her daughter curiously.

"It just won't be the same with her gone."

Alden Washington looks up at the huge sign with the words TO BE REOPENED SHORTLY printed out in block letters. Todd Spencer jabs Alden as they peer inside the empty diner as a work crew paint the walls and ceiling. Todd sighs loudly.

"It's what she would've wanted."

They look at each other.

"My sister will do it justice—don't worry."

Alden glances at the diner again.

"I saw her after."

Todd looks at Alden curiously.

"What do you mean you *saw* her after?"

Alden shrugs.

"I saw her at the boardinghouse after it happened. She told me who did it. It was Faye's gorilla boyfriend. She said she was at peace. Maybe she already knew that he was dead?"

Todd gives Alden an odd look.

"All this ghost stuff is just too weird if you ask me."

Alden looks away.

"Tell me something I don't already know."

Todd grabs Alden by the arm.

"How is the situation with you and Wesley working out?"

Alden runs his fingers through his hair.

"As good as could be expected."

He runs his fingers through his hair again.

"I saw him earlier. He agreed to come out to Los Angeles to visit—said something about wanting to live in Malibu."

Todd laughs.

"Imagine the possibilities—father and son hooking up with the same babes—it'll be like a college frat house year round."

Alden pushes Todd.

"You've got a one-track mind."

Todd makes a lewd gesture with his finger.

"Go fuck yourself loser."

Chandler McDaniel grabs Dylan Russo and throws him against a wall. As Dylan hits the wall he flips his middle finger at Chandler. Chandler angrily grabs him again in a cold rage.

"I want to know exactly what happened in Marble Hills."

Dylan rolls his eyes knowingly.

"I'll just bet you do."

Chandler seems irritated and sighs loudly.

"Maybe you think this is a bad movie you're living in at the moment but I assure you it's frigging real and your future looks extremely bleak. I'll make damn sure you never see the light of day again. Make fucking sure you get life without parole."

Dylan rubs his head and laughs.

"I'm fucked either way."

Chandler laughs.

"Uh-huh—you betcha—but it can get worse. A handsome young guy like you at the mercy of some hardened killer with a twisted penchant for young virile men. Not pretty—terrible."

Dylan rolls his eyes in contempt.

"Fuck you."

Chandler looks at his watch.

"OK—enough with the nice guy behavior you frigging punk—I want the truth about what happened in Marble Hills. I want to know who hired you—every last gory detail pronto."

Dylan smirks broadly.

"Make me tell you pussy wipe."

Chandler grabs Dylan again and rams him against the wall in a rage. Dylan angrily jams his fingers into Chandler's eyes.

"Police abuse will not be tolerated anymore."

Chandler lets go of Dylan and turns away.

"Think you're something, don't you—think growing up in the wrong side of Boston makes you tough and dangerous."

Dylan mockingly laughs at Chandler.

"Like boo hoo dweeb—cry me a river already."

Dylan grins slyly and laughs.

"I've got connections."

Chandler faces Dylan and smirks.

"We'll see about that."

Without warning he begins punching Dylan.

Glass Owl

Patrick Glick and Kyle Madison hug for a few seconds as Serena watches from a distance. She sighs as they walk toward the pavilion a few yards away. Denise comes up behind her.

"I hope you find what you're looking for."

Serena turns to face Denise.

"Do you mean that?"

Denise nods and glances at Kyle and Patrick.

"I was forced into marriage by a sick bastard. I didn't want to marry Kyle. I had to. I wanted Daryl but it was not to be."

They look at each other for a few seconds.

"What are you planning to do now?"

Denise shakes her head.

"Not sure yet truth be told. Glad that Howard is dead without a doubt. But Wesley—he and I—he thinks I colluded with Howard and lied to him but I didn't. I had no idea that Wesley wasn't Kyle's. No idea at all. It wasn't until Carmen told me the freaky truth—it was a shock to me as it was to everyone else."

Serena glances over where Kyle and Patrick are talking.

"Do you want me to talk to Wesley about it?"

Denise shakes her head.

"No. But thank you. Wesley can be extremely stubborn when it comes to certain things. I'll just have to wait it out."

Serena glances at Kyle and Patrick again.

"Are you sure?"

Denise nods.

"I am. But thank you for asking."

Serena notices that Denise seems upset.

Portland

"Gonna miss your brother terribly?"

Donna Markway sighs as she looks at Elizabeth Pendleton and smiles. She glances at her cell phone and seems upset.

"Ashton will only be a cell phone away."

She waves her hand in the air.

"I might visit him in Los Angeles if he asks."

Elizabeth looks at Donna curiously.

"Ashton is a good guy. I wish I'd paid more attention to him than I did to Lance. Look where that situation got me."

Donna rolls her eyes.

"Forget Lance. Brad McKinley was ten times worse."

Elizabeth gives Donna a strange look.

"Didn't Tiffany Johnson tell you he was dead? Do you think he's still alive somewhere in Brazil—living it up?"

Donna rolls her eyes again.

"If he's dead she would know."

She makes a slashing motion with her hand.

"I just wish I knew for sure."

Elizabeth sighs loudly.

"First time I hooked up with him he was so sweet—then he treated me like I was just some cheap dime store hooker."

Donna glances at her cell phone again.

"I still got his number in my cell."

Elizabeth grins slyly and waves her hand.

"Try calling him and see what happens."

Donna and Elizabeth share a glance. Donna smirks and looks at her cell phone. She begins dialing seconds later. For a few minutes the line rings but then goes blank. Donna shuts off her phone and looks at Elizabeth once more. She winks.

"It's not like I expected him to pick up."

Elizabeth seems upset at the comment and sighs.

"We've all been through so much lately."

Donna nods and looks at her cell phone again.

Glass Owl

"It's official. We're here."

Pierce turns to look at Gina. Eddie looks up at the huge mansion as he steps out of the limo. Pierce looks at the folder in his hand and then at Eddie. At that moment a limousine pulls up and as the door opens Gina gasps as she sees Astrid step out.

"Oh my God—it's Astrid Blakely."

Pierce seems confused and watches as a muscular young man steps out after her with a young boy at his side. A few seconds later a middle-aged woman dressed in a tailored dress follow. Gina looks at Pierce and then at Eddie. She sighs.

"The little boy must be Byron—my half-brother—who for the longest time was assumed by everyone in my family to be Corey's son. Astrid's out for her share of the pie no doubt."

Gina watches as Astrid and her entourage slowly walks toward the front steps of Glass Owl. Pierce rolls his eyes. Eddie turns to look at Pierce and Gina. He seems upset and sighs.

"Didn't you say she was a prostitute from Boston?"

Gina shakes her head and sighs.

"That was the story I was told by my father. But she probably was just some failed New York actress who turned to tricks to make a living. Probably had a relationship with my father too—certainly wouldn't be out of the ordinary of possibility."

She glances at the entrance to Glass Owl again.

"I wonder if old man Madison knew beforehand about my father's—oh check that, ex-father's money problems and used that to work Astrid into the mix. It would make sense if he did."

Pierce glances at Eddie with a worried look.

Blankenship Apartment

"No way am I wearing that."

Eva Harper gives Clay Blankenship a sly look as he tosses a pair of boxer briefs at the sofa in disgust. Eva seems amused.

"Uh-huh yeah—you most definitely are wearing it sweetie without a doubt. I went to a lot of trouble earlier today to find you the perfect pair. Got to make sure my guy looks really hot."

Clay rolls his eyes.

"It's too small. Two sizes actually."

He sighs loudly.

"I'm not sixteen anymore."

Eva slides her arms around Clay's waist.

"But you've got the energy of a teenage boy."

Eva kisses Clay and laughs.

"This morning you were unstoppable."

He looks at the boxer briefs again and sighs loudly.

"It leaves nothing to the imagination."

Eva kisses Clay.

"Exactly my thinking when I picked them out—I want women all across America lusting after your body. There is nothing sexier to me than my soon-to-be husband and proud father-to-be sporting skintight underwear showing off his charming package slyly hidden under see-through fabric."

Clay wags his finger at Eva.

"That sort of thinking is just wrong."

Eva pushes Clay against the wall and kisses him.

"When you get home after the shoot is over—certain things will happen between us. I won't take no for an answer by the way—I intend to exploit the idea of having a hot model for a boyfriend-to-be-husband—and I won't be sorry afterwards."

Clay looks at Eva curiously. She tousles his hair for a few seconds as she gives him a knowing look. He laughs.

"Did you mother put this wicked idea into your head?"

Eva tugs at his belt buckle.

"She even made suggestions about sexual positions."

She kisses him again as her hand slips into his underwear seconds later. She slowly strokes his penis and winks slyly.

"My mother absolutely loves the idea of you fathering a baby with me—she thinks you'll make a wonderful father."

Clay reaches out and pulls Eva to him.

Police Station

Will McColl flips through several applications and sighs loudly as he closes the folder. He glances at the front door.

"This can wait until later."

He stands and heads to the door. As he opens the front door he sees a young woman standing there about to knock.

"Can I help you?"

"Uh-huh—most definitely."

Charlene Pendergraft grins broadly.

"I was wondering if Maxwell was around."

Will waves his hand.

"Out to lunch I think—probably with another one of his girlfriends—quite hard to keep track with his record of late."

Charlene laughs.

"I'm not one of his girlfriends. I'm his sister."

Will glances at Charlene curiously.

"Forget what I said about his many girlfriends."

Charlene winks at Will and sighs.

"It's no secret my brother is quite popular with the ladies."

She looks at her watch.

"Maybe I should come back later?"

Will looks around and glances at the street ahead.

"Hey, I was about to get a bite to eat. How about you join me? That is if you don't already have plans elsewhere?"

Charlene shakes her head.

"I'm free."

Will grins and points toward the street ahead.

"Nice little greasy spoon down that way. It's sort of a hole in the wall—but best burgers in the area for a quick bite."

"You've sold me."

"They also have the best milk shakes."

Charlene glances at Will's finger curiously. He notices but says nothing. They slowly walk away from the police station as several people pass them on the street and stop to stare.

Glass Owl

Susan looks out through the window toward the pavilion and sighs. She gently slides her finger along the window sill and taps it a few times. She slowly turns to walk toward the door.

"I can't wait to get out of here."

She stops and glances at several newspapers lying on a table nearby. The blaring headlines say it all. She sighs loudly. She stares at one of the newspapers. In block lettering the headline reads MADISON HEIRESS KILL FATHER'S MISTRESS AND UNBORN SIBLING CLAIMING SELF-DEFENSE. She sighs.

"This is my life story from now on—scandal and trashy headlines. How will I be able to show my face anywhere?"

She sighs again and opens the door.

"It wasn't my fault."

She looks at her stomach for a few seconds.

"I had to. There was no other way."

She closes the door behind her and begins walking down the hallway when she sees Lindsay coming toward her.

"I was getting worried about you."

"I'm fine. At least until I run into a reporter."

Lindsay reaches out to put her arms around her daughter and look toward the stairs. She seems a bit confused.

"It's over Susan. You were officially cleared. Case closed."

"Tell that to CNN and the rest of cable news—they seem to think that there's still more juice left in this story."

Lindsay looks at Susan curiously.

"Would you want to go with Kyle and Serena to Australia for a while? I'm sure they wouldn't mind. I can ask them."

Susan shrugs and looks at the stairs again.

Portland

"Got the info we wanted—and I think I made quite the impression on the young punk. Bet he knows the game now."

Chandler laughs as he looks back at Dylan lying in a crumpled pile in the corner of a small room. He laughs again as he looks at the chief of police—Brian Darling—who shakes his head and shrugs. They both turn away and begin laughing loudly.

"Broke his jaw in two places—broke both his wrists and fractured his shoulder too. Oh, and yeah his nose is toast."

Chandler snickers as he stops briefly.

"We'll blame it on a fight he had with another inmate in the laundry room. No one will be the wiser. Just the way it goes with punks like that. He just needed a few lessons taught."

Brian glances at Dylan.

"Who paid him to kill those people in Marble Hills?"

Chandler grins broadly as he rubs his fists.

"Chandra Stevenson."

Brian glances at Dylan again.

"Did he say why?"

"She wanted to get into Glass Owl on the sly in order to kill Lindsay Bennington—seems she held a nasty grudge."

Brian shakes his head.

"I gather this is a done deal?"

Chandler nods.

"I assume."

He sighs.

"Loose ends all fit into place."

He makes a gesture with his hand and grins.

"And if Russo pushes the envelope and refuses to let bygones be bygones—well—accidents happen every day."

Chandler winks and looks back at the room. He sighs.

Parking Lot

"I'm counting on you to keep quiet."

Grant smiles broadly.

"No worries. That bastard got exactly what he deserved."

He makes a lewd gesture with his finger.

"Glad I could help you out."

Carmen Pendleton looks at Grant cautiously and then at the folder in her hand labeled FINAL CORONER'S REPORT.

"The truth can never be revealed."

Grant nods.

"I understand."

He leans toward Carmen and whispers.

"So, who actually offed that godforsaken troll?"

"It's best you don't know the answer to that question."

Grant watches as Carmen looks at her watch and seems nervous. He sighs loudly. She turns to face him again.

"I got a call from a woman earlier today that worked at Madison Industries about ten years ago. Said her name was Karen Baines. She mentioned a specific incident with Howard."

Grant has a reaction to the mentioned name.

"I remember Karen. She left town suddenly. Some folks speculated she was raped. But nothing ever came of it."

Carmen seems upset by something.

"Apparently she became pregnant and was forced to have an abortion. She is unable to have children now. I told her I'd help with a pending lawsuit. Of which I'll need your help."

Grant watches as Carmen reaches for her cell phone.

Portland

"I never thought Susan could do something like that."

Elizabeth knowingly rolls her eyes at Donna.

"Sometimes you never know."

She looks at several people passing by.

"People kill each other every day. This business reminds me of the scandal **Lana Turner** dealt with back in the 1950s."

Donna seems confused and sighs.

"Wasn't she a famous movie star long ago?"

Elizabeth nods.

"Uh-huh—one of the biggest even after her daughter killed her mobster boyfriend. The plot was right out of a trashy novel. It should have been made into a movie or a TV show."

Donna shakes her head and smirks.

"Bet Jennifer Parker would've loved that story."

Elizabeth rolls her eyes.

"I'm glad Jennifer's dead. She caused enough trouble."

Donna nervously looks at Elizabeth and shrugs.

"I could've been one of her victims. She totally wanted to add me to her list. Chip off the old Madison block alright."

Elizabeth's cell phone rings.

"Gotta take this—it won't take long."

Donna watches as Elizabeth picks up the phone.

Clubhouse Diner

"So, you actually get along with my brother?"

Will grins at the comment.

"Yeah—Maxwell is really a chill dude to know."

Charlene gestures with her hand.

"Maybe now—but oh boy back in his teenage years he was wild as they come. Maxwell got into so many scrapes."

Will laughs loudly and takes a bite of his sandwich.

"Sounds just like the guy I know."

Charlene winks.

"Nevertheless he's the best brother I could ever want."

Will slowly takes another bite out of his sandwich.

"Glad to hear that. Siblings usually don't always get along in their later years—so much past drama to work through."

Charlene looks at the remnants of her sandwich.

"What about you—were you a wild teen?"

Charlene watches as Will rolls his eyes and laughs.

"No way—followed every stupid rule—mostly—had a few scrapes but generally lived on the straight and narrow."

Charlene leans across the table.

"Got a girlfriend?"

Will gives Charlene an odd look.

"Nope—not at the moment—last one ended really badly."

Charlene slides her hand into his and winks slyly.

"How about we have dinner together later?"

He watches as Charlene strokes his fingers lightly.

"Won't this be slightly awkward on account of Maxwell?"

Charlene shakes her head and grins.

"Why should it?"

She looks at the front door.

"I'm an adult—I don't need or want his advice on men."

He watches as Charlene strokes his fingers again.

"Pretty sure of the deal I see?"

"Uh-huh."

She laughs.

"Besides I like you—you're real. What you see is what you get. I like that in a potential date. And you have a plus going for you already. You have a good job and you don't live with your parents in their basement—so much of that deal today."

Will gestures with his hand.

"How do you know I don't live with my parents?"

Charlene reaches out to touch Will's shirt.

"Wouldn't you like to know?"

He grins broadly.

Maple Avenue

As he's walking down the street Maxwell Pendergraft bumps into Carmen. They look at each other. He sighs.

"Carmen Pendleton, right?"

Carmen nods.

"Thought you'd be back in Honolulu by now?"

Carmen gives Maxwell a curious stare.

"Should I take that as a hint?"

Maxwell sighs loudly.

"No—no—I just thought your work was done here concerning that sordid mess with Howard Madison? Thought it was over and done with last week. I assumed such anyway."

Carmen rolls her eyes and seems annoyed.

"Something has come up actually."

She pulls him aside and gives him a cautious look.

"Actually, I was going to stop by. I had a question on a closed case concerning one of the late Madison heirs."

Maxwell looks at Carmen curiously.

"What closed case are you talking about?"

"Greg Madison."

Maxwell seems confused as Carmen leans close to him and whispers into his ear for a few seconds. He reacts.

Portland

"I'll see you tomorrow—bright and early."

Ashton Markway shuts off his cell phone and turns around to face Elizabeth and Donna. He notices their curious stares.

"Tomorrow's the big day."

Donna looks at her brother with a tear in her eye.

"It just won't be the same without you."

Ashton laughs.

"You'll get over it soon enough."

He glances at Elizabeth.

"Keep my sister company OK?"

Elizabeth nods.

"Send us plenty of photos."

Ashton nods and winks.

"What about ones without my pants?"

Donna seems aghast at her brother's comment.

"I thought you were not gonna do nudes. You promised mom and dad you'd keep it clean—no porn whatsoever."

Ashton rolls his eyes.

"Relax already—it was a joke—roll with the punches and stop acting like a wet blanket. I intend to keep my promise."

Elizabeth winks at Ashton slyly.

"Send me some nudes anyway—I'm game if you are."

Donna seems shocked and sighs loudly.

"Don't even think of it."

Elizabeth makes a lewd gesture with her finger.

"Lighten up OK—I was kidding—like only kidding about all of this. It's not like Ashton would ever take pics of his penis and put them on the Internet. At least I don't think he would."

They look at each other for a few seconds as Ashton sits down and pulls out a few photos from his jacket pocket.

Maple Avenue

"You want me to issue an order to exhume the body of Greg Madison? Shouldn't you be talking to his family first?"

Carmen waves her hand knowingly.

"Been there done that. They didn't like it."

Maxwell sighs loudly.

"Why would they?"

Carmen seems annoyed.

"Greg Madison may have been murdered."

Maxwell shakes his head.

"I thought he took his own life?"

Carmen grabs Maxwell by the arm.

"That was what Howard Madison stated initially."

She sighs loudly.

"But in light on what has happened."

She lets go of Maxwell's arm.

"According to Grant Monroe whom I talked with earlier today, it seems Howard Madison refused to allow an autopsy to be performed on Greg—claimed some excuse about facts already stating suicide so there was no reason to cut up his son's body and actually checked the corpse personally at the cemetery."

Maxwell seems bothered by the statement.

"I'll see what I can do."

Carmen glances at the sidewalk.

"Let's keep this quiet OK?"

Maxwell looks at Carmen curiously and shrugs.

"Got a reason why?"

Carmen glances at the sidewalk.

"This *is* a small town. Not much happens here."

She smirks slyly and winks.

"People talk too much."

Maxwell nods and looks at his watch again.

"I'll talk to you later."

Carmen watches Maxwell walk down the street a few seconds later. She looks at him slyly and smiles broadly.

"Good-looking guy—if I wasn't married I'd certainly bed him—experience some of that magic between his legs."

She licks her lips knowingly.

Tolling Bell Inn

"Yes, that's right. She said no. Or should I say her lawyer told us where to shove our deal—refused every offer."

Alvin Melendez sighs loudly as he walks back and forth in the room. He stops and looks out the window and grunts.

"Duh—did you not hear what I just said?"

He rolls his eyes in a mocking way.

"There is no reason to ask again. Her lawyer, some fucking asshole named Pierce Colby threatened us royally."

Alvin makes a fist with his hand.

"Said we were harassing his client and if we didn't stop bothering her ASAP he'd have us charged with stalking."

He stops and looks at the cell phone.

"Of course I hate this turn of events—but that's the way it stands now—unless of course you want us to try and sell this idea to another one of the stupid townies in this wretched village."

Alvin rolls his eyes again.

"Of course that would mean Steve and I have to stay here longer—and hotel rooms cost money—quite a pretty penny."

He glances at the balcony and grins broadly.

"It's your dime."

He shakes his fist at the cell phone.

"You know how I feel about that kind of behavior. It always gets us in trouble when it backfires. Facts are facts."

He sighs loudly as he walks back and forth.

"Uh-huh—exactly what I was thinking. Would make a lot of problems go away especially now with that mishap that took place in front of the mansion where the richest family in this town lives—got caught up in that tragic situation by the way."

Alvin makes a lewd gesture with his finger.

"Uh-huh—quite the drama if I do say so myself."

He hears the door to his room opening.

"Gotta go—talk to you later."

He shuts off his cell phone and grins.

Blankenship Apartment

Eva slides her arms around Clay's waist as he turns to face her with a grin. They kiss for a few seconds. He laughs.

"How about we grab a bite—in Bar Harbor to be exact?"

Eva pulls Clay toward her.

"It'll take me a few minutes to get ready."

Clay smirks knowingly.

"OK—but only a few minutes not a few hours."

Eva shakes her finger at Clay.

"That crack will cost you dearly sweetie."

Clay laughs loudly.

"Not worried in the least."

He watches her go toward the bedroom and turns to look at his cell phone lying nearby. It flashes several times.

Portland

Donna and Elizabeth watch as the elevator closes and turn to look back at the almost empty mall lobby. Donna shrugs.

"Maybe I'll move to Los Angeles too?"

Elizabeth turns to look at Donna curiously and sighs.

"Yeah, like you really will—you love living in a small town way too much—something about the picturesque quality."

Donna rolls her eyes and grins broadly.

"Hey, a girl can change her mind anytime she feels."

Elizabeth smirks.

"Uh-huh—like I'll believe it when I see it."

Donna looks at the elevator again.

Tolling Bell Inn

Steve Addington looks at Alvin with a mixture of scorn and laughter as he sits down on the sofa. He laughs.

"I thought you were through with this crappy town after that harsh slap from the Bentley girl earlier this week."

Alvin rolls his eyes.

"We were offered twice to stay."

He grins broadly.

"Apparently Jackson Millhouse heard that Universal and Paramount were formulating ideas for a possible deal with Netflix. He wants a deal before they show up next week."

Steve sits up and looks at Alvin curiously.

"I thought we were the only ones after film rights for this story? Wasn't that the selling point initially? What happened?"

Alvin looks at his cell phone in his hand.

"That was then—this is now."

Alvin looks at his cell phone again.

Glass Owl

Gina takes a step toward the entrance of Glass Owl and stops. Pierce and Eddie look at each other. She sighs loudly.

"I really don't want to piss anybody off. I've made enough enemies already to last a lifetime. I just want to be normal."

Pierce looks at the briefcase in his right hand.

"This isn't your doing."

He glances at the stained glass motif on the front door.

"I think with all that's happened already, today won't come as anymore of a shock than what took place last week."

Eddie takes Gina's hand.

"Everything is going to be fine, don't worry."

Gina nods and watches as Pierce slowly reaches out to ring the doorbell. From inside the house Astrid's voice can be heard loudly yelling about something. The door opens.

Police Station

Charlene closes the door behind her and watches as Will walks over to his desk. She looks around the empty room.

"I guess my brother is still otherwise occupied."

Will rolls his eyes and sits down.

"Give him a break."

Charlene walks over to Will's desk.

"You never answered my question earlier."

Will seems confused as Charlene leans across the desk.

"What question was that?"

Charlene winks.

"I asked you out on a date."

Charlene licks her lips.

"I asked you a question and I expect an answer."

Will seems nervous as he leans back in his chair and grins.

"What if you find me boring—it could crash my ego?"

Charlene pulls Will toward her.

"I'll be careful."

She kisses him lightly on the lips.

"Got a problem with that?"

There is a slam as the front door closes.

"What the hell is going on here?"

They turn to see Maxwell walking toward them. He seems angry as he looks at Will and notices Charlene's sly smirk.

"What does it look like sweet brother dear?"

She gives Will a knowing look and laughs loudly.

"I'm putting the moves on your hot boss—intending to get into his pants—give him something wicked to think about."

Maxwell looks at Will angrily.

"You and I have to talk."

Will glances at Maxwell and then at Charlene.

"Nothing is going on between us."

Maxwell walks over to Will.

"Why not—think my sister isn't good enough for you?"

Will reacts to the odd turn of events playing out as Charlene and Maxwell laugh loudly. He seems confused.

"Did I miss something just now?"

Charlene grins broadly.

"When we were at the diner earlier I called Maxwell and told him I was having lunch with you and we concocted this "pretend pissed off behavior" to get a reaction out of you."

Will seems confused as he glances at Maxwell. Maxwell begins laughing hysterically as Charlene pulls Will to her.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Look at the 49th Episode

Gina arrives at Glass Owl for the reading of Howard's will and faces scrutiny from potential rivals—Maxwell gleefully gives Will needed advice on dating his sister—Donna and Elizabeth encounters a familiar face in Portland—Drew tries to help Jason in the aftermath of the shooting at Glass Owl—Cole is asked to take on a new assignment—Clay and Eva spend some much-needed quality time together in Bar Harbor—Gina and Pierce deal with the aftermath of the reading of Howard's will—Eddie makes plans to look out for Gina after the will reading—Donna and Elizabeth try to figure out the confusing mystery surrounding David's true identity and his connection to Brad—Denise meets a mysterious man at the cemetery—plans to exhume Greg Madison's remains are granted—David begins to wonder aloud about his curious past—Alden helps Wesley cope with the aftermath of the reading of Howard's will—as Denise makes a play for her next target.

Episode 49
Questions and Answers

Boston

Jeremy Winterfield looks at the folder in front of him as Andrew Latimer waits patiently. Jeremy seems bothered and sighs loudly. He closes the folder and hands it to Andrew.

"Send a copy to Warren Manning."

"Should I expect a reply?"

Jeremy leans back in his chair and smirks.

"Uh-huh."

He glances at the Boston skyline.

Glass Owl

Gina Bentley silently looks at Eddie Kane as he closes the front door behind them. As they turn around Pierce Colby takes her hand and leads Gina into the hallway where eyes fall upon them. Kyle Madison and Serena Glick acknowledge Gina as Denise Madison seems about to attack. Wesley Madison stands near Susan Bennington who seems to be focused elsewhere.

"I guess there's no reason to pretend."

From behind Kyle, Astrid Blakely glares at Gina. Behind her Pamela Henderson sighs loudly as Byron Blakely seems to want to get away from the stares that face him suddenly.

"This is certainly an awkward moment."

Heads turn as Carmen Pendleton slowly walks toward everyone from the library. She looks at the group of people gathered and shrugs. Carmen glances at Gina curiously.

"Thank Howard Madison for this Hallmark moment."

She laughs.

"Oh, I forgot. I meant Blake not Howard."

Kyle seems annoyed.

"How long is this going to take?"

Pierce faces Kyle.

"One hour."

Astrid rolls her eyes.

"How about we start this farce already?"

Eddie leans against the banister.

"You're free to leave if you choose."

Astrid turns her attention to Eddie. She sighs.

"I bet you'd like that wouldn't you?"

Stephen Gray stares at Eddie harshly but is ignored. At that moment Carmen waves her hand in the air as she notices the tension in the room. She smiles broadly at the small group.

"Blake Madison kept plenty of secrets."

Kyle looks at Carmen oddly.

"I know all about my father's double life."

"Do you?"

Carmen pulls out her cell phone and automatically begins streaming a video from the Internet. Loud gasps are heard.

"Is this some sort of joke?"

Carmen shakes her head as they watch the streaming video. As the CNN broadcast begins to stream several men in suits are seen entering the front entrance of Madison Industries in Boston. Kyle and Eddie look at each other as Carmen glances at Lindsay Bennington and at Denise. Lindsay shakes her head.

"Why are those men at Madison Industries?"

As the video continues to stream, they see boxes being taken out of the building. Headlines begin dancing across the screen as photographs of employees that disappeared over the years are displayed. Lindsay seems about to faint as she glances at the photographs. She sighs loudly and faces Kyle.

"I never knew."

Carmen notices the shocked looks on everyone's faces as she smiles. She looks at the cell phone in her hand again.

"They weren't his only victims."

Lindsay seems confused.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

Carmen looks at the cell phone in her hand again.

"I think he killed Greg too."

Kyle and Lindsay look at each other.

"Greg took his own life."

Carmen rolls her eyes.

"Did he?"

Carmen faces Lindsay.

"This is the same man who killed your mother and *your* son. This monster also killed his daughter and framed someone else for her death. He raped me when I was in high school. He orchestrated hits on business rivals. Yet you still can't imagine him killing his own son and making it look like a suicide?"

Kyle wrings his hands nervously.

"Just when I think this can't get any worse?"

Carmen turns the video off and faces Pierce. He shrugs.

"Would you mind answering that question?"

Everyone turns to look at Pierce.

<u>Police Station</u>

Will McColl slowly turns to face Maxwell Pendergraft as he closes the front door. Will seems nervous and sighs loudly.

"I need to ask you something."

Maxwell grins and casually walks over toward where Will is standing. He gives him a strange look and begins laughing.

"If you're going to ask me if it's OK for you to go out with my sister—don't bother. I have no problems with you."

Will seems shocked at the statement.

"Are you sure it's OK?"

Maxwell nods.

"First of all you're a nice guy. Second, my sister is a grown woman and I don't tell her what to do. She's her own person."

He laughs and waves his hand in the air.

"That and the fact she'd kick my ass if I messed with her personal life. She's not the shy type as you're fully aware."

They look at each other.

"I'll do right by her."

Maxwell leans over and whispers to Will.

"My sister is very aggressive with guys. Treating her like a delicate flower would be a colossal mistake on your part."

He makes a slashing gesture with his hand and pats Will on the back. They look at each other for a few seconds.

"Be real and you're good."

Will sighs loudly and nods in agreement.

Portland

Donna Markway and Elizabeth Pendleton look at a few mall employees setting up a piano on a stage nearby.

"I guess that's our ticket to leave."

Elizabeth stands up.

"I spoke to Susan Bennington yesterday afternoon."

Donna shakes her head.

"Is she still going to have Lance's baby?"

Elizabeth nods.

"Uh-huh. She said something about moving back to Philadelphia to avoid people trash-talking her. I can't blame her one bit. People in Marble Hills *do* talk a lot of trash. I have plenty of experience with that as you know—too much actually."

Donna rolls her eyes knowingly and shrugs.

"I know that feeling all too well also."

They walk towards the elevator in unison. As they wait they look at each other. Elizabeth waves her hand in the air.

"Who'd ever think we'd end up friends?"

Donna laughs.

"Tragedy makes for odd friendships."

Elizabeth looks at her cell phone.

"If I could turn back time—I'd certainly do it."

Donna shakes her head.

"So would I."

As the elevator opens they look in shock to see Brad McKinley standing there with a young woman. Donna reacts.

Boston

Warren Manning holds a folder in his hand as he glances at Jeremy staring back at him from a live streaming video. He seems nervous for some reason as he watches Jeremy stand up and wag his finger at him. He notices his cell phone flashing and sighs.

"Time is money. What's your answer?"

Warren faces Jeremy.

"This will blow people's lives apart."

Jeremy laughs.

"Is that supposed to mean something to me?"

Warren shrugs.

"I guess not."

He glances at the folder again.

"When are you going to drop this bomb?"

Jeremy grins broadly.

"I'm thinking this afternoon."

He turns away from the computer and sighs. He gestures with his hand as he looks at Warren. He snaps his fingers.

"It's time they know the truth."

Warren shakes his head.

"Haven't they suffered enough lately?"

Jeremy clenches his fist angrily as he walks toward the window fronting the Boston skyline. He looks out and sighs.

"I don't give a damn about a bunch of rich people suffering because of something one of their own did previous. You reap what you sow and these horrible people have sown plenty."

Warren shakes his head and shrugs.

Morgue

Grant Monroe walks back and forth across an empty room as he talks on his cell phone. He seems slightly annoyed.

"Uh-huh that's right."

He sighs loudly.

"I need to seek permission for an exhumation."

He stops.

"Of course I'll check with the family first. As I speak to you permission is being sought. Do I sound like the kind of guy that would waste time for something like this? Get real OK."

He shakes his fist at his cell phone.

"Like I said before I need special clearance from you guys to open a crypt containing the remains of Greg Madison."

He turns to look at the empty room.

"Tomorrow would be great if it can be swung."

He nods several times.

"OK—I'll be waiting for your call."

He shuts off the cell phone and sighs.

Portland

Donna slaps Brad McKinley in the face as Elizabeth stands behind her in shock. Donna's eyes flash with anger as there seems to be no response from Brad. She sighs loudly.

"How dare you show your face here again?"

The young man looks at Donna curiously and shrugs.

"What are you talking about? Who are you?"

Donna turns to face Elizabeth seemingly enraged.

"I think we should call the cops right now and tell them we found Carrie Spaulding's psycho murderer in the flesh."

The young man looks at the woman standing next to him and then back at Donna. He seems confused by her anger.

"Who's Carrie's Spaulding?"

Donna and Elizabeth look at each other.

"You've got some nerve Brad."

The man looks at his girlfriend again.

"My name is David not Brad."

He sighs.

"David Sawyer."

He pulls out his ID and shows it to Donna.

"I don't know anyone named Brad."

Donna shakes her head.

"Do I look like I was born yesterday?"

She snatches David's ID.

"How much did this fake ID cost you Brad?"

David turns to look at his girlfriend again. He seems upset.

"Like I said before my name is David not Brad."

Elizabeth looks at David curiously and sighs loudly.

"But if you're not Brad McKinley?"

Elizabeth gives Donna a cautious look.

"Maybe he has amnesia?"

Donna rolls her eyes.

"This *is* Brad McKinley in the flesh."

She glances at David.

"Cut the crap Brad—you're busted."

Donna pulls out her cell phone and begins dialing.

<u>Stanley Pier</u>

Jason Anderson is sitting on one of the wooden benches looking out at the ocean as Drew Brockmeyer walks toward him from the parking lot. Jason slowly turns around to face Drew.

"I don't need a watchdog."

Drew gestures with his finger and laughs.

"I didn't say you did."

He sits down next to Jason.

"I was just in the area and saw you sitting here all by your lonesome and thought you might need some company."

Jason rolls his eyes.

"Likely story if you ask me. Exactly what did my mother ask you to do? Does she think I'm some sort of basket case?"

Drew reacts.

"I haven't spoken to your mother."

He gestures with his finger.

"Nevertheless everyone is worried about you."

Jason turns around to look at Drew with a strange look.

"I'm fine. Dandy if you really want to know."

He laughs.

"Old man Madison is dead."

He laughs again.

"I couldn't be happier."

Drew gestures with his hand.

"I'm with you on that without a doubt."

He turns to look at the parking lot.

"Did you see him turn his gun on himself?"

Jason shakes his head.

"It all happened so fast. It's a blur."

He sighs loudly.

"One minute he was alive and the next he was dead."

He smirks.

"That's all I remember."

Drew looks at Jason oddly.

"Did he say anything before he did it?"

Jason shakes his head again.

"Carmen Pendleton had the goods on him and made it clear she was going to destroy him. He freaked I guess."

Drew reaches out to gently pat Jason on the shoulder.

"Well at least you didn't turn out to be his kid."

Jason jabs Drew.

"I feel really bad for Gina Bentley."

Drew looks at his cell phone as it begins flashing.

"Tell me about it."

He ignores the flashing.

"Imagine finding out your whole life has been a complete lie and your real father is even worse than the man you thought had been your father your entire life—like one of those really bad B movies that play on cable. Oh man, that would suck if that was my story. I don't envy Gina at all—even with all her money."

Jason jabs Drew again.

"She'll be just fine. She's a survivor."

He stands up.

"Tell my mother I'm fine."

He walks away. Drew looks at his cell phone again and realizes Lori Anderson is calling him again. He sighs loudly.

Boston

Cole Franklin watches as Jeremy walks toward him. He hands him a folder and smiles broadly. Cole shrugs.

"I thought you needed me to investigate something."

Jeremy wags his finger at Cole.

"I do. That folder has everything you need."

Cole seems confused.

"Didn't Howard Madison kill himself last week?"

Jeremy seems irritated.

"He did—but since it's come to light that Howard was actually his cousin Blake, there's a whole new wrinkle to this story now. It seems Blake had a history of raping young women."

He clenches his fist.

"One of my clients was his victim."

He points to the folder.

"Your job is to find the others on that list."

Jeremy clenches his fist again.

"I want them found and brought to Boston immediately."

Cole wipes sweat from his brow.

"What if they won't talk?"

"Offer them more money of course."

Cole sighs loudly and nods in agreement.

Bar Harbor

Clay Blankenship grins as Eva Harper closes the door to their car and walks over to him. She pushes him against the hood and smirks. He pulls her toward him and kisses her tenderly.

"I'm going to like being a papa."

Eva runs her fingers through Clay's hair.

"I'm going to like being the wife of a hot model."

Clay rolls his eyes.

"Uh-huh."

Eva winks slyly at Clay.

"My mother is really pleased with herself."

Clay laughs.

"I'll just bet."

Eva wags her finger at Clay.

Maple Avenue

Jason drives toward the entrance of the mall and stops for a few seconds. He sighs loudly as he stares at the entrance and shrugs. His cell phone begins to ring. He seems annoyed.

Portland

Donna looks at David coldly as his girlfriend Marvella DuBois steps in front of him. Donna suddenly stops dialing.

"If I were you I'd face facts."

Donna looks at her cell phone.

"Brad McKinley killed one of my friends."

Marvella turns to look at David.

"This isn't Brad McKinley. This is David Sawyer."

She takes David's hand and shrugs.

"I've known him all my life. He's never been in trouble with the law and he's not a player. You've got the wrong guy."

"Uh-huh—I'll just bet I do."

Marvella looks at David and then at Donna. Seconds later she pulls out a small photo album from her purse. She flips through the pages showing Donna several images of David when he was younger. As they look at the images together Donna and Elizabeth appear to be confused. Elizabeth sighs loudly.

"How is this possible?"

David steps forward as Donna backs away.

"I'm not Brad McKinley. I don't know anyone by that name. I have a younger brother who was adopted. That's my only sibling. I was born in Portland and have lived here all my life."

He looks back at Marvella.

"Marvella and I have known each other since we were in pre-school together. We've been dating for two years."

Donna seems confused and shakes her head again.

"This just doesn't make sense."

She looks at Elizabeth.

"How can they look so much alike?"

Elizabeth waves her hand.

"I don't know."

Marvella and David look at each other again. She sighs.

"David was adopted when he was four days old."

Donna reacts to Marvella's comment.

Glass Owl

Gina slowly takes a step out onto the front steps of Glass Owl and seems about to faint. Pierce takes hold of her hand.

"Are you going to be all right?"

Gina turns to look back at the mansion.

"This can't be true? Can it?"

Pierce grins broadly.

"It most certainly is true. All of it."

He leads her down the steps and toward a limo parked a few yards away in the driveway. She stops and sighs loudly.

"What am I going to do with one hundred billion dollars?"

Pierce rolls his eyes knowingly.

"You'll think of something soon enough I assure you."

He quickly opens the car door for her.

Boston

Jeremy grins broadly as he props his feet on top of his desk. He leans back in his chair with a smug look on his face.

"The will's been read and the Bentley girl got most of the fortune. Bet the other Madison children are fit to be tied."

He laughs gleefully.

"Rich people experiencing misery—how sad."

He jumps to his feet.

"Pierce Colby and I have to talk."

He looks at the cell phone in his hand.

"He and I are due another meeting no doubt."

He smirks and looks at the paperwork on top of his desk.

"I've already thought about that."

He walks toward the window.

"The Bentley girl better not get too cozy with all those billions. My client is going to get a chunk of it before the end of the year—and she won't be the only one either I assure you."

He makes a lewd gesture with his finger.

"You can quote me on that."

He runs his fingers through his hair.

Mall

Kelly Nelson is almost finished with his shift as Drew comes over to sit at one of the empty stools. He sighs loudly.

"Jason seems to be handling what happened quite calmly from what I observed. It's almost like it never happened."

Kelly rolls his eyes and stops cleaning.

"He can play any game he wants."

He leans over to face Drew.

"But it happened. Old man Madison blew himself away in front of everyone. Quite the spectacle from what I heard."

He lowers his voice.

"I was there right after and I don't believe it."

They look at each other.

"Rumors are flying around town that old man Madison has a whole slew of bastard children that no one knew about."

Kelly shrugs.

"I don't place must stock in gossip."

Drew rolls his eyes.

"Jennifer Parker wasn't gossip. Neither is Gina Bentley or that kid in Hawaii that was reported to be his son. Of course there's that little boy in the United States Virgin Islands too."

Drew makes a lewd gesture with his finger.

"I bet there are more bastards out there that no one knows about. My grandmother told me last year that when she was a young woman, Madison tried to rape her. But her father showed up in time and thwarted his sick nefarious efforts."

He looks at the lobby curiously.

"I heard that Jennifer's family have left town."

Kelly wrings his hand.

Glass Owl

Kyle slowly walks toward a small garden with Serena while Wesley pulls out his cell phone as he stands in the hallway. Behind him Denise leans against the banister and seems lost in thought. A few feet away Eddie and Carmen hastily flip through a copy of the will and seem to be in shock. Carmen sighs.

"He pulled a fast one on us all."

She looks at the will again.

"That old man certainly played everyone."

Eddie rolls his eyes.

"He played Gina Bentley most of all."

Eddie glances at the front door and seems upset.

"That girl certainly wasn't expecting to have that much money left to her. She's facing a nightmare no doubt."

Carmen wags her finger at Eddie.

"Good thing she has a brother like you."

Eddie grins broadly.

"I fully intend to make sure she stays on the straight and narrow—that much money is certainly a recipe for disaster."

Carmen nods in agreement.

"I intend the same deal for Alexander."

Eddie turns to look at the entrance and sighs.

"Despite being dead Howard Madison is still in charge of everyone's lives—he's still pulling strings and enjoying it."

Carmen's cell phone begins to flash.

"Grant Monroe is calling."

Carmen grabs Eddie's arm.

"He must have gotten an OK to exhume Greg's body."

Eddie seems upset.

"I'm afraid to think what they'll find."

Carmen nods and begins talking to Grant.

Portland

Donna wipes sweat from her brow and nervously turns to face Elizabeth as they get into her car. Donna shrugs.

"This can't be true. It just can't be."

Elizabeth glances at the parking lot as David and Marvella get into their car. She turns to face Donna again.

"David Sawyer must be related to Brad somehow."

Donna shakes her head.

"I don't see how. Brad McKinley was an only child. He has no living relatives—none that he ever talked about anyway."

She watches as David and Marvella drives away.

"Maybe we should talk to his parents."

Elizabeth gestures wildly with her hand.

"How about we call them first and see if they're willing to meet with us? Ever since Brad skipped town a while back they've been avoiding public places with a vengeance. Not that I blame them—if my kid was a killer I'd avoid facing people too."

Donna pulls out her cell phone.

"No time like the present in asking two people of whom we don't know that well about something very personal."

She begins dialing as Elizabeth watches.

"What could go wrong?"

Elizabeth suddenly seems worried.

Glass Owl

Carmen shuts off her cell phone and sighs loudly.

"Greg's body will be removed from Crestview tomorrow at nine o'clock. Grant will personally oversee the autopsy."

She seems upset a she looks around.

"Given what we now know I think the truth will be even more horrific than we could ever have possibly imagined."

Eddie nods in agreement.

Police Station

Maxwell shuts the door and heads down the street. As he turns the corner he sees Alden Washington a few feet away.

"How was the will reading?"

"I have no idea."

Alden runs his fingers through his hair.

"I heard there were some surprises but that's all I know."

He runs his fingers through his hair again.

"I'm just glad the truth is out."

He sighs loudly.

"Howard Madison can't hurt anyone anymore—his reign of terror is finally over. I was lucky—not so much for his family. I don't envy them one bit. Carrying that drama around for the next decade will leave scars no doubt—he was a piece of work."

"His daughter certainly left a trail of bloody bodies in her wake. Not the usual serial killer by any means but nevertheless just as deadly—and in some ways even more than the ones that got a lot of play in the media. She'll be a picture-perfect case for mental illness for years to come—stained this town forever."

Maxwell wipes sweat from his brow.

"Books will be written on Jennifer Parker and her crime spree—plenty of which will have most of the facts wrong."

Alden nods in agreement.

Portland

Donna shuts off her cell phone and sighs loudly as she faces Elizabeth. She seems at a loss for words and shrugs.

"This just gets better and better."

Elizabeth seems confused.

"What did Brad's mother say?"

Donna makes a gesture with her hand.

"She just dropped a bombshell about Brad."

She sighs loudly again.

"Brad had a twin that was stillborn."

Elizabeth reacts.

"What?"

Donna looks at her cell phone.

"Brad's mother said that Brad's brother was born dead."

She leans against a railing in front of a coffee shop. She seems about to faint as Elizabeth absorbs the revelation.

"Brad never mentioned he had a twin."

Donna faces Elizabeth.

"He was never told."

Elizabeth reacts.

"How does David Sawyer figure into this mess?"

Donna wipes sweat from her brow.

"From what Brad's mother said, after Brad's twin brother was stillborn she was too ill to attend the funeral and had to stay in Portland for a few extra days on doctor's orders. She said old man Madison offered to pay for the burial. Said he was really nice about the whole thing and her family went along with it."

Elizabeth looks at Donna suspiciously.

"Old man Madison wasn't the generous type."

She seems bothered.

"He never did anything nice for anyone unless there was something in it for him. His reputation spoke for itself."

Donna nods.

"I know."

She looks at her cell phone once again.

"There must have been a reason why he was so generous with his money. The million dollar question is why."

They look at each other.

Bentley Mansion

Eddie watches Gina from a distance as she enters her home. He turns to face Pierce. They both seem worried.

"That man certainly pulled one on us today."

Pierce nods.

"I have no argument there."

He looks at the mansion again.

"I'm going to start on the paperwork as soon as I get back to my office. I think you should act as her legal guardian."

Eddie shakes his head.

"I'm game."

They shake hands.

Maple Avenue

Archie Spaulding stops as he looks at the mall entrance and sighs loudly. He glances at a newspaper stand a few feet away and walks over to it. He drops coins into a slot and sighs.

"At least no one knows what I did."

He grabs a copy of one of the newspapers.

"That worthless piece of trash got what he deserved."

He looks at a photo of Howard Madison on the front page.

"He was the only one who suspected."

He grins broadly.

"Frigging bastard threatened me with what he knew."

He clenches his fist several times.

"He thought he had the goods on me."

He looks at the mall again.

"Said we had to talk—said I'd have to make a deal with him or he'd expose me—ruin my life—kill my reputation."

He looks at his watch nervously.

"I guess I don't have to worry about that now."

He seems pleased.

Glass Owl

Warren waits for the door to open. He looks at the folder in his hand and seems upset. The door opens seconds later as Kyle stands there looking at Warren curiously. They look at each other for a few seconds as Warren hands Kyle a folder.

"I'm really sorry."

Kyle seems confused as he flips through the paperwork in the folder slowly. He appears shocked at what he sees.

"What else can happen that hasn't happened yet?"

Warren turns to leave and stops.

Portland

Marvella gingerly takes a bite of her tuna sandwich and looks at David. He has a worried look on his face as he shuts off his cell phone and shrugs. He looks at his watch several times.

"What town did that girl say she was from?"

Marvella looks at David curiously.

"I think she said Marble Hills. Why?"

David sighs loudly.

"What if Brad McKinley is my twin brother?"

Marvella seems upset.

"Do you really think it's possible?"

"What other explanation could there be?"

He takes a sip from a mug of coffee in front of him.

"According to what she just told me—apparently Brad's mother said that he had a twin brother that was stillborn."

He looks at his cell phone.
"She said he was born in Portland."
Marvella puts her tuna sandwich down.
"But that doesn't mean?"
"She said he was born on June 23rd."
Marvella reacts.
"Do you think it's possible?"
David shrugs.
"It wouldn't be the first time this has happened."
He seems worried and sighs loudly.

Standish Road

Donna turns to face Elizabeth as they drive toward Marble Hills. She seems bothered as she looks out the window.
"He took the news in stride."
She sighs loudly.
"It's up to him to take the next step."
Elizabeth nods.
"His girlfriend seems nice."
Donna slows down and pulls to a stop.
"I agree."
They look at each other.
"None of this seems real to me yet."
Elizabeth shrugs.
"Brad McKinley having a long-lost twin brother or the nightmare we just lived through because of Jennifer Parker?"
Donna smirks.
"Both."
They begin laughing.

Bentley Mansion

Gina slowly walks into her room and shuts the door behind her. She sighs loudly as she walks toward the window.
"I guess the secret is out."

Gina spins around to see Tiffany Johnson standing a few feet away. She seems in shock as she watches Tiffany walk toward her. They look at each other briefly. Tiffany sighs.

"What are you going to do about it?"

Gina shrugs.

"I don't know what to do—what I'm *supposed* to do."

"I think you already know."

Seconds later Tiffany suddenly vanishes.

Crestview Memorial Park Cemetery

Denise shuts the door to her car and walks toward the entrance of the marble-lined mausoleum. She seems in a bad mood as she walks down the hallway to Howard's crypt. Seconds later she angrily pounds her fist against the front of the crypt as the sound echoes throughout. Her rage is evident as she glares at the marble cover seeming to want to destroy it completely.

"Frigging bastard—I hate you."

She slams her fist against the cover again.

"If you weren't dead already I'd kill you myself."

She clenches her fist as she notices the spatters of blood slowly trickling across her knuckles. She sighs loudly.

"I hope you rot in hell."

She is about to hit the marble cover once again when she notices a man curiously looking at her from a few feet away.

"Not the usual reaction you see in cemeteries."

Denise rolls her eyes.

"Mind your own business."

Alexei Levitov walks over to Denise.

"I was just trying to be helpful."

He digs his hands into the front pockets of his Levi's.

"Misplaced anger can be most destructive."

Denise takes notice of the bulge between his legs and smiles broadly. She glances back at Howard's crypt and shrugs.

"He's still causing trouble—even in death."

Alexei grins broadly and shrugs.

"I know the type."
He notices her staring and grins broadly.
"How about we grab a cup of coffee?"
Denise looks at Alexei curiously and smiles broadly.
"I don't even know your name."
Alexei laughs loudly.
"Alexei Levitov."
He glances at where her car is parked.
"I won't bite."
Denise smirks.
"That wasn't what I was worried about."
Alexei laughs.

Glass Owl

Eddie watches as Kyle closes the front door and turns around. He seems upset. Eddie sighs as he watches Kyle silently walk down the hallway toward the library. Kyle stops.

"I had a visit from a lawyer an hour ago."
"What did he want?"
Kyle shrugs as he hands Eddie a folder.
"This is the first of many I assume."
Eddie flips through the contents inside the folder and seems in shock. He makes a sound and clears his throat.
"I guess I should be surprised—but I'm not."
He sighs loudly.
"Our father certainly left his mark."
Kyle shakes his head.
"Serena is going back to Australia."
They look at each other.
"I'm going with her."
Eddie nods.
"What about Glass Owl?"
Kyle glances at the front door.
"What about it?"
Eddie shrugs.

"I thought you'd want it?"

Kyle rolls his eyes.

"You thought wrong. This place has nothing but bad memories for me. I never want to see it again once I leave."

He wrings his hands.

"It's yours if you want it Eddie."

Eddie laughs.

"I don't want it either."

Eddie looks at his cell phone as it begins to flash.

"It's Gina—I've got to take this."

Kyle nods.

"I'll be out at the pavilion if you need me."

Eddie nods and looks at his cell phone once more.

Bar Harbor

Eva holds Clay's hand as they walk down a street from a nearby ice cream stand. Eva smiles as she looks at Clay.

"I'm really happy right now."

Clay grins.

"I hope I had something to do with that."

Eva leans over to kiss Clay.

"Uh-huh."

She looks down at her stomach.

"I can't wait for us to move to California."

Clay seems worried.

"Are you sure you're OK with this modeling thing."

Eva nods and kisses Clay again. She takes a bite from her ice cream cone as a few stray chunks fall onto the sidewalk.

"I'm totally fine with it."

She looks down at her stomach again.

"My mother said Joan Martinelli is one of the best people in the business—said they've known each other for years."

She stops and glances at the street ahead.

"Besides print modeling will give you the chance to pursue your dream of writing a novel—and be a full-time father."

Clay grins and hugs Eva.

"I'm fine with the whole thing—unless I have to do nude shots or videos—I draw the line at taking my clothes off."

Eva reaches out to hug Clay.

Martinelli Office

Joan Martinelli watches the curious reaction from Morgan Richards as she looks at a few photographs on the computer.

"Oh my, he's quite the looker."

Joan rolls her eyes.

"That one is off limits."

Morgan looks at Joan curiously.

"Gay?"

Joan shakes her head.

"No."

She sighs loudly.

"I met him in Boston yesterday morning."

She watches Morgan's reaction.

"His girlfriend is the daughter of a very powerful political family from New York. She's in her third year at Tufts."

Morgan seems disappointed.

"What a waste—I bet he would have been quite the deal between the sheets. He's probably a really loyal guy—ugh."

Joan shoots Morgan a cautious look.

"Let him be."

She stands up and walks over to Morgan.

"There are plenty of other guys out there that have no girlfriends or baggage to worry about—just be patient."

Morgan rolls her eyes.

"I'm tired of being the girl that never gets the guy. I think it's time I take chances—and make things happen quickly."

Joan wraps her arms around Morgan.

"I know what happened last year with your ex was a bad experience—but better you knew before than afterwards."

Morgan pulls away from Joan.

Stanley Pier

Alden walks over to where Wesley is sitting at the wharf and stops. Wesley looks up. He acknowledges Alden.

"I'm flat-broke."

Wesley runs his fingers through his hair.

"That sick bastard cut me off without a penny."

Alden reacts.

"What about our mother?"

Wesley sighs loudly.

"Same deal as me but with added ingredients."

Alden seems confused.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

Wesley stands up.

"That bastard knew from way back when that I wasn't really his grandson—made it quite clear with the fucked-up talk in his will—but saved the worst of his venom for my mother."

Alden watches as Wesley faces the ocean.

"I'm glad he's dead."

Wesley turns around suddenly.

"Is there anyone's life he didn't mess up?"

Alden runs his fingers through his hair and sighs.

Tolling Bell Inn

Denise watches as Alexei closes the door behind him and leads her toward the bar in the center of the room. He grins.

"I gather your late father-in-law was not loved by anyone in this town—or for that matter anyone in his family."

Denise rolls her eyes.

"He was a toad."

She watches as he hands her a glass of wine—and seems to know the right things to say. She takes a sip of wine.

"What about you?"

Denise leans closer to Alexei and smirks.

"What are you doing in Marble Hills?"

Alexei grins broadly.

"I have to tie up some loose ends for a business associate of mine. He had a tragic ending resulting from a car crash."

Denise takes another sip of wine.

"Married?"

Alexei looks at Denise curiously.

"Would it matter?"

Denise shakes her head. Alexei smirks and moves closer to her. He watches her eyes fall to his jeans. He grins broadly.

"I've got a girlfriend."

He winks as he begins to unbutton his Levi's.

"Or so she thinks anyway."

Denise reaches out to stroke Alexei's lips.

"I like the way you think."

Alexei watches as Denise's hand slides down his chest and across his belt buckle. She begins to tug at it. He laughs.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Look at the Final Episode

Donna and Elizabeth discuss David's situation—Alexei and Denise scheme to get their hands on lots of money in a body snatching deal—Michelle and Maxwell make plans to go on a vacation together—Eddie discusses Jason's future with the troubled teenage boy—Kyle and Lindsay get an unexpected shock at the cemetery in their search for Greg's remains—David meets Brad's mother—Alden and Wesley say goodbye to their friends—secrets from the past haunt Kyle and Lindsay—Rachel tells Donna about her past with Howard—Archie gets a visit from Carrie—as Gina makes peace with her past and looks forward to tomorrow.

Episode 50
Edge of Tomorrow

Mall

Donna Markway turns around to face Elizabeth Pendleton as they sit down at one of the small cafe stands in the lobby.

"I guess Tiffany was telling me the truth when she said Brad was dead. This whole thing with David Sawyer is really weird regardless no matter how you think about it. My guess is that he's Brad's stillborn twin brother—what other explanation can there be to explain how he looks exactly like Brad—exactly."

Elizabeth seems confused.

"But if he is Brad's twin brother—why did Brad's parents put him up for adoption—and tell you he was stillborn?"

Donna rolls her eyes.

"Maybe they didn't put him up for adoption—maybe there was some sort of a baby switch at the hospital. Earlier this year I read a book about a girl named **Kimberly Mays** who was switched at birth and given to another family in the 1970s. It caused headlines when the truth was finally exposed in 1988. They even made a movie about it called *Switched at Birth*."

Elizabeth seems uneasy and sighs loudly.

"But if they didn't know he was still alive—how did he end up with another family in Portland? It doesn't add up."

Donna gives Elizabeth a jab.

"It's not that hard to figure out. *Nancy Drew* would have easily put this together already. Brad's mother told me old man Madison paid for the funeral. What if he was behind it all?"

Elizabeth shakes her head.

"But why—what's in it for him?"

Donna makes a gesture with her hand.

"I think it's time I pay Brad's mother a visit."

She pulls out her cell phone.

Tolling Bell Inn

Alexei Levitov watches as Denise Madison lets her tongue slide across the stiff expanse of his penis. He grins broadly as she mouths him seconds later. He relaxes as she begins to work her magic on him. He ejaculates immediately and smirks.

"I gather you've done this before?"

Denise wipes semen from her lips and grins broadly.

"Would you have preferred a virgin?"

Alexei laughs loudly.

"I got no problem with a woman who knows what a man likes—especially if I'm the one who's receiving a blowjob."

He sits up in bed and faces her.

"But let's get to the nuts and bolts of this deal—you want revenge against your late father-in-law for how he stiffed you out of millions—revenge that will be served cold—ice cold."

Denise grins broadly.

"I have an idea."

Alexei rolls his eyes.

"Do you mind telling me what's going through that devious head of yours? I've got things to do—spill it already?"

Denise leans over to kiss Alexei sensuously.

"How are you with grave robbing?"

Alexei looks at Denise and begins laughing.

"Are you for real?"

Denise nods.

"That wretched bastard is buried in a crypt. Taking his casket out and stashing it close by will be a snap—easy."

Alexei climbs out of bed.

"Where the fuck would you hide a casket?"

Denise smirks.

"I own several vacant warehouses in Portland."

Alexei shakes his head.

"OK—say I help you grab your father-in-law's body and stash it in one of your warehouses—what happens after that?"

Denise climbs out of bed and walks over to Alexei. She slides her fingers across his naked chest. He laughs.

"You're a piece of work no doubt."

Denise aggressively pulls Alexei toward her.

Farmington Villa

Michelle Riley watches as Maxwell Pendergraft closes the door behind him and turns to look at her. He seems confused.

"I thought we were going to dinner?"

Michelle walks over to Maxwell.

"We are—but first I have something to ask you?"

Maxwell glances at Michelle curiously.

"I'm all ears."

Michelle pulls out a brochure from her oversized purse and hands it to him. He looks at it for a few seconds and sighs.

"You're going on a cruise?"

Michelle reaches out to stroke his hand.

"*We're* going on a cruise—that is if you agree."

Maxwell looks at the brochure again.

"I can't afford something like this."

Michelle slides her arms around Maxwell's waist.

"I'm paying."

Maxwell shrugs and seems bothered by the comment. He turns to look at Michelle. She notices his reaction and smiles.

"I want to go to the Caribbean for a week—I'd like you to be my guest—there are no strings attached—none at all."

She watches as he sighs loudly.

"I'd really like to go—but how would it look?"

Michelle rolls her eyes.

"How would it look to whom?"

They share a glance.

"Don't worry about Eva—she and I had a long talk about this subject. She's fine with it now—it was a little awkward at first but she knows you and I are just friends—nothing more."

Maxwell shakes his head.

"When do you need an answer?"

Michelle grins.

"Is yesterday too soon?"

He seems uneasy.

Mall Office

Eddie Kane looks up from his desk as Jason Anderson enters the room. He seems uncomfortable as Eddie smiles.

"You and I have to talk."

Jason looks back at the door.

"If this is about what happened."

Eddie stands up and quickly walks over to the door of his office. He shuts it. Jason watches as Eddie grabs a folder from the top of his desk. He hands it to Jason. They look at each other.

"I assume you're on board with beginning classes in Boston this fall. It's all set as I said previous—it's up to you."

Jason shakes his head.

"I don't know how to thank you."

Eddie gestures with his hand.

"You don't have to thank me for giving you a future."

Eddie leans close to Jason and whispers.

"What happened is over—old man Madison got what he deserved. No one will ever know the truth. Case closed."

"But he was your dad?"

Eddie pulls away from Jason.

"I'll never consider that psycho my father."

He turns to look at two framed photographs on the wall.

"I didn't need him before and I don't need him now."

He seems upset as he waves his hand.

"He ruined my life."

He makes a gesture with his fingers.

"I'm glad he's dead."

He faces Jason again.

"Your dad and I weren't the closest of friends—in fact we were rivals—busted him good several times in high school."

He stifles a laugh.

"Daryl Anderson could be a despicable jerk—but I know deep down he loved you and would want you to be happy."

He pats Jason on the shoulder.

"This is your chance at happiness."

Jason nods.

McKinley Driveway

"OK—tomorrow at eight. Call me when you get into town and I'll meet you. Great—see you tomorrow David."

Donna turns to look at Elizabeth.

"It's a done deal. David will be here tomorrow morning to meet Brad's parents. He's looking forward to it actually."

Elizabeth rolls her eyes.

"I hope you know what you're doing."

Donna shut off her cell phone.

"I do."

Donna shrugs.

"Brad's mother confirmed she never saw the body. Said old man Madison had the baby buried—and paid for it too."

"It's weird that Brad was never told. You'd think they'd tell him something like that. Then again he probably wouldn't have cared much—he was a selfish toad—a horrible person."

Donna nods in agreement.

"If David Sawyer is the long-dead stillborn McKinley twin—why did old man Madison keep his identity a secret?"

Elizabeth seems at a loss for an answer.

Finale

Crestview Memorial Park Cemetery

Kyle Madison and Lindsay Bennington watch as two men walk past them and stop to speak to Grant Monroe briefly. Grant then walks over to where Kyle and Lindsay are standing.

"It should only take a few minutes."

Seconds later a few other men arrive dressed in white coveralls. Grant nods and points them toward the hallway.

"This is highly unusual."

Kyle looks at Grant curiously.

"Why do you say that?"

Grant sighs loudly.

"I never actually saw Greg's body."

Kyle seems shocked.

"What?"

Grant wipes sweat from his brow and shrugs.

"It was handled in Portland. Your brother's body was taken to Portland immediately after his suicide and embalmed at a mortuary of your father's choosing. I was not involved."

Kyle and Lindsay look at each other.

"I wasn't aware he did that."

Kyle notices the cover of Greg's crypt being taken off.

"My father handled everything?"

Grant nods as Lindsay and Kyle exchange glances.

"Who transported the body to Portland?"

Grant shrugs. Kyle seems bothered.

"I'm beginning to think there's more to this story."

Kyle seems uneasy and looks at Lindsay again.

"Why would father go to all this trouble to have Greg's body embalmed in Portland? It just doesn't make sense."

Lindsay shrugs as Grant hurries over to Greg's crypt where the men in white coveralls point at the crypt opening. A few feet inside the crypt they notice a coffin that looks quite old. Grant wrings his hand as he watches the casket being slid out and placed on a gurney. Grant turns to look at Kyle and Lindsay.

McKinley Driveway

"David Sawyer should be here any second. I'm guessing it'll be quite a shock for Brad's family when they see him."

Donna looks at her cell phone.

"At least I won't have to tell them Brad is dead."

Elizabeth seems uneasy.

"You don't know that Brad is dead."

Donna shrugs.

"Tiffany told me he was dead."

Elizabeth rolls her eyes.

"Try telling someone that story and see if they believe you. You'll be admitted to Marshland before you can say boo. This town has plenty of kooks already—some of which have killed a whole bunch of people—Jennifer Parker for instance."

Donna jabs Elizabeth.

"Point taken—at least for now."

A second later David Sawyer pulls up.

"Hi."

They wave as he steps out of his car and walks over.

"Do they know?"

Donna shakes her head.

"I thought it best they find out in real time."

David glances at the McKinley house.

"I hope I don't freak them out."

Elizabeth immediately shoots Donna a nervous look.

"For the record I don't think this is a good idea."

Donna ignores Elizabeth's comment and steps out of her car. She shuts the door and head toward the McKinley house with David close behind her. Elizabeth follows at a distance.

Crestview Memorial Park Cemetery

"This doesn't make any sense."

Kyle watches as the dust-covered casket is slowly loaded into the back of a silver-lined black hearse. He seems upset.

"This casket looks decades old."

Grant watches as the hearse drives away and faces Kyle.

"I called the FBI in Portland. They're on their way."

He glances at Lindsay.

"They'll have plenty of questions."

Kyle looks at Grant curiously.

McKinley Home

Donna waits patiently at the front door with Elizabeth as it opens and Rachel McKinley offers a forced smile. She sighs.

"You said earlier you and Elizabeth had something more to talk to me about—something that couldn't be discussed over the phone—something about Brad? Have you found him?"

Donna shakes her head.

"Brad—he's—there's someone I want you to meet."

Rachel seems confused as she looks at Donna.

"What are you talking about?"

Donna glances at Elizabeth briefly.

"There's just no other way."

She motions to David to come out from behind some thick shrubbery in the front yard. Rachel gasps in shock.

"Brad? Where have you been?"

David looks at Donna and then at Rachel.

"This isn't Brad Mrs. McKinley."

Rachel looks at Donna and then at David.

"What are you talking about?"

Donna and David look at each other.

"This is David Sawyer."

Donna sighs loudly.

"I met him in Portland yesterday."

He takes a step forward as Rachel backs away.

Portland

Kyle and Lindsay watch the casket being opened from behind a glass window. Grant turns to look at them as a shriveled body comes into view. It is a young man in his early twenties. His clothing is from the decades previous. Kyle shakes his head and seems confused as he faces Grant again. He sighs loudly.

"Who is that?"

Grant shrugs.

"I was hoping you'd know."

Kyle turns again to look at the mummified corpse lying in the casket. He shakes his head again and sighs loudly.

"I've have no idea."

Lindsay turns to look at Kyle.

"Is it possible?"

Grant faces Lindsay.

"What? What are you thinking?"

Lindsay turns to look at the body in the casket again. She seems lost in thought as she watches the mummy being carefully lifted from the casket and placed on top of a metal table.

"I can't be certain of course. But this might be the real Howard Madison. Supposedly it was Blake that died—but what if Blake did kill Howard and assumed his identity? Who would know the difference? I saw photos of my father as a young man and he and this—they share a resemblance. It all adds up now."

Grant looks cautiously at Kyle and Lindsay.

"We'll know after we get through with the autopsy."

He faces Lindsay as he notices the look of disgust on her face. Grant sighs loudly as he looks at his watch. Kyle turns away from the glass window and walks to the door. He stops.

"If this is the real Howard Madison—where the hell is my brother's body? What did my father do with my brother?"

"Good question."

Lindsay seems sickened at the reality overwhelming her.

"I think I'm going to be sick."

Seconds later she begins to vomit as Kyle reacts.

Mall

"Brad's mother took it fairly well."

Donna turns to face David.

"Once you take a DNA test tomorrow we'll know for sure."

Elizabeth rolls her eyes knowingly.

"Some DNA tests have proven to be misleading."

Donna steps out of the elevator and is followed by David and Elizabeth. She slowly turns to face Elizabeth and shrugs.

"Abby is already expecting us—chill already."

They walk toward the ice cream stand as Kelly Nelson looks up from behind the counter when they approach. He looks at Donna curiously. Abby Marshall is talking on her cell phone when Kelly motions for her to turn around. She's about to wave him off when she notices David standing less than two feet away from her. She reacts in shock and does a double take.

"I know what you're thinking but this isn't Brad McKinley."

Elizabeth winces as she notices their reactions.

"I knew binge-watching old episodes of *Savannah* would come back to haunt me—talk about life imitating art."

Abby looks at David suspiciously and then at Donna—who lazily snaps her fingers several times in front of Abby's face.

"This is David Sawyer."

She faces David.

"I think he's Brad's twin brother."

Abby glances at David curiously and then faces Donna.

"Brad McKinley didn't have a twin brother."

Donna turns to look at Elizabeth and then back at Abby and Kelly. She looks at them with a smug look on her face as David shoves his hand into the front pocket of his Levi's.

"Uh-huh—he did. He just never knew."

David seems uneasy.

"The other crypts have all been opened. The bodies inside have been accounted for. Greg's body was not among them."

Kyle looks at Grant curiously.

"This just doesn't make sense."

Grant pulls out his cell phone and sighs.

"It does if Greg is still alive."

Kyle and Lindsay react.

"But I saw his body—he was dead."

Grant waves his hand in the air as he looks back at the building from the parking lot. Kyle shakes his head again.

"Doctor Wallingford declared him dead."

Grant waves his hand again.

"He was your family's personal doctor—I think you know where I'm going with this story. It all makes sense now."

"What you're saying is madness."

Grant shrugs.

"Is it? This is your father we're talking about."

"But why would he do such a thing?"

"Why do bad people do the things they do?"

They look at each other.

"If Greg is still alive—where is he?"

Grant looks at Lindsay and then at Kyle.

"I've already given my opinion to the FBI. As we speak they're combing the globe looking for Dr. Wallingford."

Kyle seems unable to move.

"I just can't believe my father would go this far just for revenge? I know he hated Greg—but this is too out there even for him—he would've had to pay a lot of people to keep quiet."

Grant glances at Kyle and Lindsay. He seems angry.

"Your father was evil. He murdered your mother when she threatened to leave him—and he killed your sister after Marah confronted him about what he did to Carmen Pendleton."

He wipes sweat from his brow.

"That bastard had one of his goons kill Hart. He took out a mob boss in Boston too—killed Daryl in cold blood—and now he may have faked your brother's death. There seems to be no end to what that despicable excuse for a human being would do."

Lindsay wipes tears from her eyes.

Crestview Memorial Park Cemetery

Denise turns to look at Alexei again as the last car pulls out of the parking lot. She grins broadly. He turns away.

"I don't like this one bit."

Denise slides her fingers behind his legs.

"There are so many things I'm capable of if I set my mind to it—blowjobs are just one of many—one of thousands."

Alexei laughs loudly as he watches her fingers slide over his swelling erection. He turns to face her again with a grin.

"You don't play fair."

Denise laughs.

"I never said I did."

She looks at the mausoleum in a distance.

"It'll be easy—you'll see."

She leans over to kiss him on the cheek.

"We'll break into that bastard's crypt—take his casket out and drive to Portland. From there we'll demand a ransom payment from my soon-to-be ex. He's so stupid—he'll throw wads of money at us just to keep the story from breaking on cable news and ruining what's left of his precious legacy."

Alexei rolls his eyes.

"This isn't my line of work."

Denise begins to unzip his jeans.

"Exactly what is it that you do for a living?"

Alexei grins broadly.

"How about for right now you assume I'm just a nerdy accountant who's in over his head after meeting a beautiful woman who knows exactly how to make a man do whatever she wants by using her body to lure him to a point of no return."

Denise's hand slides into Alexei's underwear.

"I bet you've been in jail."

Alexei begins laughing as Denise tongues his penis.

Mall

Donna watches as David steps into the elevator. She turns to face Abby and Kelly. They look at her curiously. She sighs.

"It was a shock for me too when I first met him."

She looks at Elizabeth.

"We both thought he was Brad."

She rolls her eyes.

"It was like watching an episode of one of those old soap operas form the 1980s—where everyone had a long-lost twin."

She stifles a laugh.

"But this was real—creepy real."

Abby and Kelly look at each other again.

Crestview Memorial Park Cemetery

Denise watches as Alexei removes the marble cover from Howard Madison's crypt. She smiles broadly as Alexei begins to break through the concrete wall sealing the crypt. At that moment Will McColl and several uniformed FBI investigators walk into the hallway. Denise's face is a mixture of fear and anger.

Maple Avenue

"Don't be a stranger OK?"

Eddie slaps Alden Washington in the back and shakes hands with Wesley Madison as Todd Spencer stands nearby.

"I'll be back next summer. I promise."

Todd rolls his eyes.

"I'll believe it when I see it."

Alden reaches out to hug Todd. They look at each other for a few seconds as Eddie waves his hand in the air playfully.

"I'm really glad everything worked out concerning the truth about what really happened eighteen years ago."

Alden nods.

"Likewise about you finding out the truth about the death of your parents—who knew there were so many strings?"

Eddie glances over at Wesley.

"Keep your old man out of trouble."

Wesley grins.

"I can't make such promises."

Todd seems lost in thought for a few seconds.

"Marble Hills just won't be the same."

Eddie rolls his eyes and jabs Todd several times.

"This is the thanks I get for being his friend."

Alden wipes sweat from his brow.

"I had Faye's body flown back to Indiana so she could be buried next to her parents. It was the least I could do after what happened to her. She wasn't always the easiest to deal with but she was a good person deep down—I just feel so bad about what happened to her—all she ever really wanted was to be loved."

Eddie and Todd look at each other.

"You're not responsible for the choices she made."

"I know—but I still feel bad."

Eddie reaches out to hug Alden.

"Next summer—no excuses will be accepted."

Alden laughs.

"I'll be back—you'll see."

A cab shows up seconds later. Alden and Wesley hug Eddie and Todd once more and then they get into the cab. As it drives away Eddie and Todd look at each other. Todd sighs.

"I bet Julia would've loved to be here today."

Eddie nods. From down the street they notice Denise being led into the police station followed by a man they don't recognize. They are surrounded by men with the letters FBI printed on the backs of their jackets. Todd looks at Eddie.

"I wonder what she did now."

Eddie stifles a laugh.

"That woman certainly knows how to create drama."

They continue watching as they see Will talking to the FBI guys. Eddie shakes his head as he and Todd walk toward the entrance of the mall. They look back every few seconds.

Reykjavik

Gerald Wallingford looks at the cell phone in his hand and seems in a panic. He sighs loudly and turns around. He walks backs and forth for a few minutes as he listens to the voice on the phone warning him about the fact the FBI are looking for him.

"What the hell should I do?"

He nods a few times.

"Of course I knew this day might come."

He shrugs.

"He paid me a fortune. What can I say—money speaks loudly to a guy like me who never had much previously."

He stops and rubs his chin.

"I have no choice."

He glances toward the hallway.

"If there's no body there's no case."

He stops briefly.

"I thought I just made it clear I have no choice."

He walks to a nearby window and looks out as several cars drive by. He pulls the drapes and turns around. He shrugs.

"I should never have made a deal with Madison. That man has been nothing but trouble for me ever since he bribed me to pretend his wife died of natural causes. And now that he's dead I'm the one left holding the bag—things can't get any worse."

He listens as the voice on the line becomes more and more shrill. He walks toward the hallway and stops suddenly.

"I may have to drastically change the rules of Madison's game if I want to stay out of prison for the rest of my life."

He shakes his head and raises his fist in the air.

"Disposing of the body will be tricky—but there is no other way unless I want to spend the rest of my life in a jail cell."

He nods several times as the shrill voice continues screaming at him from the other end of the line. He shrugs.

"I'll call you back when I decide."

The screaming echoes through his cell phone.

"I'm aware of the risks—but what else choice do I have in the matter now. I have no options left. It's either me or Greg Madison and I prefer it to be me. No one will miss him."

The voice on the other end of the lines continues screaming loudly at Gerald as he listens. He waves his hand in the air again and seems more agitated than before. He sighs.

"I have to do what works for me. Sorry."

He shuts off the cell phone and glances at the hallway.

Mall

"Uh-huh—I'm on my way. I'll be over in ten minutes."

Donna nods a few times and then shuts off her cell phone as she watches the elevator door close. She sighs loudly.

"I wonder what she wants to talk about."

She notices her cell phone beginning to ring again.

Glass Owl

Grant stands at the front door for a few seconds after ringing the doorbell. As it opens he notices Kyle staring back at him with an odd glance. He enters and turns around. Kyle shuts the door and wrings his hand. They look at each other.

"I have news."

Grant clears his throat and sighs.

"Well, at least you don't have to worry anymore about what happened to the real Howard Madison. The DNA taken from the mummified corpse is without a doubt that of Blake's cousin. Of course we already know that Blake passed himself off as Howard after he killed him and placed his body inside the crypt he later pretended was Greg's final resting place—the only question that still remains now is how Howard actually died."

He leans against the doorway.

"It can be assumed based on the outdated clothing that the corpse was wearing—Howard Madison—the real Howard Madison has been in that vault for over fifty years—and from what our examination has shown so far is that he didn't die from natural causes. Most likely he was given an overdose and died a slow painful death as he succumbed to the medication forced into his body—probably forced upon him by his dear mentally ill psycho cousin Blake—who then took over his identity using the simple excuse that it was Blake who died—and not Howard."

Kyle seems in shock.

"How could someone be that evil?"

Grant shrugs.

"Apparently before he died Howard was subdued and bound with duct tape. Pieces of duct tape fabric were found on his clothing, indicating he may have been tied up in order to prevent him from escaping. It's my opinion Blake had help in killing his cousin—probably from someone he trusted."

Kyle reels from the news and sighs.

"Grandpa Madison."

Grant looks at Kyle curiously and watches as Kyle walks toward the hallway leading to the library. Grant follows.

"It all makes sense now."

"What does?"

Kyle turns to face Grant.

"Grandpa Madison and my father were extremely close from what I remember—always whispering in the library about something or other. I remember plenty of times when I'd walk into the library they'd become silent the moment they saw me. Then Grandpa died in a car crash and my father became more and more distant. He hated anyone who tried to outdo him at anything. He was so damn competitive about everything."

Grant shakes his head.

"Do you think Blake killed his father?"

Kyle glances at the front door.

"I wouldn't put it past him if truth be known."

As Grant is about to say something his cell phone begins to flash. He looks at it and then back at Kyle. He seems unsure of what he should do next as it begins to flash continuously.

"I should take this. It could be important."

Kyle nods and watches as Grant answers the call.

McKinley House

"It happened so long ago."

Donna reacts in shock as Rachel continues talking.

"I was in my last year of high school—I had so much going for me—so much hope and promise. Then I ran into Howard Madison at Bradford Beach. I think he was secretly spying on his daughter Marah—I'm not sure though—but anyway he saw me and wouldn't leave me alone afterwards—even after Marah died. In fact the day of her funeral he tried to get me into the backseat of his limo but I refused. From then on he'd follow me all over town—insisting on us getting together. I declined his offers every time until he finally got tired of me telling him I had a boyfriend and kidnapped me in the school parking lot. He took me to a remote area of Shelby Woods and raped me. I tried to fight him off but his anger toward me was overwhelming. He insisted I was his property and he intended for me to be one of his mistresses. He threatened that if I told anyone he would kill my family and my boyfriend. He told me he'd done it already and that no one could stop him. He made it clear he was going to have his way or else. Then I got pregnant and it was a game-changer."

Rachel begins to cry.

"He insisted I get an abortion but I refused."

She wipes a tear from her eye.

"He was livid—told me he didn't want a bastard claiming his money—and that I had to get rid of it immediately."

Rachel sighs loudly.

"Then my boyfriend found out I was pregnant and offered to marry me. I accepted and I thought that was the end of it."

Donna puts her arms around Rachel.

"I went to a hospital in Portland and had Brad and his twin. I was devastated when they told me one of my babies was stillborn and in the confusion Howard showed up and played nice. He offered to have the stillborn buried in my family's plot and I agreed never thinking he had other motives. I thought that maybe since he was the father he was doing it from the goodness of his heart despite everything that had happened before."

Donna seems confused.

"Did your boyfriend ever figure it out that Brad wasn't really his son? Brad's father doesn't look like Brad at all."

Rachel shakes her head.

"He never knew the truth—no one did. I decided it was best if I kept what happened between Howard and me a secret. I never told anyone I had been raped. No one suspected."

She glances at her watch.

"He's due home shortly. You can't tell him. You can't ever tell him. No one can ever know what Howard did to me."

"Sooner or later the truth will come out."

Rachel grabs Donna's arm.

"You can't tell anyone—you *can't* ever tell anyone."

She looks at her watch again.

"Promise me you won't."

Donna looks at Rachel and shrugs.

"I don't know if I can keep a promise like that."

Rachel seems to become more upset as she stands up and nervously walks to the window and peeks out. She sighs.

"No one can ever know."

Rachel turns away from Donna.

"But if David Sawyer is your son—why did Howard put him up for adoption after making you believe he was stillborn?"

Rachel faces Donna again.

"I have no idea why he would do that—Howard was a very hateful person—maybe he did it to pay me for refusing to become his mistress. I'm not sure. After Brad was born I never saw Howard again. I went about my life without ever imagining I could have another child alive that I'd assumed was dead."

Rachel looks at her watch again and seems nervous as she paces back and forth. Donna stands up. She walks over to where Rachel is standing and pats her shoulder for a few seconds.

"Can we talk tomorrow?"

Rachel looks at Donna and nods.

Reykjavik

Jack Gordon slowly walks over to where several men are gathered a few blocks away from a plain-looking house at the end of a street that is devoid of trees. He wipes his brow.

"OK—I just got the clearance. He's in there all right. But desperate men do desperate things. Please use caution."

He sighs loudly.

"There is a life at stake."

They nod and seconds later make their way down the street and position themselves at various locations. Jack watches from afar and signals them to begin moving closer and closer to the house. Less than a minute later they storm the house and grab Gerald. He puts up a fight initially, screaming obscenities as he's fitted with handcuffs. As he is subdued and forced to leave the house, several of the men begin checking the house room by room. They seem disappointed as each room turns up empty.

"Where the hell is Greg Madison?"

Jack turns around and seems upset as the last room is checked and found to be empty. He looks at his cell phone.

"Did Wallingford dispose of Madison already?"

He wipes sweat from his brow.

"Damn it."

He turns to leave as something catches his eye at the far corner of the hallway. A broad smile creases across his face.

"Of course—a hidden room that no one knows about—just like the story of **Anne Frank**. Oh, I hope I'm not too late."

He walks over to where there seems to be light coming from behind some teak wood paneling. He pushes against it.

"I wonder what—oh my God."

A man in his early thirties is lying on a bed at the other side of the secret room just uncovered. He is handcuffed to the bed. They look at each other. The man seems panicked at seeing Jack standing there. His mouth is covered with duct tape. Jack slowly walks over to the bed and looks at him cautiously.

"Greg Madison?"

The man shakes his head. Greg Madison's expression changes as Jack reaches out to pull the duct tape away from his mouth. Greg seems about to cry as Jack sits at the edge of the bed. Jack glances at the handcuffs. Greg begins to cry.

Police Station

"I want to call my lawyer."

Denise watches as Will continues talking with several men wearing FBI jackets. He looks at her briefly and shrugs.

"I'll get you a public defender."

Denise reacts.

"I'm rich—I don't need a public defender."

Will slowly walks over to where Denise is sitting.

"You were rich—past tense. Deal with it. According to your brother-in-law Eddie Kane—Howard Madison left his entire estate to his illegitimate daughter Gina Bentley. There's no more money left for you to hire a lawyer in case you forgot. Maybe you should've thought about that before you decided to break into your late father-in-law's crypt on a dare. If I were you I'd get accustomed to wearing an orange jumpsuit indefinitely."

He stifles a smirk and begins laughing.

"Oh, by the way many thanks for leading us to Alexei Levitov. He's wanted in four states for all sorts of crimes—but thanks to you his trail of stupidity comes to an end today. As we speak he's on his way to San Francisco where a friend of mine who's been looking for him for years is jumping with joy."

Denise rolls her eyes at Will with contempt and sighs.

"It was all Alexei's doing—he made me do it."

Will rolls his eyes knowingly and smirks.

"He said you'd blame him for trying to break into Howard Madison's crypt—said he went along with your plans because you know your stuff when it comes to giving good blowjobs."

Denise becomes enraged.

"He's a fucking liar."

"He's a scumbag creep—not a liar—and you know it."

Will wipes sweat from his brow.

"He has nothing to lose telling us what he did—he's got no way out of what he's facing. Twenty counts of theft and eleven counts of rape—over fifty counts of arson—a hundred counts of assault—ten counts of bribery—one count of armed robbery—and last but not least nine counts of sex with underaged girls."

Denise recoils at the revelation.

"I'm going to sue this town."

Will shoots Denise a cautious look and smiles.

"Go right ahead—call the tabloids while you're at it too."

He turns away and begins whistling.

"That bastard cut me out of his will. I had no choice."

Will smirks as he turns around realizing Denise is coming apart at the seams as she realizes her fate. He glances at his watch briefly as she begins to cry—for a second or two.

"You always have a choice when it comes to situations like this—you just made the wrong one—and it'll cost you."

She watches him walk away. She struggles to free herself from the handcuffs to no avail. She begins to whimper softly.

<u>Spaulding Backyard</u>

Archie Spaulding walks out into a small garden and looks around. He seems lost as he leans over to look at a small flowering shrub. He reaches out to touch it. He seems upset.

"If only things had been different."

He smells the flower.

"It was my favorite—so pretty."

Archie spins around in shock. He reacts.

"I thought—no—I must be imagining things."

At that moment right before his eyes Carrie Spaulding materializes. He looks at her in shock. He's unable to look away as she takes a step forward. She glances at the shrub briefly.

"I think you know why I'm here."

Carrie makes a gesture with her hand.

"I'm here about Brad."

Archie seems upset and sighs.

"*He's dead*—the bastard is dead."

Carrie rolls her eyes.

"I know what you did—and I understand why you did what you did—but that still doesn't make it right by any means."

She sighs loudly.

"I want you to be the father I was always proud of—the father who would never let a secret like this stay hidden. It's time the truth came out—time for the McKinleys to bury their son."

Archie looks at Carrie and seems confused.

Glass Owl

Kyle stands at the front steps with Lindsay as a black FBI van pulls up a few feet away from the entrance and stops. As they watch, the door opens slowly, and Jack steps out on the pavement and faces Kyle and Lindsay. As they watch intently he pulls open one of the doors of the black van and motions for someone to step out. As Kyle and Lindsay realize what they're looking at, they rush over to where Greg is standing and they hug warmly.

One Year Later

Tiffany Johnson Center for Education

Gina Bentley smiles as a twenty foot high—glass-encased photo of Tiffany Johnson is placed on the side of a building.

"I bet Tiffany would love today."

She turns around and looks at Eddie standing a few feet away from her. He grins broadly and nods in agreement.

"I'm sure wherever she is she knows."

Eddie pats Gina on the shoulder.

"It's been quite a year—so much has happened since everything came apart that tragic summer so long ago."

Gina nods and faces the building again. Seconds later a shiny black limousine pulls up. Gina and Eddie watches curiously as the door slowly opens. Gina runs toward the young man stepping out and hugs him warmly. Ashton Markway turns to look at the huge photo of Tiffany facing the street and nods.

"I knew you could do this."

They hug again.

"I thought you said you couldn't come by today."

Ashton grins.

"I lied."

He reaches out to hug Gina again.

"I'm so proud of you—when you told me you planned to tear down Glass Owl and build a school for underprivileged children from around the United States I thought you were wishing upon a star—but I should've known I should never underestimate you once you set your mind to something. You certainly made it happen—and now children who probably would never get a decent education will be able to live here and attend school because of the decision you made. I'm sure Tiffany would be proud—especially since it's her name on the building."

Gina glances at the gigantic photo again.

"I promised her."

Ashton looks at Gina curiously.

"How are you doing?"

Gina glances back at Eddie and smiles broadly.

"I've never been happier. I've been attending Boston University and coming back to Marble Hills on weekends. Eddie has been there for me every step of the way. He is such a wonderful brother—looking out for me even when he didn't have to—extremely bossy—but I wouldn't have it any other way."

Gina smiles as she looks at the expensive suit Ashton is wearing and reaches out to touch his neatly trimmed beard.

"I can't believe I used to know you when you were a shy kid always hanging in the background. Now look at you just one year later—flying all over the world in private jets—hanging out with famous celebrities—making tens of millions of dollars."

Ashton grins and waves his hand.

"I haven't changed. I'm still the same guy."

Gina smiles broadly and nods.

"Tell Donna I said hi."

Ashton makes a gesture with his hand.

"You can tell her yourself—she's coming back to Marble Hills later today—flying in from Los Angeles as we speak."

Gina looks at the huge photo of Tiffany again and then at Ashton. They hug warmly again as she seems about to cry.

"It's been really hard to forget but I'm trying."

Gina wipes a tear from her eye as Ashton looks at her for a few seconds. He hugs her again as they look at Eddie.

"I don't know what I'd do without him."

Ashton watches as Eddie talks with a few onlookers. He points toward the construction site and the photo of Tiffany Johnson on the wall facing the street. He seems proud as he begins telling the onlookers what the school will mean to children who would otherwise never be able to finish high school.

"He's as perfect as they come."

He notices Eddie coming toward them.

About the Series Creator

Gary Brin was born in 1965 and has lived in the United States Virgin Islands, Hawaii and California. He has edited numerous original literary works over the years—both new and revised. In 2019 he established Standish Press to bring forth interesting fictional and historical material usually ignored by mainstream publishers because of specific views or content. In addition to publishing books, he also created the Nancy Hanks Lincoln Public Library (named after the mother of Abraham Lincoln) in 2014 to make available hard-to-find books to a worldwide audience.

Production Notes

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Manuscript edited by Gary Brin
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Character List

Steve Addington
Jason Anderson
Lori Anderson
Stanley Anderson
Kelvin Archer
Billy Arpell
Dane Ayler
Hugh Baldwin
Andrew Bancroft
Sandra Bancroft
Silas Bell
Hart Bennington
Lindsay Bennington
Robert Bennington
Susan Bennington
Caroline Bentley
Corey Bentley
Gina Bentley
John Bentley
Diana Bingham
Marilyn Bingham
Blackie
Astrid Blakely
Byron Blakely
Devin Blanchard
Clay Blankenship
Carter Boone
Harland Boyer
Glen Bradstreet
Matt Brewster
Drew Brockmeyer
Parker Callahan
Darla Chadwick
Evan Chandler
Pierce Colby
Lloyd Cooper
Brent Crawford
Miles Dandridge
Brian Darling
Clyde Darrow
Marvella DuBois
Jean Foy
Cole Franklin
Gary Glick
Malcolm Glick
Patrick Glick
Serena Glick
Lane Gonzalez
Jack Gordon
Stephen Gray
Kyle Grimaldi
Eva Harper
Colin Hartley
Pamela Henderson
Vance Hershey
Tiffany Johnson
Evelyn Jones
Eddie Kane
Jarod Keller
Sabrina Keller
Andrew Latimer
Alexei Levitov
Ben Lincoln
Denise Madison
Greg Madison
Howard Madison
Kyle Madison
Marah Madison
Wesley Madison
Perry Malouf

Warren Manning
Ashton Markway
Donna Markway
Abby Marshall
Joan Martinelli
Damon Mayo
Harvey Mazrick
Will McColl
Chandler McDaniel
Rachel McKinley
Alvin Melendez
Grant Monroe
Nathan Moore
Aldo Morelli
Shirley Moses
Kelly Nelson
Jennifer Parker
Jill Pelton
Charlene Pendergraft
Maxwell Pendergraft
Alexander Pendleton
Carmen Pendleton
Elizabeth Pendleton
Laird Randolph
Sybil Renwick
Morgan Richards
Michelle Riley
Timothy Roskov
Dylan Russo
Marc Ryerson
Juan Sabrillo
David Sawyer
Marla Sherwood
Joel Slade
Archie Spaulding
Carrie Spaulding
Gene Spelling
Amanda Spencer
Simon Spencer
Todd Spencer
Chandra Stevenson
Sidney Stuyvesant
Lisa Taylor
Daniel Truman
Genie Van Pelt
Tyler Van Pelt
Dirk Waldau
Gerald Wallingford
Albert Wang
Alden Washington
Faye Washington
Jeremy Weissmann
Lance Weissmann
Justin Wellington
Calvin Whitney
Cassie Windsor
Jeremy Winterfield
Julia Winthrop
Mike Wycliffe
Jasper Wyde
Marla Wyler
Markus Yange
Trevor Youngblood
Thomas Zane

Real People Mentioned

Agatha Christie
Joan Collins
Andrew Cooper
Joan Crawford
Bing Crosby
Charles Dickens
Josh Ryan Evans
Anne Frank
David Fumero

Drew Griffin
Luke Guldan
Larry Hagman
Rusty Joiner
Robert Kelker-Kelly
Robert Kennedy
Peter Lawford
Lori Loughlin
Meghan Markle
Kimberly Mays
Marilyn Monroe
Grandma Moses
Mother Teresa
Barack Obama
Lance Parker
Prince Harry
Princess Diana
Freddie Prinze
Ann Rule
Jessica Savitch
Edward Snowden
Meryl Streep
Jonas Sulzbach
Lana Turner
Ed Warren
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